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modern screen®

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Special Youth issue!

12 stories of
tenderness and torment

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Natalie
kisses her
teens
goodbye!

WHY CHERYL HAD TO KILL—the facts you don't know

JUST RELEASED! Greatest scientific advance...2 years ahead

Revlon Living Curl

...the first
hair spray
to leave your
hair clean!



Guaranteed...the only hair spray that leaves no ugly film
...no stickiness...*no matter how often you use it!*

Now—enjoy all the blessings of a hair spray—and forget the problems! Revlon hair scientists have found the beauty secret of natural curls . . . and developed LIVING CURL to create clean, beautiful, *real* curls. So you never see or feel spray on your hair—no matter how often you

use it. No stickiness, no pile up of spray, no ugly film! And an anti-static ingredient makes your curl behave *no matter how hard you brush!* Use LIVING CURL to set or hold . . . then *touch*. Those curls feel feminine again! (Long time since *that* happened?)

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Now! Keeps the curl...keeps it clean...keeps it full of *life*!

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CARY GRANT INGRID BERGMAN

INDISCREET

They
met...
They
knew
they
shouldn't
have...
They
couldn't
stop.

TECHNICOLOR® From WARNER BROS. Screenplay by NORMAN KRASNA Produced and Directed by STANLEY DONEN

A GRANDON PRODUCTION



modern screen



TIPS FOR TRAVELERS

1. Taking more than one suitcase? Pack *one* with things you need immediately, and most often.
2. Choose lightweight luggage. You'll be glad you did when porters are nowhere to be seen.
3. Pack away some wash-and-wears... shorts and shirts and sunbacks that drip dry overnight.
4. Don't forget to place tissue paper along the folds of your garments. Less wrinkles that way.
5. Use plastic containers for toiletries. No breakage... less baggage weight.
6. Tuck away a package of Tampax in the side pocket of your grip. A blessing when the calendar plays tricks.

If you've never tried Tampax before—now's the time to do it. For Tampax® internal sanitary protection helps you travel light! Does away with cumbersome pads and belts. Frees you of telltale lines and odor worries. Is dainty to change and dispose of. Tampax is the last word in comfort and convenience—vacationtime, anytime. That's why millions use it. How about you? Available wherever drug products are sold, in Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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The cover portrait of Natalie and Bob is by Peter Basch. Other photographers' credits are on page 76.

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The wonderful story of a Sergeant who "promoted" himself to General...in the wildest *SNAFU* the Army ever knew!



Red's First
Since His
Academy
Award!

M.G.M. Presents
**GLENN
FORD**

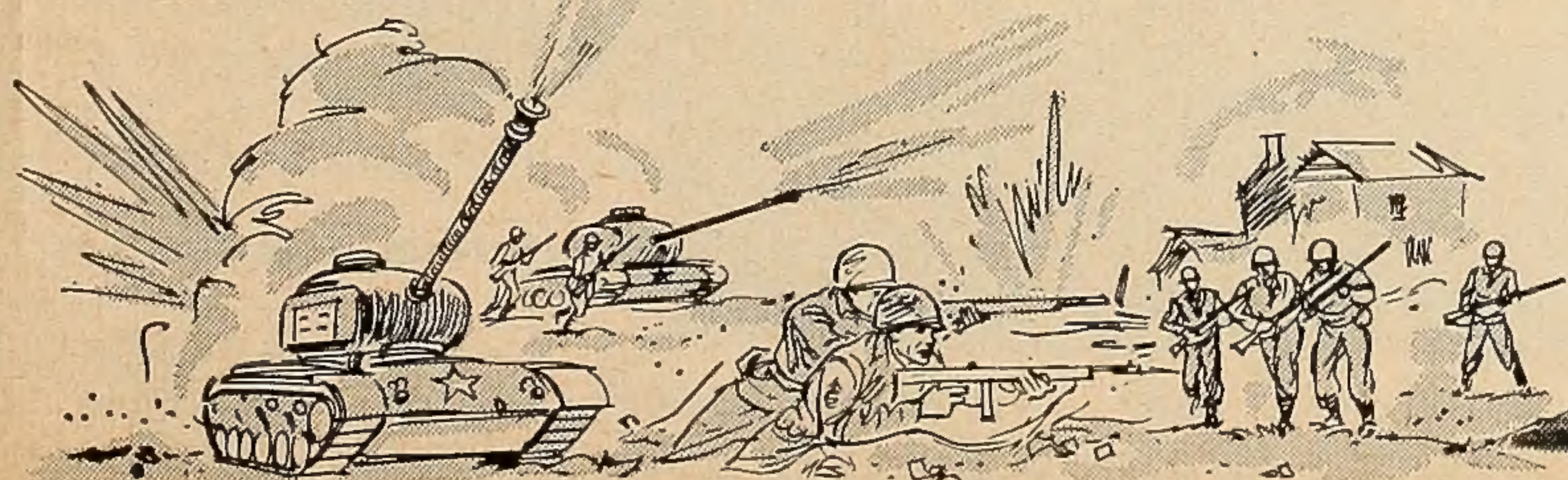
(that "Don't Go Near
The Water" guy)



**IMITATION
GENERAL**

Co-Starring

RED BUTTONS · TAINA ELG



with **DEAN JONES** · Screen Play by **WILLIAM BOWERS** · Based On the Story by **WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN** · In **CinemaScope** · Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL** · Produced by **WILLIAM HAWKS** · An M-G-M Picture

NOW!

A TALC

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for all over
body protection



THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is Lt. General Rafael Trujillo, Jr., really serious about **Kim Novak**?

—T.M., N.Y.C.

A He's given her a Mercedes-Benz, but no diamond ring, no cedar chest—at least not yet.

Q What was the relationship of **May Britt** and Carlo Ponti in Italy before May came to Hollywood?

—L.T., N.Y.C.

A Film producer Ponti employed May Britt as an actress.

Q How come we see pictures of **Jayne Mansfield's** little daughter but never any pictures of Mickey Hargitay's little daughter?

—J.T., AKRON, OHIO

A Mickey's daughter is being raised in Indiana.

Q Can **Tab Hunter** really act?

—K.T., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A Hunter is developing into a good actor.

Q Does **Joanne Woodward** make her own clothes, or is that just a publicity gimmick?

—N.T., THOMASVILLE, GA.

A Joanne makes many of her clothes.

Q Would you say that **Mario Lanza** is finished as a movie star?

—D.Y., DENVER, COL.

A That's the feeling in Hollywood at this writing.

Q Will **Liz Taylor** get married again?

—V.Y., OJAI, CALIF.

A Undoubtedly.

Q How many times has **Mickey Rooney** been married?

—A.W., SEATTLE, WASH.

A Four.

Q Is the **Inger Stevens-Anthony Quinn** friendship serious? Or is it more than a friendship?

—L.T., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A Quinn is happily married.

Q How come **Tyrone Power** married Deborah Minardos when he was going steady with the Swedish actress **Mai Zetterling**?

—L.U., LONDON, ENG.

A When Miss Zetterling married a writer, Power decided to marry Mrs. Minardos.

Q Are **Don Murray** and **Hope Lange** expecting another baby?

—C.E., DALLAS, TEX.

A Yes.

Q Why was **Frank Sinatra's** TV show cancelled?

—V.T., N.Y.C.

A Low ratings.

Q Whatever happened to **Bette Davis**?

—V.T., BOSTON, MASS.

A She is playing Catherine the Great in JOHN PAUL JONES.

Q Which actors have married women older than they are?

—S.T., PROVO, UTAH

A Richard Ney, Jack Briggs, Jacques Bergerac, Glenn Ford, Jerry Lewis, Buddy Rogers.

Q Is it true that **Jimmy Stewart** has the first nickel he ever earned?

—H.T., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A Stewart is neither tightwad nor spendthrift.

Q I knew a boy in Brooklyn named Ira Grossel. I hear he went to Hollywood. He used to be awkward, overgrown, and bumbling. Can you identify him?

—C.T., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A Jeff Chandler.

Q Why is **Kirk Douglas** disliked in Hollywood?

—D.R., DENVER, COL.

A In many quarters he is considered excessively ambitious.

Q I've heard that **Nick Adams** who used to start publicity stories about himself has now gone Hollywood? Is this true?

—M.T., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A Partially.

Q Is it on the level that **Natalie Wood** and **Robert Wagner** employ a butler in their home?

—R.B., FT. WORTH, TEX.

A Yes.

Q Does **Marilyn Monroe's** name mean anything at the box office?

—N.I., CANTON, OHIO.

A Not as much as formerly.

Q How come **Charlton Heston** has never really developed into a big movie star?

—E.T., WINNETKA, ILL.

A Heston seems to lack that indefinable magic.

Q Is it true that Roberto Rossellini has written a novel about his experiences in India?

—L.T., MIAMI, FLA.

A Yes, it is being published in France.

Q How come **Bill Holden** is fascinated by Hong Kong?

—C.Y., BURBANK, CALIF.

A Holden owns a radio-TV station there.

Q Is **Natalie Wood** getting more now than the \$750 a week she used to get from Warners?

—A.L., RENO, NEV.

A Natalie has a better contract now.

**A STORY PULSING
WITH THE HEARTBEAT
OF TODAY'S YOUTH!**

He wanted money! He wanted power! And he knew only one law—to take what he wanted! A great performer, Elvis Presley, delivers a great dramatic performance in a story based on that sensational best-seller — “A Stone for



Danny Fisher”



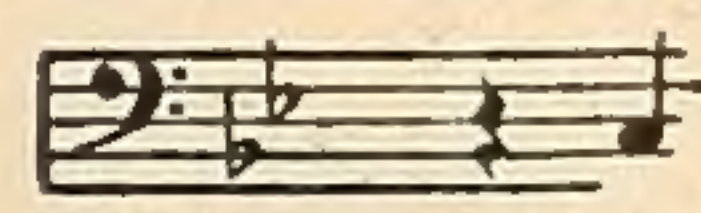
... AND THESE SONGS!



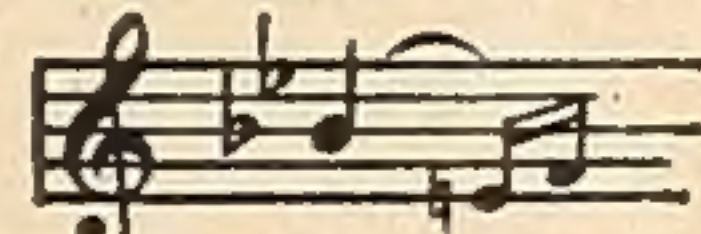
As Long As I Have You



Don't Ask Me Why



Hard Headed Woman



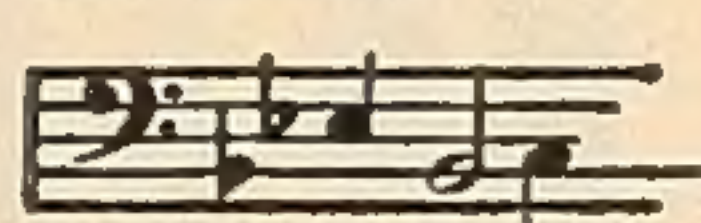
King Creole



Lover Doll



New Orleans



Young Dreams



And more songs!

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

ELVIS PRESLEY IN KING CREOLE

A
HAL WALLIS

PRODUCTION



Co-starring
CAROLYN

WALTER

DOLORES

DEAN

VIC

with

LILIANE

PAUL

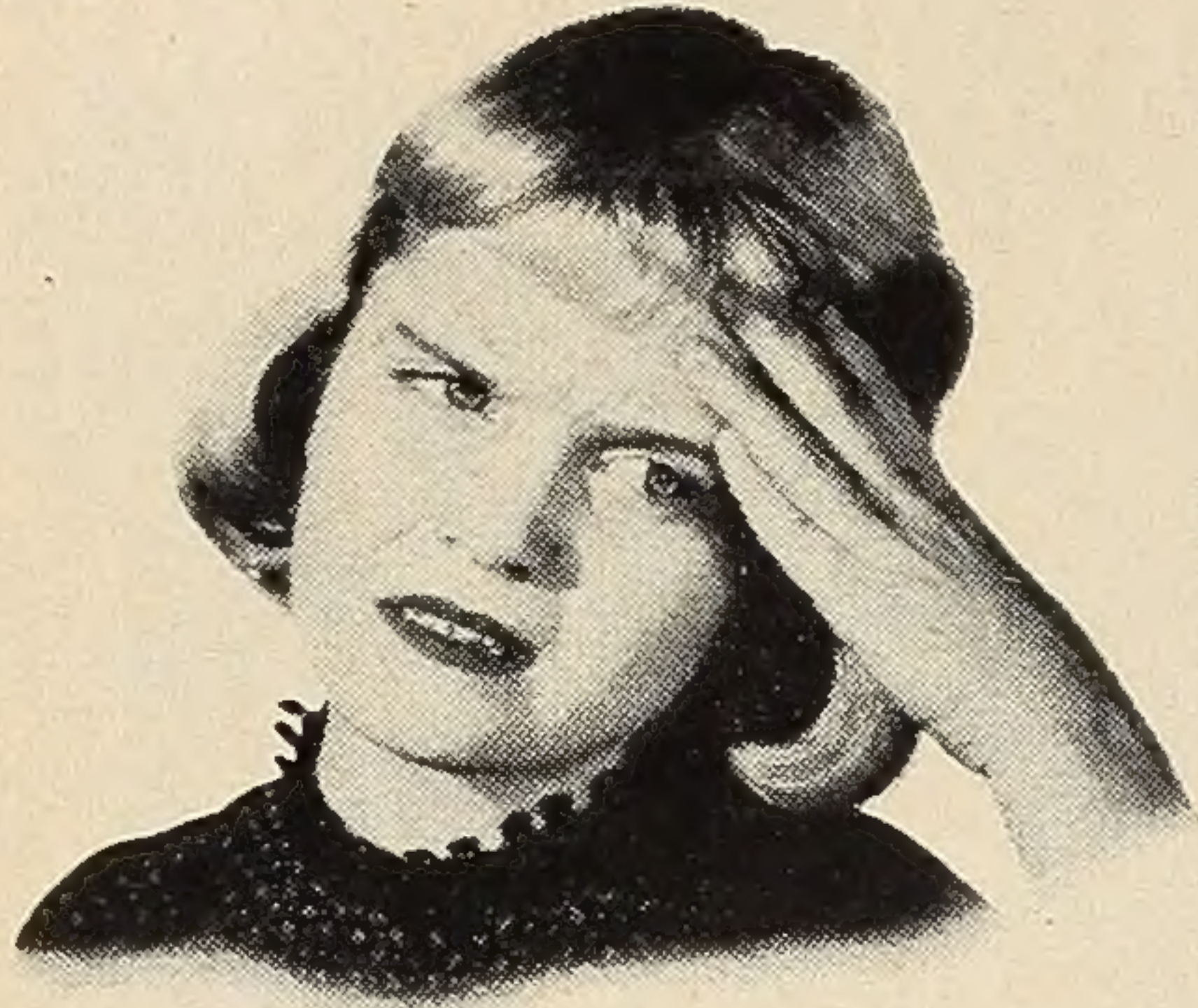
Directed by

Screenplay by

JONES · MATTHAU · HART · JAGGER · MORROW · MONTEVECCHI · STEWART · Michael Curtiz · Herbert Baker and Michael Vincente Gazzo



Anne's WRETCHED



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Anne down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-88, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Anne's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



NEW MOVIES

by *florence epstein*

**WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH**

FOR THRILLS
Vertigo

FOR ACTION
Bad Man's Country
Gunman's Walk

FOR DRAMA
Twilight For The Gods
Voice In The Mirror

FOR COMEDY
Rooney
The Matchmaker

FOR ADVENTURE
Windjammer
The Vikings



Shirley Booth's a merry widow with a great big heart. She makes some interesting things happen for Tony Perkins.

THE MATCHMAKER

old-fashioned comedy

Shirley Booth
Anthony Perkins
Shirley MacLaine
Paul Ford
Paul Morse

■ In 19th Century Yonkers a prosperous, aging, miserly shopkeeper (Paul Ford) decides that since he's worth a quarter-of-a-million dollars he can afford to get married again—even though he can't afford to give a raise to his chief clerk (Anthony Perkins). And there's a widow (Shirley Booth) who's full of the joy of life and plans to honeymoon with Ford. What a schemer! She takes him all the way down to New York to introduce him to Shirley MacLaine, who runs a millinery shop. He's all ready to propose to her when Miss Booth stuns him with a photograph of a less respectable, more available, non-existent charmer named Ernestine. While Ford is thus engaged in New York, Tony Perkins has rebelled. With his sidekick (Paul Morse), Tony comes to the big city for adventure. While Ford is in the millinery shop courting Shirley MacLaine, Tony's hiding in the closet. While Ford's in a swank restaurant waiting for Ernestine, Tony's in the private dining room next to him buying a thirty-dollar dinner for Shirley MacLaine—only he doesn't have a dime to pay for it. All of this mix-up has been engineered by Shirley Booth—her theory being that life's not quite interesting enough unless she *makes* things happen. And she makes them happen her way!—PARAMOUNT.

VERTIGO

it's murder!

James Stewart
Kim Novak
Barbara Bel Geddes
Tom Helmore
Henry Jones

■ When you got vertigo you got to be careful of high places. One day detective James Stewart found himself dangling from a rooftop. When he looked down—vertigo! He was literally paralyzed with fear. That's why a policeman, who was bending over to give him a helping hand, lost his grip and fell. That's why Stewart quit the force. But an old acquaintance (Tom Helmore) asks him to do a special favor. *Please*, he says, *follow my wife* (Kim Novak). Kim seems to be possessed by the spirit of a dead ancestor who committed suicide when she was Kim's age. Stewart takes one look at Novak and agrees to play detective one more time. He follows her everywhere. One day he follows her right into San Francisco Bay. First she tossed in a bouquet of flowers then *she* jumped in. Recovering by the fire in Stewart's bachelor apartment—Barbara Bel Geddes wants him but she can't get him—Kim doesn't even remember the incident. That's how she is. She'll be going along fine and all of a sudden she thinks her name is Carlotta Valdes, and you can't get through to her. This bothers Stewart a lot because he loves her. She loves him, too. What has vertigo got to do with them? Plenty! But let director Alfred Hitchcock take it from there. He's full of surprises!—TECHNICOLOR, PARAMOUNT.

(Continued on page 8)



Paramount Presents

JERRY LEWIS

in a
Singing,
Dancing,
Romancing
Joy Show
in
TECHNICOLOR®



IT'S
THE
YEAR'S
BIG
TRIPLE
TREAT
LAUGH
HIT!



ROCK- A- BYE BABY

SONGS!

"DORMI-DORMI-DORMI"
(Sleep-Sleep-Sleep)
"THE LAND OF LA-LA-LA"
"LOVE IS A LONELY THING"
"ROCK-A-BYE BABY"
"THE WHITE VIRGIN
OF THE NILE"
"WHY CAN'T HE
CARE FOR ME"

VISTAVISION®

Co-starring

MARILYN MAXWELL · REGINALD GARDINER · BACCALONI · CONNIE STEVENS

Produced by JERRY LEWIS · Directed by FRANK TASHLIN · Screen Story and Screen Play by FRANK TASHLIN · Based on a Story by PRESTON STURGES

Associate Producer - Ernest D. Glucksman · Musical Numbers Staged by Nick Castle · Songs by HARRY WARREN and SAMMY CAHN

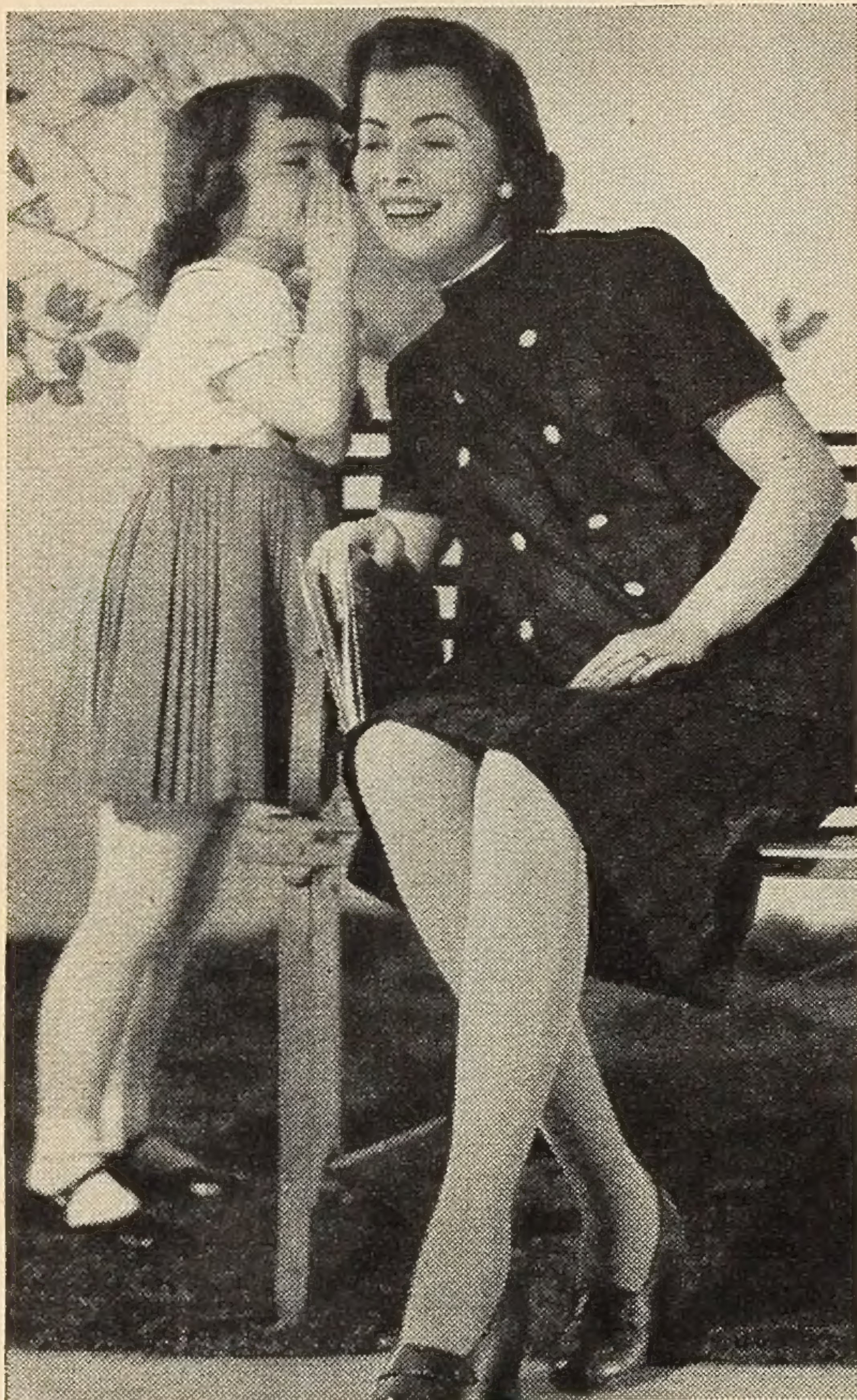


For the mother-to-be

51 gauge

ALL-ELASTIC STOCKINGS

by Bauer & Black



**Guard against varicose veins
this fashion-right way**

Pregnancy frequently increases the possibility of swollen legs and varicose veins. Don't take a chance—see your doctor. Chances are he'll recommend the sheer, new 51 gauge elastic stockings by Bauer & Black.

Sheer yet all elastic

These are the only full-fashioned, full-foot hose that employ the famous Bauer & Black principle of *all-elastic support* (with rubber in every supporting thread).

You get the support part-elastic stockings fail to give, and you get the sheer look of regular nylons, too. Ask for Bauer & Black stockings at drug, department, surgical stores.

Bauer & Black

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MAIL COUPON FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION

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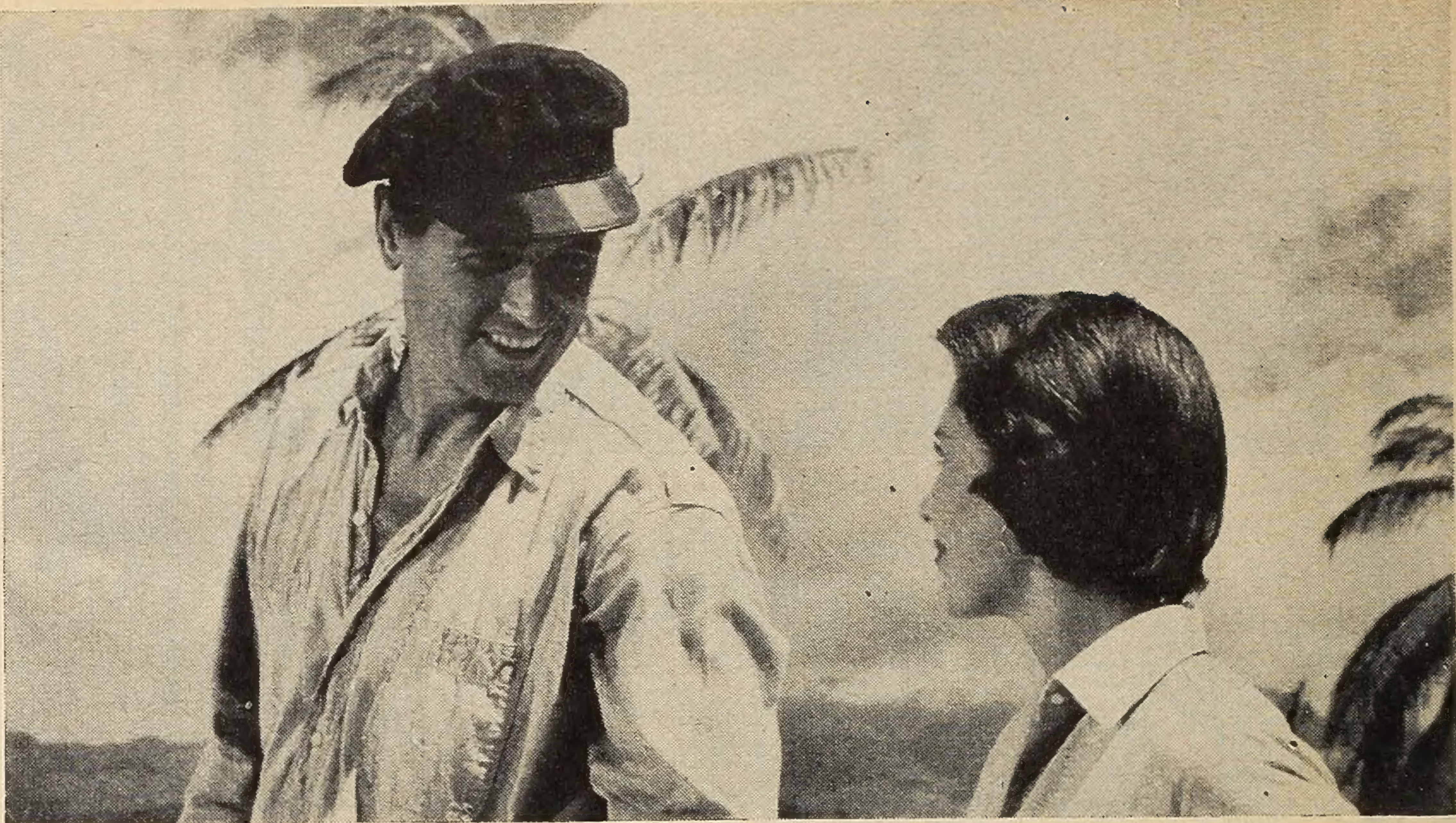
Send free booklet on the complete wardrobe of Bauer & Black all-elastic stockings for new leg beauty and comfort (from \$6.90 to \$16.95).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

new movies (Continued from page 6)



THE VIKINGS

bloodthirsty spectacle

**Kirk Douglas
Tony Curtis
Ernest Borgnine
Janet Leigh
James Donald**

■ In the 8th and 9th centuries when the world was flat and men were fierce, there were no men fiercer than Ernest Borgnine, king of the Vikings, and his fair-haired son, Kirk Douglas. The Vikings lived and died for Odin, god of war. That is, *they* lived and other men died, one of them being the king of England. The dead king's wife is attacked by the Viking king and has a son—who grows up to be Tony Curtis. Baby Tony can claim the throne one day which is why he's shipped out of England fast—if he stayed home, the new king, his cousin, would kill him. Tony's captured and becomes a Viking slave. He and Kirk hate each other. Tony's pet falcon claws out Kirk's left eye. Kirk has Tony thrown into a slop pool—if the rising tide doesn't drown him he's free to go. Meanwhile, there are plans afoot to kidnap Welch princess Janet Leigh at sea. Kirk does same, and falls for her. She'd rather die than marry him! Tony's her boy. Having survived the slop pool he's now escaping to England with her. Everything reaches a grand climax when Kirk and Tony—he came back—lead the Vikings against the English again. The war scenes are just terrific. In fact, all of the costumes and settings—plus the Viking ships at sea—manage to recreate the atmosphere of a savagely beautiful and gory time.—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

GUNMAN'S WALK

trigger-happy

**Van Heflin
Tab Hunter
Kathryn Grant
James Darren
Mickey Shaughnessy**

■ Everybody knows and respects Van Heflin, the biggest rancher in Wyoming. He has two sons (Tab Hunter and James Darren). Tab's a chip off the old block; he's tough and reckless. Darren's nice. He talks to half-breeds—like Kathryn Grant and her brother—as if they were people. That Darren's a real problem to his father. But Tab—he can shoot it up and drink it up and nobody tells him what to do. So what he does is push Kathryn's brother off a cliff. Pop's ready to believe it was an accident. Then Tab shoots a pure white man, the very man who defended him—with lies—at the hearing. Then Tab shoots—and kills—his way out of jail—ten minutes before freedom. Pop thinks maybe something's wrong with the boy. Heflin's rude awakening is genuinely moving.—COLUMBIA.

TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS

Rock's at sea!

**Rock Hudson
Cyd Charisse
Arthur Kennedy
Charles McGraw
Wallace Ford**

■ When Rock Hudson's leaky old sailing ship takes on passengers from a South Pacific island, little do those passengers know they may not make it to Mexico. That little old ship has holes in the bottom—and could use fresh paint and new wood on top. But Rock's proud of her and worries about her and keeps moodily to himself. Among all those passengers one of them (Cyd Charisse) had better make it to Mexico. If they stop off at Honolulu for repairs—as first mate Arthur Kennedy thinks they should—Cyd will be tossed into the jug. Seems she was a professional escort in Honolulu and one of her paying dates was murdered. Naturally, she doesn't tell this to Rock; she falls in love with him. Rock doesn't tell her till much later that once he lost his captain's license because he “made a mistake and drowned thirty-seven people;” he's fallen in love with her. It's that jealous heel Arthur Kennedy who breaks up the romance. Other lonely people on the sinking ship include Leif Erickson, Ernest Truex, Richard Haydn, and Celia Lovsky.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

VOICE IN THE MIRROR

an alcoholic reforms

**Richard Egan
Julie London
Arthur O'Connell
Walter Matthau
Troy Donahue**

■ Doctor Walter Matthau warns Richard Egan that if he doesn't quit drinking he'll wind up in an insane asylum. This scares him enough to get a job as an artist in an ad agency. The job scares him enough to go out on a binge. The binge scares his long-suffering wife (Julie London) enough to try and commit him to an institution. Egan runs for what he considers his life, and winds up in a bar next to Arthur O'Connell, ex-schoolteacher. For twenty years O'Connell's been wanting to quit drinking, but can't. It comes over Egan that the way to stop is for one drunk to help another, and right then he decides he will help O'Connell. It isn't easy. And nobody but Egan thinks it can work. Although never actually stated, this seems to be the history of Alcoholics Anonymous. At any rate it's an inspiring story of a man who not only gets a firm grip on himself but, in ten years, can look out with pride on a meeting hall full of people he has helped.—U-I.

(Continued on page 24)

"...with this key I thee wed..."

The door opened
into a haven from hell
—and the girl
came with the key.



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

A CARL FOREMAN Picture

**WILLIAM HOLDEN
SOPHIA LOREN
TREVOR HOWARD**

in
CAROL REED'S Production

"The Key"

CinemaScope

with
KIERON MOORE • BERNARD LEE • BRYAN FORBES
BEATRIX LEHMANN • NOEL PURCELL

and
OSCAR HOMOLKA



Based on the novel "Stella" by JAN DE HARTOG • Written for the screen and Produced by CARL FOREMAN • Directed by CAROL REED • Associate Producer AUBREY BARING • A HIGHROAD PRESENTATION

In memory of Richard Skelton

who died of leukemia on May 11, 1958



The LIGHT In The Empty Room

The doctor asked comedian Red Skelton to step into his office. He made it very clear. The hoping was over. The end was near. Red's nine-year-old son, Richard, sick with leukemia for the past sixteen months, was going to die in a little while.

The comedian smiled when he walked out of the office. He smiled because he knew that Georgia, his wife, and Valentina, their eleven-year-old daughter, would be there now. He'd left them a little while earlier so that Valentina could run over to the hospital's gift shop and buy a present for Richard. He knew they'd be back now. He knew he must not worry them—not right now, not before they went up to see Richard.

"Okay," he said, taking Georgia's arm and Valentina's hand. He rushed them over to the elevator. "Third floor," he said to the elevator boy. And then he whispered something to Georgia on the way up about Richard's having had an uncomfortable night, but not to think anything if he looked a little sleepy. And all the time he smiled as if this were just another day, another visit, as if nothing were wrong. . . .

Valentina was the first one in Richard's room.

She raced over to the bed where Richard lay with his eyes closed. She kissed him on the cheek. When he opened his eyes she was not surprised: she thought he'd been awake all the time—that he knew as usual, that they would all be there to see him at exactly 11:00 a.m., just like every other day, and that now he was playing a fine game of tease.

"Hi," she said, loudly, right into his ear.

"Hi," the little boy said, a little startled.

"Look what I got you," Valentina said, holding up a box.

Richard tried to ask *what?* But something got caught in his throat, and instead he just nodded.

"It's a present," Valentina said.

The little boy stared at the box. "Is today . . . is today my birthday?" he asked, very softly.

Valentina laughed. "Of course not, silly," she said. "Today's May 10. Your birthday's a week and a half off. This is an allowance present. I saved for four weeks from my allowance just to get it for you."

The little boy lifted an arm and tried to reach for the package.

Valentina, noticing the arm shake a little, beat him to it. "Here," she (Continued on page 12)

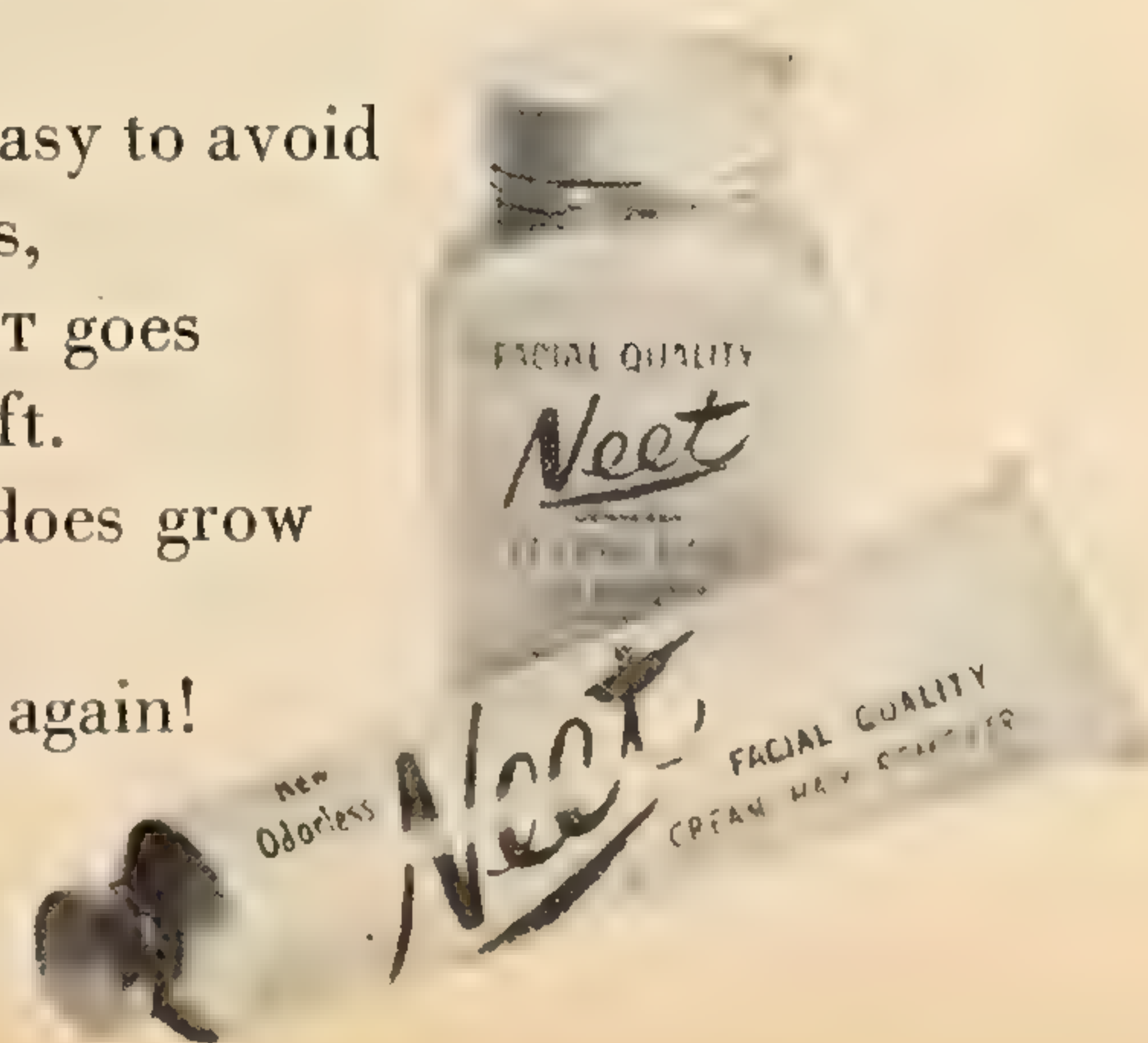


shave, lady?...don't do it!

Don't risk "razor shadow" on legs and underarms. It's so easy to avoid "razor shadow", that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you *cream hair away the beautiful way* with NEET. New baby-pink NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach . . . leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft. And there's never a hint of "razor shadow" because when the hair *finally* does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET: either lotion or cream—you'll never want to shave again!

cream hair away the beautiful way

Neet



FOR THESE
DESPERATE LOVERS
THIS WAS THE
POINT-OF-NO-RETURN!

...now they were
trapped on a
strange journey—
their only
companions
outcasts...
their only horizon
...danger!



Universal-International presents

ROCK HUDSON
CYD CHARISSE

in ERNEST K. GANN'S

Mightiest Best Seller since

"THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY"!

TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS

in Eastman COLOR

co-starring **ARTHUR KENNEDY • LEIF ERICKSON**

CHARLES MCGRAW • ERNEST TRUOX

with **RICHARD HAYDN • JUDITH EVELYN • WALLACE FORD**

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Written by ERNEST K. GANN • Produced by GORDON KAY

"For once
I want a man
to look at me
as if I were
his first love...
not his latest!"

the light in the empty room

(Continued from page 10) said, unwrapping it. "Let me do it."

Having done it, she held the present up. It was a music box. "You wind it like this," Valentina said, showing him how, "and then it plays like *this*." They listened to the clear, sweet, bell-like music for a moment. "You know what song that is, Rich?" she asked.

The little boy shook his head.

"It's called *Home Sweet Home*," she said. "It means that that's where you'll be again if you listen to it enough, if you play it over and over and say a prayer to God to make your wish come true."

The little boy listened for another moment. Then he asked, "Is it for my birthday, Valentina?"

Again, the girl laughed. "I told you before, silly—no!" she said. "But don't worry. I've got enough money saved to get you a present for that, too, when the time comes."

"When's my birthday?" the little boy asked.

"I told you—" Valentina started to say. And then the smile that had been on her face all this while disappeared. She looked at Richard. Then she looked over at her parents. She said nothing. But it was as if she wanted to say *What's wrong with my brother today? He always knew when his birthday was. He still does—doesn't he? He's only teasing me again—isn't he?*

She looked back at Richard. "Your birthday's May 20," she said simply. She waited for him to give her that wonderful puckered-up look of his now, to start to laugh suddenly so that all the freckles on his face would seem to multiply by two, so that his blue eyes would sparkle again like they always used to, so that he would tell her by his laugh that he *was* only kidding her, that of course he knew when his birthday was.

Richard remembers

But Richard just lay there.

Valentina stepped away from the bed, confused.

For a moment it looked as if Richard would fall asleep again. But when he saw Red, he smiled. He tried to make one of those funny faces he and his dad always exchanged when they saw one another. It wasn't a very good try.

"Hello, Daddy," he said.

Then his eyes shifted and he saw Georgia. "Mom—" he started to say. Suddenly, there was a flash of the old Richard in his eyes. He nodded. "Oh I remember, I remember," he said.

"You remember what, Richard?" Red asked.

The little boy grinned. "Daddy," he said, "can I talk to you about a secret?"

"Sure," Red said as Georgia stepped back and away from the bed.

"Daddy," the little boy whispered, "I just remembered that tomorrow is Mother's Day. Did you buy the red blanket for Mom?"

"I did," Red said. "Tomorrow . . . tomorrow I'm going to bring it over and we'll all open the box and show her together."

"I'm sorry," the little boy said, still whispering. "I didn't want you to have to go out and get it. But with this cut on my leg, I don't think they would have let me out to get it."

Red's eyes traveled down to the outline of the little boy's thin legs under the white blanket and to the outline of the thin tube there. Richard's veins had been punctured so much with a long series of daily transfusions over the past couple of weeks that an incision had been necessary on his left leg. He was getting a transfusion now

and the tube was connected to the incision. Quickly, Red looked back up at the little boy's face. He saw that Richard had leaned his head over on the pillow now so that he could look over at Georgia, that he was winking at her—very proud of his secret between himself and his dad; suddenly he stopped winking and groaned with momentary pain and then, very suddenly, he seemed to fall asleep again. . . .

It was six o'clock that night when Red and Georgia arrived back home. They'd sent Valentina home early and they'd sat with Richard the whole afternoon, watching him sleep most of the time, talking to him when he awoke, playing the new music box for him, listening to him try to hum along with it at one point and, at another, watching him as he followed Valentina's advice and said a prayer to God to please make the song come true and to let him be able to go home, soon.

Home with heavy hearts

And now the long afternoon was over for Red and Georgia and they'd come back home to have their dinner. They were about to eat when the phone rang.

Red answered it.

He listened for a long time. Then he mumbled something and hung up.

When he looked around, he saw Georgia standing there.

Instinctively, he tried to smile.

It didn't work this time.

"What's wrong?" Georgia asked.

"It was the doctor," Red said, his face turning pale and his voice suddenly heavy. "He told me Richard has just gone into a coma—"

Georgia gasped. Red took her hand.

"—He said he doesn't know how much longer it will be," he went on, squeezing the trembling hand with every bit of compassion and sorrow and love in his soul. . . .

They wanted Richard to live. They would have given their own lives for him to live. They would have given every cent they had. They would have given everything and anything. But you don't bargain with Death. You only pray that when it is certain to come—as it was certain to come to Richard now—it will come easily and without hurt.

And so Red and Georgia prayed. . . .

The hospital room where they sat now was silent except for their little son's heavy breathing and their prayers. They sat only a few feet away from the bed. They watched the boy, hard in the depths of his heavy sleep, as he moaned every once in a while, then as he reached down with his hand as if to slap the painful tube away from his leg, then as he brought his hand back up and moaned again.

On and on it went, for over an hour—the moaning, the praying, the reaching down for the tube, the moaning, the praying—and always the awful moaning.

And then it began to happen.

It happened as the little boy's parents had been praying it would, easily and without any more pain.

For suddenly Richard stopped moaning and stopped slapping at the tube, and he opened his eyes and smiled.

"Daddy," he said, looking straight up at the big white ceiling overhead, "did you get the red blanket for Mother's Day?"

"I did, Richie," Red whispered. "I did . . . I did."

"That's good," the little boy said. "Thank you, Daddy."

Then he asked for Georgia.

"Mommy," he said, still looking straight up, "would you do me a favor? Would you kiss me? You'd better hurry up, Mommy. You'd better hurry up."

Georgia leaned over and kissed him, gently and long, on the forehead.



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"I love you, Mommy," he murmured. Georgia tried to say something back. But the words wouldn't come.

Slowly, the smile began to leave Richard's face. He reached out for Red's hand.

"Daddy," the little boy said now, "—I can't see very well. It's like a blur. . . ."

"It'll be all right," Red said.

The little boy nodded.

And then he closed his eyes.

And the white blanket that lay over his thin body did not move with his breathing any more.

Georgia screamed an anguished scream. And then she began to cry. For her, the time had come when she could cry, finally cry. For sixteen long months she had held back the tears. Now her little boy was dead and there was no holding them back.

For Red, too, the sixteen long months were over. For Red, too—the brave father who had known his son was going to die; the brave comedian who'd gone on with his job and made millions of people laugh every week, the brave man who'd smiled so hard for the past year and a half that his lips ached almost as much as his heart—for Red, too, it was time to cry. And he cried the saddest tears a man can cry. . . .

Their maid met them at the door when they got home later that night.

"She's asleep, at last," the weeping woman said, referring to Valentina, their daughter. "But it was terrible. It was terrible. When the poor little thing saw you weren't home at nine o'clock she got worried and she telephoned the hospital. Somebody there told her Richard had died. And Valentina said—I heard her say—'No, he's not dead. Richie can't be dead.' And then she hung up and she ran out of the house. I followed her as she ran into the woods. I told her to stop. But she said, 'No, I'm going to find Richie. He escaped from the hospital and he's on his way home and I've got to find him.' I don't remember how long we ran or how far, Valentina running and me chasing her. But finally she fell and it was as if she blacked out and I picked her up and carried her upstairs. She woke up a few times, mumbling. I sat with her, though, and then I gave her a little warm milk and she's asleep now, at last."

Red and Georgia nodded wearily and thanked her.

Then they walked toward the big staircase at the far end of the foyer and up the stairs. They stopped for a moment at the top of the stairs. Then they began to walk again, down the long corridor.

When they came to the last room—Richard's room—they stopped again for a moment, almost as if they were listening for a familiar little voice to shout out happily, as it had shouted out so many times before: "Daddy, Mommy, come in, I'm not asleep—I waited special to see you!"

But there was no little voice now.

Red opened the door, snapped on the light and they walked in.

It was a wonderful room, a boy's room, all fixed up with cowboy pictures on the walls, old toys in a box in one corner, the desk with the Christmas microscope on it in another corner, the bed facing the window with the teddy-bear Richard had loved since he was a baby and had slept with through the years. The bear now lay wide-awake and wondering in the middle of the pillow.

Red and Georgia stood and stared.

But, finally, it became too long, much too long for them to stand it.

They turned and began to leave.

They looked over at the light switch as they got to the door.

Neither of them would turn it off.

It was as if, by silent agreement, they both refused to let the memory of their little boy lie in darkness that night. **END**

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood

★ **Boomtown Party booms!**

IN THIS ISSUE: ★ **Romance Blooms . . .**

★ **New Daddies pace rooms!**

Louella stops to chat with Gary Cooper and his wife.



LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

*Hollywood's got the biggest crop of proud poppas this year . . .
and the greatest, gayest, most whopping big parties ever!*

Congratulations, Marlon Brando

Marlon Brando behaved like any orthodox, normal, un-mixed-up father pacing the hospital maternity corridor, looking endlessly at his watch, even to slipping out for a cup of coffee at a nearby lunch counter after being told it would be hours—awaiting the birth of his son to **Anna Kashfi**.

Finally informed that it was a boy, he said to the startled nurse, "Ha! I told you so!"—and dashed down the hall to the pay telephone to inform his father of the stupendous event.

Later, the nurse remarked to "Stork," Doctor Leon Krohn, "This guy's supposed to be different?"

His excitement and sincere happiness delighted Anna's friends, and I'm sure, Anna. She had a very easy time for the birth of a first child despite her delicate general health.

The baby is very fair and resembles Marlon—as much as an infant can resemble anything.

While the house they are renting is strictly Oriental, the baby's cradle is good old-fashioned American style. As this is written—two weeks after the birth—the infant has everything a baby should have . . . but a name! Marlon has never liked the "Jr." tag; in this case, however, it would have to be Marlon Brando, III. The new parents are toying with the Christian name of Christian, but it's not set.

Amusingly enough, Marlon Brando, Sr. became a grandfather just about the time he's planning to become a bridegroom. His marriage to Mrs. Anna Parromore is expected any time.

And Ronald's Happy About His Son

Practically the same call came ten days later from **Ronald Reagan**, my old friend, who called me from the hospital to say how delighted he and Nancy are over a boy born just an hour previous! The Reagans have a little girl and of course, this time, they wanted a son. He'll be called Ronald Reagan, II—"But not junior," Ronnie enthused. "We've given him a middle name which we'll use, but I'm so excited I'll be darned if I can



remember it now!" Ronnie sighed breathlessly.

Looks like everyone is getting what they want in the baby department. The papers say births nationally are falling off due to the recession—but not in movietown.

Gregg's Happy About His Daughter

It was **Gregory Peck**, a happy man if I ever heard one. "She's a gift from heaven," went on the proud father, "Veronique and I are so happy. We wanted a little girl so much."

The brand new Miss Cecilia Peck—name all picked out well in advance—weighed six pounds, eight ounces on delivery and according to her biased father is already a rarin' tearin' beauty. With four brothers in the family, can you imagine how spoiled Miss Cecilia will be. "Of course," Greg agreed cheerfully.



Kim, Don't Go Crazy

Kim Novak is rapidly becoming the *femme fatale* of Hollywood!

With the admission from high-living, gift-giving, wealthy General Rafael Trujillo Jr. that he wants to marry Kim "... if she'll have me. She's the most charming woman I have ever met," the blonde, lavender-eyed Kim takes top spot among Hollywood sirens.

Someone said, "There are more men secretly—or openly—in love with Kim than any woman in this country." Them's tall words. But at least this past year she's been the central figure of more romantic rumors than any other glamor girl since **Rita Hayworth**.

Her romance with the twenty-nine-year-old Trujillo Jr., son of the dictator of the Dominican Republic, hit the headlines when it was revealed that he had given Kim over \$13,700 in 'baubles' including an \$8700 Mercedes-Benz automobile, a \$3500 diamond-and-black pearl ring and a \$1500 set of diamond earrings.

It turned out that the General was so grateful to **Zsa Zsa Gabor** for introducing him to Kim that he gifted Zsa Zsa with a \$5300 Mercedes plus a Chinchilla coat!

Before the General ever met Miss Novak, he met **Joan Collins** last year in Palm Beach, Florida, and remembered her with a \$10,000 diamond bracelet which can also be worn as a necklace.

As though all this weren't enough excitement for the headlines, it turns out that the free-wheeling young Dominican is a married man with six children who—until the diamonds started flying—was in this country primarily to undergo military studies at Fort Leavenworth.

Before you could say "Mercedes-Benz" the Congress of the United States was in it with both feet investigating whether Trujillo was spending any part of the \$1,200,000 we have earmarked for a loan to his country. Representative Hayes called Zsa Zsa "the most expensive courtesan since Madame Pompadour." (She threatened to sue.)

Meanwhile, the center of most of the excitement, Kim, was in San Francisco for the preview of her Alfred Hitchcock thriller, *Vertigo*.

Her first reaction was, "I didn't know the Mercedes-Benz was a gift. I was just parking it in my garage. I shall return it."

Next quote was, "I'm completely amazed to learn that the General is married. He must be separated from his wife or why would he date me in public as openly as he has?"

Turns out she was right about that. Seems the General Jr. had quietly filed for a divorce from his wife in Mexico a month previous to all the Hollywood whoopla.

During all this firing, there was no comment out of the General who was in the hospital having a sinus operation. When he finally could talk he came up with that startler: "I want to marry Miss Novak!"

All I can say is—it's been the craziest year in Hollywood!



Kim claims she didn't know Trujillo's gift was for keeps—but Zsa Zsa (below) knew hers was.



PARTY OF THE MONTH

Each year those whopping big parties given by SHARE, Inc. (for the care of mentally retarded children) is a highlight of the social season because they're just wonderful and so much fun!

At this year's affair at the Cocoanut Grove \$200,000 was raised—at least \$100,000 of it from the craziest "auction" you ever saw. Everybody was done up in Western garb which caused **Gary Cooper** to crack, "I feel like I'm working!"

Stars? I've never seen so many at one event. To give you an idea, can you imagine a chorus of **Gene Kelly**, **Harry Belafonte**, **Paul Newman**, **Gordon MacRae**, **Eddie Fisher**, **Tony Curtis**, **Sammy Davis, Jr.**, **James Garner**, **Robert Mitchum**, **Guy Madison**, **Peter Lawford**, **Eddie O'Brien** and **John Forsythe** lifting their voices—more or less together—in *The Lady Is A Tramp*? That should give you an idea!

But the best was yet to come when **Gypsy Rose Lee** did a strip—really so modest your aged grandmother could have watched without a blush—with auctioneer **Dean Martin** selling the clothes right off her chassis. Dean, just a few hours previous, had flown in from Arizona where he's making *Rio Bravo*, to be master of ceremonies for the entire show.

"If I hadn't made it Jeanne would never have forgiven me," Dean told me. His pretty Jeanne, along with Mrs. John Meredyth Lucas, Mrs. **Jeff Chandler**, Mrs. **Gordon MacRae**, **Janet Leigh** and other charity minded ladies, is a guiding light of SHARE activities.

But back to the hilarious auction—Dean pretended he was fainting when Jeanne bid \$2500 for Gypsy's fur stole. "Honey," he yelled, "it's second hand. She's wearing it!" But he wrote out the check for his wife, you can bet!

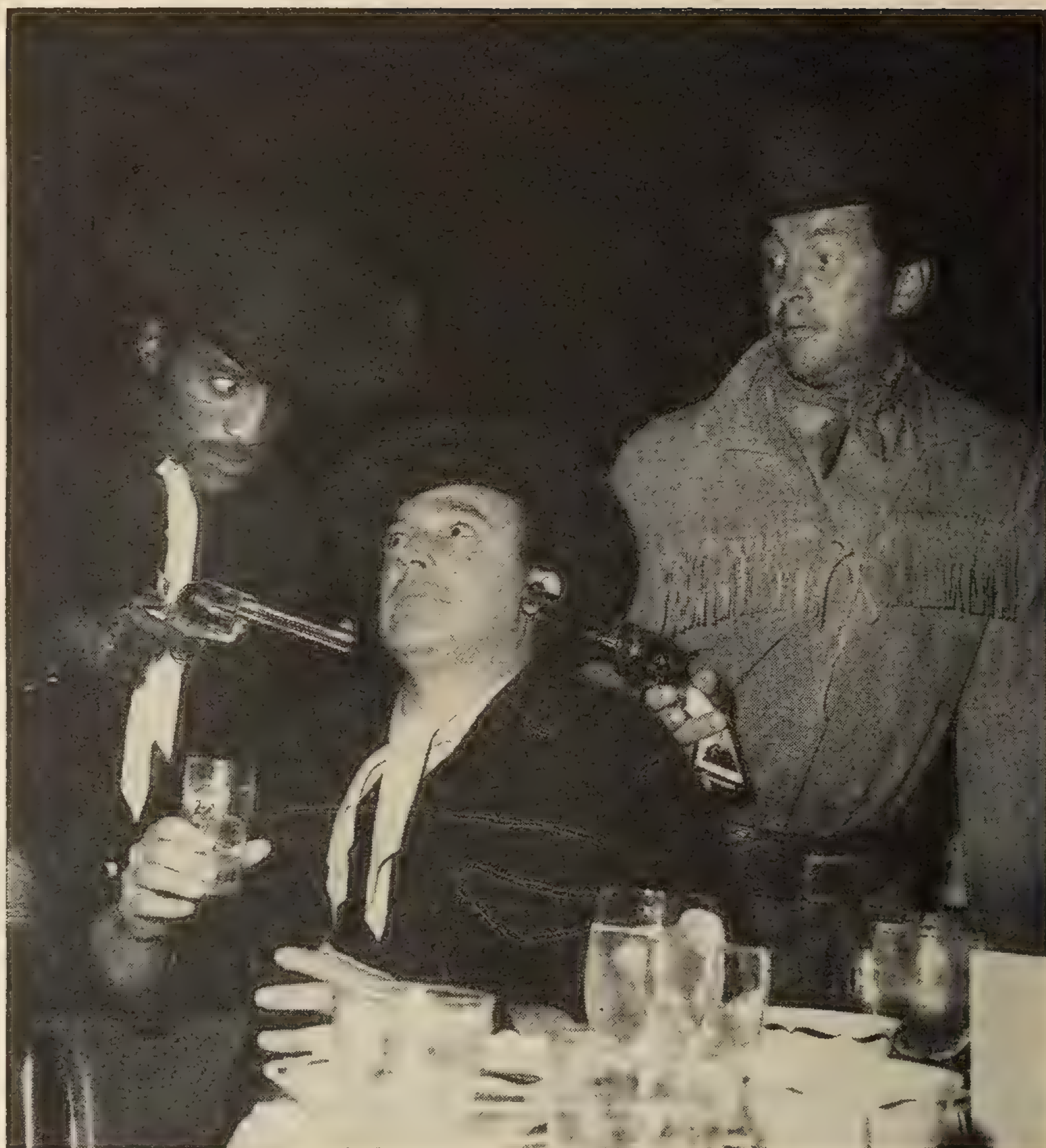
Jack Lemmon paid \$250 for Gypsy's gloves, Jack Warner got her dress for \$1500 and **Sammy Davis, Jr.** paid \$700 for her bathing suit—delivered after the auction.

Then "Uncle" Milton Berle took over the auctioneer spot—and to his supposed utter horror, his wife bid \$2600 for an outboard motor. "But we haven't got a boat, honey—we haven't got a boat," Milt wailed as he paid off. The donor, Bob McCullough, then bought it again for \$5000.

All the while this was going on, **Debbie Reynolds** was prancing around the place having the time of her life. That is until she went on, completely disguised with big Mexican hat, serape to do her cute hot number, *Tequila*.

Let me interrupt here to say that the next day, Debbie wore this same hilarious outfit out to MGM on the set of *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* and gave her friend, **Elizabeth Taylor**, the first real laugh since her tragedy. Liz almost seemed like her old self in her amusement over Debbie's get-up.

Debbie didn't bat an eyelash when **Eddie Fisher** bid \$9000 for a lot in Palm Springs. "I'll just make another *Tammy* record and build him a house on it," she laughed.



Sammy Davis Jr. and Dean Martin didn't have to stage a hold-up for a king-size contribution from Gene Kelly

It was such a great show, I hardly know how to get it all in. Jo Stafford did three great songs. Then she appeared again with the SHARE girls, **Janet Leigh**, **Anne Jeffreys** and **June Hutton**, who did a whale of a dance all done up in sequin tights and pink tulle stoles. Miriam Nelson (Gene's ex) staged this number.

The only thing that might have marred a perfect evening—it all came out bright and happy later—was when **Desi Arnaz** offered a check for \$30,000 to SHARE if **Robert Mitchum** would star in a Desilu tv picture working for scale wage, which is about \$200 per week. Some people didn't think that was quite fair and that Mitchum had been put on a spot although he was a good scout about it.

But Desi, a few days later, sent the \$30,000 anyway—"whether Mitchum makes the picture for us, or not." Nice going, Desi.

Another Wonderful Party

We all got done up in our very best glamor clothes to attend the garden-cocktail party given by the Charles LeMaires—he's 20th's top clothes designer—honoring Paris' famed couturier, Pierre Balmain. I privately wondered how many would turn out in sacks—which I hate.

So it was a chuckle all to myself when I

heard my neighbor on Maple Drive, **Hope Lange**, looking like a dream walking in a non-sack summer dress, ask the great Balmain what he thought of the sack dress.

He said, "Sack dress? *What's that?*" Did my heart good.

Hope turned out to be a very good reporter. She next asked the French fashion expert if he thought the Dior dress she was wearing was too short. He replied, "No dress should be shorter than sixteen inches off the ground."

Of course, all the famed Hollywood designers turned out to honor the visiting Frenchman and have a cocktail setting in the beautiful garden abloom with gay flowers.

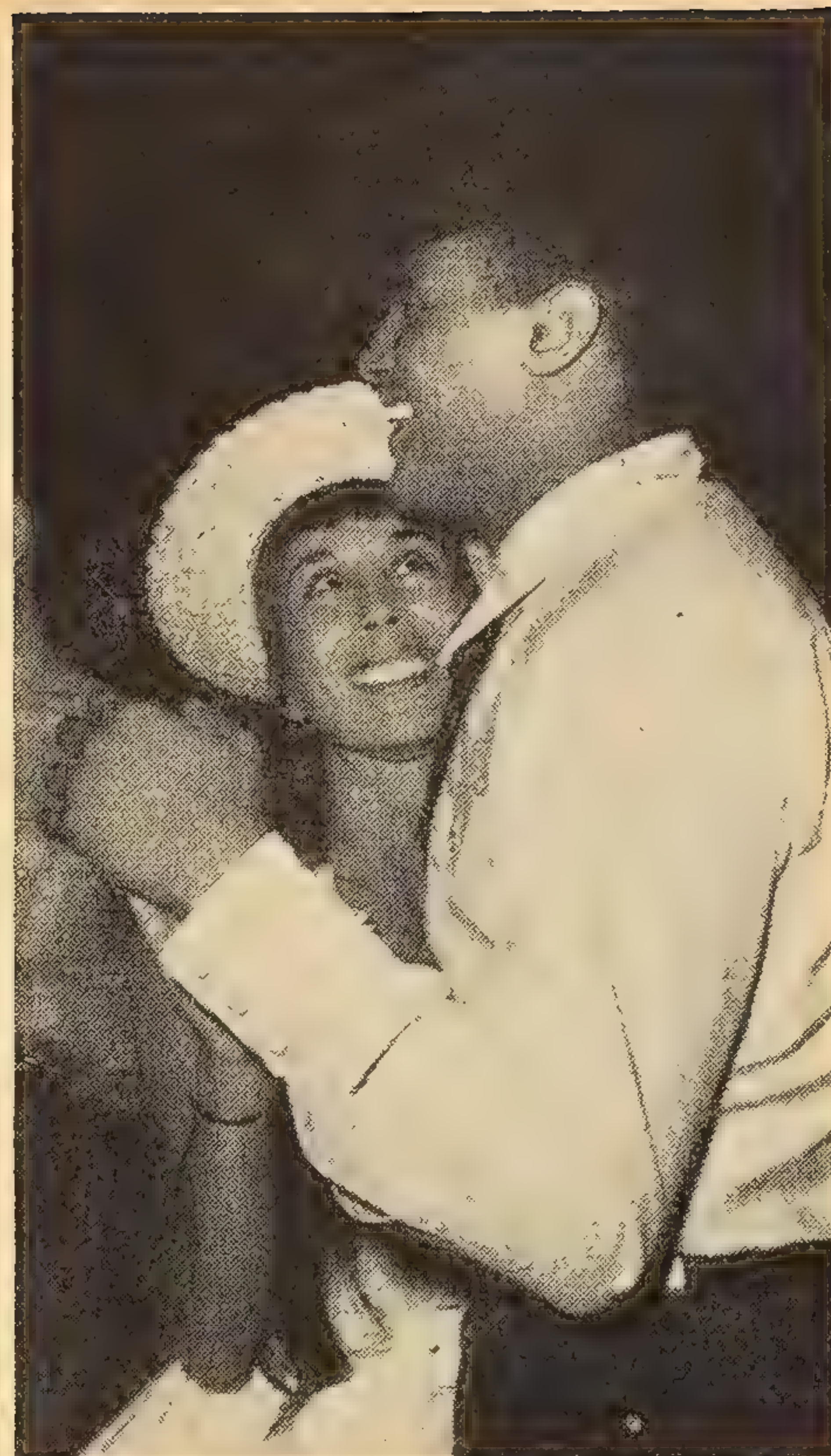
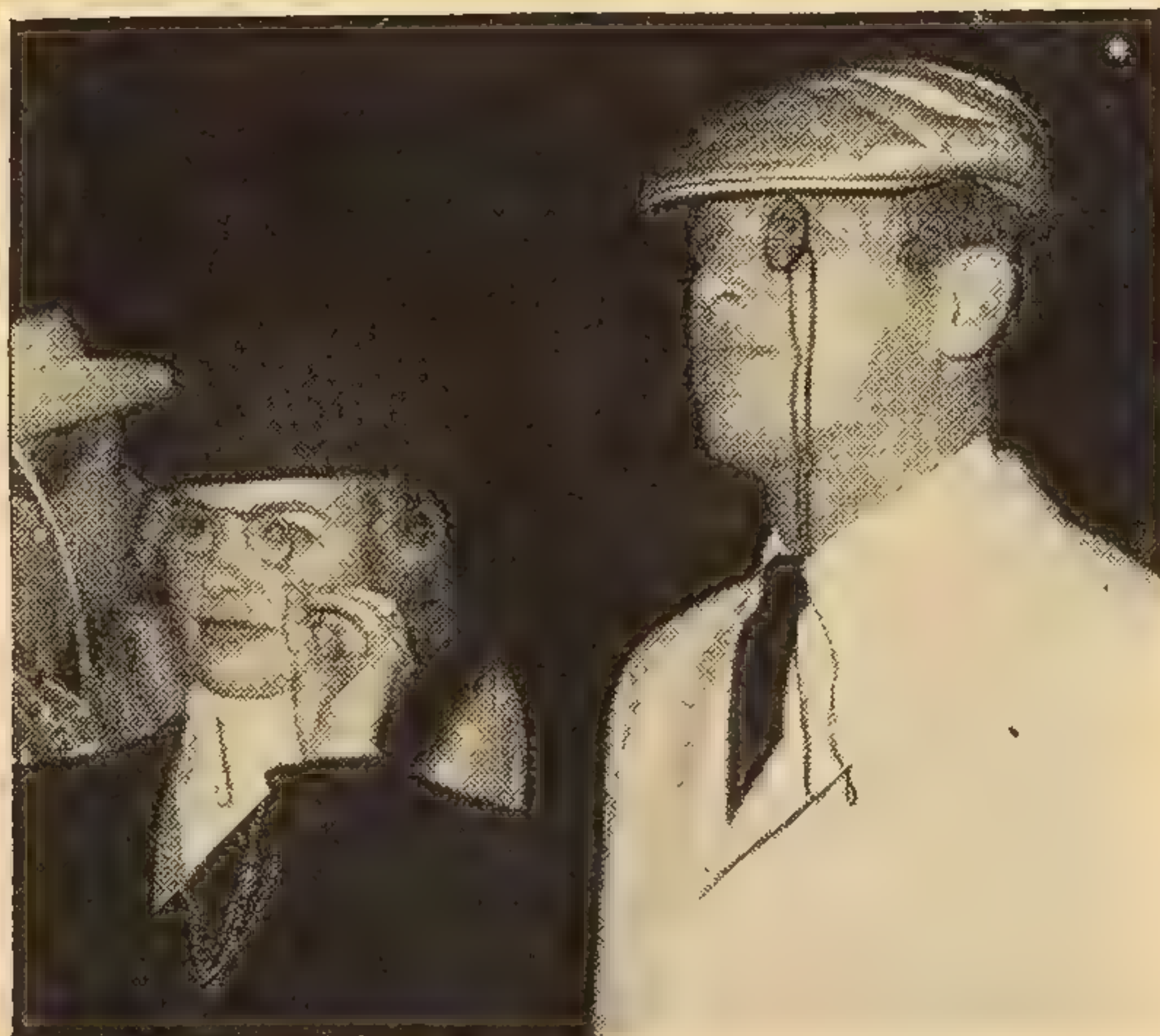
Loretta Young defied the non-sackers by wearing a very short chemise but then she's so thin she can get away with the unfitted look.

Redheaded **Gita Hall**, a former Balmain model, didn't let go of the arm of **Barry Sullivan** whom she'll marry when he's free. You'll also get a look at her as his leading lady in his new picture.

Eva Gabor upheld the Gabor standard of glamor and chic escorted by Stewart Barthelmess, son of the former great silent-day idol, Richard Barthelmess. Eva's the girl who only got flowers after she dated gift-giving General Trujillo!



Imagine how Gypsy Rose Lee felt with all her clothes auctioned off . . .



Harry Belafonte and his wife (above) take a turn on the floor while Janet Leigh (above left) discovers husband Tony who thinks he's really a horse. Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman (left) look veddy British.



Desi and Lucy's generosity was as big as their T.V. ratings.



Ex model Gita Hall will be the next Mrs. Barry Sullivan.



Debbie Reynolds and Alex Romero—MGM dance director—did a hot Mexican number—the Tequilla.

IN MY OPINION...

Rossano Brazzi and **Dick Powell** both proved themselves gentlemen by their conduct following that untrue—according to Brazzi—interview in a London newspaper in which Rossano was quoted as saying, “**June Allyson?** She’s impossible. I don’t know how Dick Powell stands her.” When the men met in the 20th commissary, Brazzi heatedly denied saying it, and shaking hands with him, Dick said, “I never believed it in the first place. . . .”

With another so-welcome baby on the way, look for **Janet Leigh** to give up her career in the next year or so. Janet adores her home, she isn’t overly strong physically, and she and **Tony Curtis** are happier these days than they’ve ever been. . . .

Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti can return to their native Italy if they’ll refute their Mexican proxy marriage and not live together as man and wife. She’ll never comply. She’s crazy about the man. . . .

Ingrid Bergman gives a delightful light comedy performance in *Indiscreet* but she’s much too beautiful and talented to permit herself to look so matronly in all those lovely clothes. . . .

I’m not getting in **William Holden’s** contract row with Paramount. But Bill’s taking off for foreign shores too often and staying away too long for the good of his career. . . .

Got a kick out of **Eddie Fisher**, who’s not too big, taking on singlehanded about 25,000 fans who were heckling him for rooting for the Philadelphia baseball team during a game in Los Angeles with the Dodgers. Tired of being booed and yelled at, Eddie jumped to his feet and, taking on the whole crowd, yelled at his tormentors, “Since when is it against the law to root for your home town team?” And after that, they let him holler as much as he liked! . . .

Ty’s Found Happiness At Last

A surprise of another nature was **Tyrone Power’s** marriage to Debbie Smith Minardos in the out-of-the-way spot of Tunica, Mississippi, her home town. Not that these two haven’t acted very much in love in the eight months they’ve known each other. But Ty has paid out so much in alimony to ex-wives **Annabella** and **Linda Christian**, no one thought he really had the heart for another try.

However, he doesn’t expect to pay alimony this time, his first union with a non-professional. “Debbie has nothing but me to think about,” he laughingly told me over the phone the morning of their arrival in Hollywood.

The new Mrs. Power, a brunette Southern belle, was formerly married to Nico Minardos, a young Hollywood actor, and she has lived here before.

In fact, they met in Hollywood, introduced to each other by mutual friends, Mary Anita and Dick Sale. It wasn’t a case of love at first sight because at the time, Ty was deeply interested in foreign star **Mai Zeiterling**.

Film contracts took Mai back to Europe and a new play, *Back To Methuselah* took Ty on the road.

In the East, he met Debbie again—and

this was it—their love blossomed.

Always the gentleman, Tyrone made a flying trip to London to tell Mai that he had fallen very much in love with another girl. He didn’t want her to hear it from anyone else.

She seems to have borne up all right. Mai herself is a recent bride.

Liz Carries On

Elizabeth Taylor finished *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*, heaven knows how, before collapsing in bed for a week’s complete rest. A friend told me, “She doesn’t cry anymore. She’s out of tears. Nor do books or tv programs interest her. The other day I asked her, ‘Are you thinking of your future, Elizabeth?’”

“She replied, ‘Just enough to get me past one day at a time, one day at a time.’”

One of the saddest things she has had to do was returning to the house in Palm Springs where she and **Mike** had had so much fun together and pack up his clothes and belongings as well as her own and the children’s. She refused to let anyone else do it for her.

Don’t Throw Away Your Marriage

The **Ernest Borgnine** separation shouldn’t have happened—and I know in my heart Rhoda didn’t want it. Although she has stayed in the background of Ernie’s career ever since he crashed to fame win-

ning an Oscar for *Marty* and had no time for Hollywood social life, she’s been a wonderful wife and mother to their seven-year-old daughter.

Almost everyone in Hollywood would have sworn this marriage was as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar—until just recently, very recently.

Ernie’s explanation of the parting is “Progressive incompatibility.” That’s a new name for an old ailment—male restlessness.

After a short trip East to spend her initial unhappiness with her family, Rhoda and the little girl are back in the family home.

I may be wrong, but nothing would surprise me less than Ernie’s being back there himself before you can say “progressive incompatibility!”

Love Triumph For Pier and Vic

I wasn’t surprised that **Pier Angeli** and **Vic Damone** kissed and made up following a knockdown battle after which Pier had talked to her attorney. You see, I happened to be in Ruser’s Jewelry Store in Beverly Hills the afternoon after news of the row broke, and Vic—behind dark glasses—was picking out a beautiful gift for Pier.

After the reconciliation, Pier said, “It was just one of those things. We love each other and we’re back together.”

I understand, however, that before she would listen to her husband’s pleas, Pier made him promise no more heavy gambling when he plays Las Vegas and no more unflattering comments, published or private, about her mother.

Rock Wins Out

Once again there’s a smile on **Rock Hudson’s** face after months of moping. He’s going back to work! At long last his contract stalemate with Universal-International has resolved itself, and the re-activated studio—thank heavens it didn’t close down—is co-starring Rock with **Kirk Douglas** in *Viva Gringo* under the terms of a deal made with Kirk’s independent Bryna Company.

There’s no re-activation in his marriage, however. That’s cold and over and should reach the divorce court as soon as the property settlement is made—without fireworks, I hope.



Sophia Loren (above) won’t give up marriage to producer Carlo Ponti.

Ingrid (right) gives such a delightful and charming performance in her latest film success, Indiscreet



OPEN LETTER to Suzy Parker:

When you first came here, the hoity-toity \$100,000-a-year model from New York and, without a dime's worth of movie experience, proceeded to look down your patrician nose at Hollywood, my immediate thought was: *We can get along without you, baby.*

More in irritation than anger I casually read your pronouncements such as "Hollywood is filled with the most beautiful people interested only in the dullest subject—their-selves," and "It's hard to tell where the movies end and the real living begins," I considered you extremely insolent about a serious industry.

When you fell flat on your lovely face in your debut opposite that sweet **Cary Grant** in *Kiss Them For Me*, and the critics panned you unmercifully, it was a pleasure to me—and others.

But now, Suzy, I take it all back. I think you are excellent as the young girl who falls in love with the older man, **Gary Cooper**, in *10 North Frederick*. Your sensi-

tive, well-shaded portrayal of a girl caught up in an unfortunate affair is a delight to behold.

But I felt even more pleased when I was told what you had been doing with your time. They tell me at 20th that after your failure you went in all humility to production chief Buddy Adler and begged for a leave of absence for time to study and improve yourself.

You didn't draw a dime of salary all the time you were in New York leading the life of a recluse while you underwent dramatic training and coaching. When Buddy summoned you back for this very important role with Gary you said over the long distance phone, "Do you really have that much confidence in me? I'm deeply grateful." He did—and you delivered like a trouper. And, no wisecracks about Hollywood out of you this time. Yes, Suzy—we can use your beautiful face and talent from here on in.

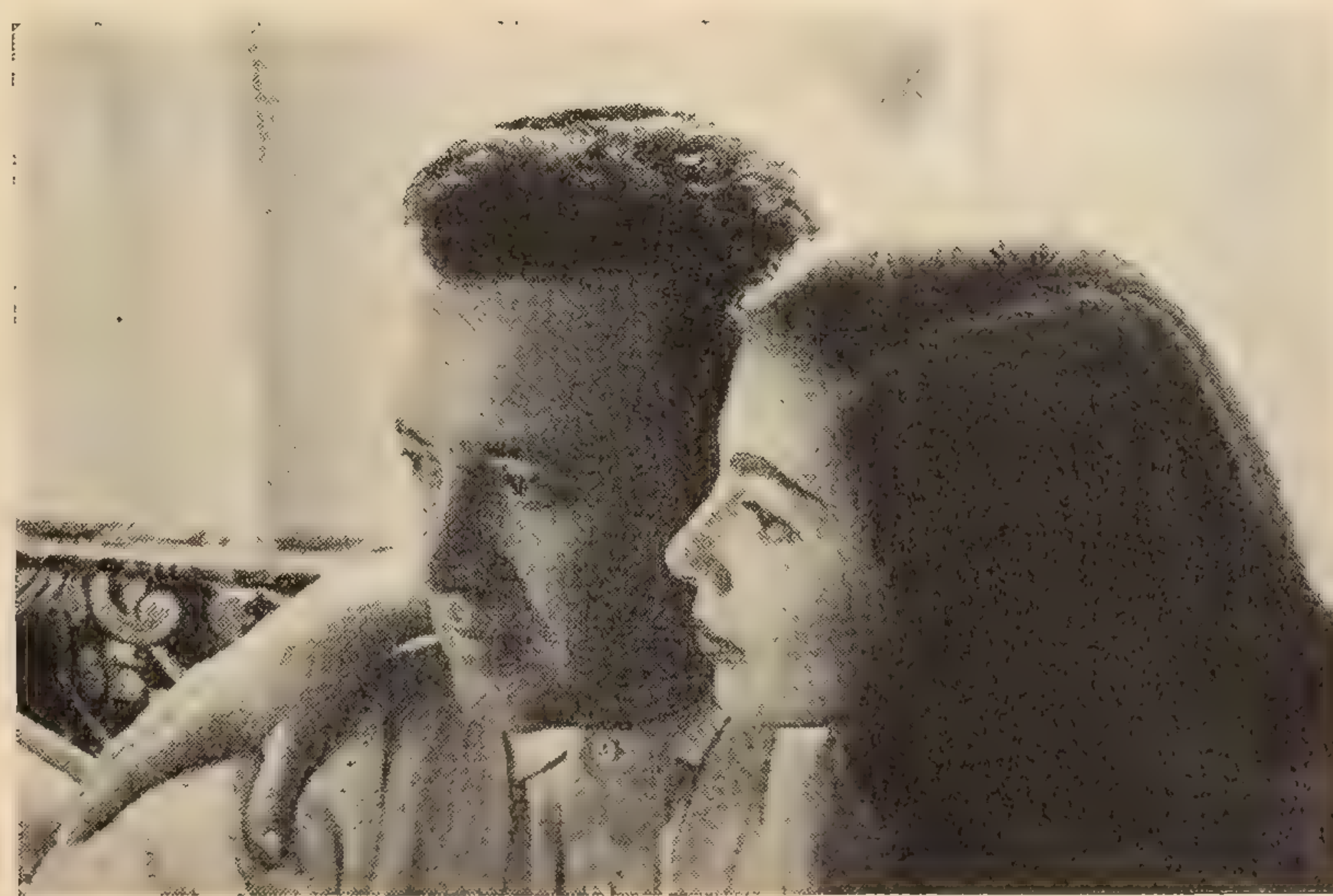


Ty (above) says "I do" for the third time. His new bride is Debra Minardos.

Liz (right) is making repairs on her life . . . each day makes the next easier to face.



Ernest Borgnine and his wife in happier days . . . when success was new.



Vic and Pier made up all right, but Vic's got to promise to be nice to Pier's Mama.

THE LETTER BOX:

"**Kim Novak** appears to be doing most of her emoting off screen according to current headlines about gifts of imported motor cars and diamonds from a visiting Latin General," snaps Mrs. L. B. BEATSON, SALEM. "Her acting has been very wooden in recent films." Not in *Vertigo*, Mrs. B. . . .

TWYLA FOCHE, SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA, writes a charming letter about **Earl Holliman**: "His mother and my mother are dearest of friends and we make our home with Mrs. Holliman. Earl is the best son in the world to her and is always planning sweet surprises for all of us, including a trip to New Orleans to meet him for the preview of *HOT SPELL*. Mrs. Holliman reads *MODERN SCREEN* every month and I know she'd get a kick out of seeing this letter in The Letter Box." I get a kick out of hearing Earl is such a fine son, Twyla. . . .

LONNIE and BARBARA (no address) think, "**Debbie Reynolds**, with two beautiful chil-

children, should now retire and be just Mrs. **Eddie Fisher**. We think his TV show is the best on the air and his career is bigger than hers." Eddie is very proud of Debbie's career—and how about her record *Tammy* being the biggest seller of last year???? . . .

"I want to marry **Hugh O'Brian**," is the honest admission of LILY VOGEL, NEW YORK. You and a lot of other gals, Lily. . . .

VIVIAN McMASTERS, DULUTH, writes: "As far as I'm concerned, **Ava Gardner** is retired. She doesn't make enough pictures." If Ava ever okays the script, she'll start *Goya* in Italy with **Tony Franciosa**. . . .

BONNIE LIVINGSTON, PALM BEACH, thinks **Shelley Winters** should be decorated by overly plump girls. "I've been fat all my life—I'm nineteen—and all the weight Shelley put on and took off for *DIARY OF ANNE FRANK* has been an inspiration to me. If a glamorous movie star can sweat it out, so can I. I've lost twenty-two awful pounds!" Good for you, Bonnie. . . .

"With all the raving about **Marlon Bran-**

do, **Montgomery Clift** and others of the new school of acting, the fans seem to have forgotten the finest actor of all time, **John Garfield**," says MARY CUEHNER, CLOSTER, N. J. . . .

BOB BEERS, MILWAUKEE—is that a made up name, my friend?—wants to know "Where in the world is **Kathryn Grayson**? Why is she hiding that beautiful face and beautiful voice? If she is no longer interested in movies, she could become a great TV star." Kathryn was very much the recluse for a long time, maybe because of an unhappy romance. But I've seen her out several times lately with **Bob Evans**, which may or may not be serious. He, too, is encouraging her to resume her career. . . .

"Did **Gary Cooper** have his face lifted?" queries JOE SANDERS, SAN DIEGO. Gary says "No," Joe—and I believe him.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella Parsons



Now that Debbie Reynolds has become a successful actress some readers think she ought to become a full-time mama.

The rumors are that Gary's had his face lifted. What do you think?



Her Mother Never Knew!



by Mary Morgan

Women of all ages have faced the same problem, but, thanks to a Boston doctor, today's daughters have a modern solution their mothers never knew.

FEW PEOPLE in the twenties would have called the girls who danced the Charleston "old-fashioned." Nor, for that matter, the women who dared wear the first form-fitting swim suits. They were the models of their "modern" age—and now are the mothers and grandmothers of girls today.

But as up-to-date as these women may have been then, they were (through no choice of their own) old-fashioned, in one particular way. The way in which they coped with that age-old problem of monthly sanitary protection. And why? Because, until now, few advances have been made in this particular field of feminine hygiene.

Of course, there was the introduction of the first commercial sanitary napkins after World War I. But aside from the advantage of being disposable, these actually were only a slight improvement over the homemade pads that women had used for generations. The problems of twisting, binding and slipping, along with chafing and odor, were ever present.

And as for tampons (which came along a decade later)—these had so many apparent shortcomings, like bulky cardboard applicators, that the majority of women were reluctant to use them.

Pondering this problem some years ago, the late Arthur B. Donovan, a prominent Boston doctor and obstetrician, decided it was time to do something about it. He saw the obvious need for a better, more comfortable method of sanitary protection.

Like many physicians, Dr. Donovan had, for years, employed "tamponage" in his practice. This medical principle of internal absorption, he knew, was sound. Here, it seemed, was the best starting point.

Internal absorption, he reasoned, would eliminate odor—do away with chafing and irritation. It would be completely invisible, eliminating ridges and bulges beneath clothing. What's more, it would be a

cleaner and, above all, far more comfortable method of protection. In other words, it would offer the ultimate answer to all women—provided, of course, the ideal tampon could be designed: one that would be small, compact and easy to use—one that would assure women of napkin absorbency. But this, as Dr. Donovan knew, was not as simple as it sounded.

In the years of research and experiment that followed, Dr. Donovan, a stern perfectionist, resolved not to "give up" or consider his work completed until he had answered every objection there had been to other types of internal sanitary protection.

One of the biggest problems was that of insertion. Other tampons the doctor knew, were encased in those bulky cardboard applicators in an attempt to solve this particular problem. But this, according to reports from women, made the tampons awkward and uncomfortable to use. What's more, women complained that there was always the problem of disposing of the applicator—especially difficult when away from home. Dr. Donovan rejected this approach. He was determined to find a better solution.

One day, while analyzing the problem for the millionth time, simple logic suddenly gave him the answer. If forcing the insertion of a blunt-end tampon of dry cotton caused discomfort and irritation of sensitive tissues—why not, he reasoned, develop a tampon with a tapered tip.

This he did. And then Dr. Donovan made still another discovery. A unique scientific development enabled him to coat the tip of the tampon with a newly discovered material—an absolutely safe, clear substance that acted as a pre-lubricant and assured gentle, medically-correct insertion. This coating on the tapered tip dissolved harmlessly and eliminated the need for a bulky applicator. At last, Dr. Donovan had found the solution.

Dr. Donovan achieved a small compact tampon, by designing it to be compressed

to one-sixth the size of its original absorptive material. Upon contact with moisture, it gradually expanded sideways, adapting its shape to the individual. In this way, the rate of absorbency was governed by each woman's needs. Significantly, the tampon was designed to be stable in length—expansion being sideways only—the secret of why it fits without being felt.

Rigid, applicator-type tampons had to be made in three absorbencies. Dr. Donovan's discovery simplified this problem with one size—the world's tiniest tampon—proved 25% more absorbent than ordinary tampons.

Tests with doctors, hospitals, women of all ages brought a response that exceeded the doctor's fondest hopes. Said one college girl, "These will now take the place of the larger, bulky applicator-type tampons as those took the place of sanitary pads." And a psychologist reported, "The complete comfort and utter confidence women find in this new kind of tampon should change their outlook on life—during those difficult days of the month."

The Campana Company was chosen to market this new product and today it is sold in drugstores everywhere under the name of "Pursettes." A whole box of "Pursettes"—smaller than a package of regular-size cigarettes—can be carried in the tiniest purse. Many first users, in fact, are amazed when they see that a single Pursettes tampon is no larger than a dainty lipstick.

As one woman who had never been able to use a tampon before said, "Dr. Donovan has made it possible for all women to use 'Pursettes.' What a blessing they are!"

And so it is that a doctor's invention gives today's women—married or single—a far better method of coping with monthly sanitary protection. It does, in fact, give today's daughters a modern solution their mothers never knew.

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in August, your birthstone is sardonyx and your flower is the gladiolus. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

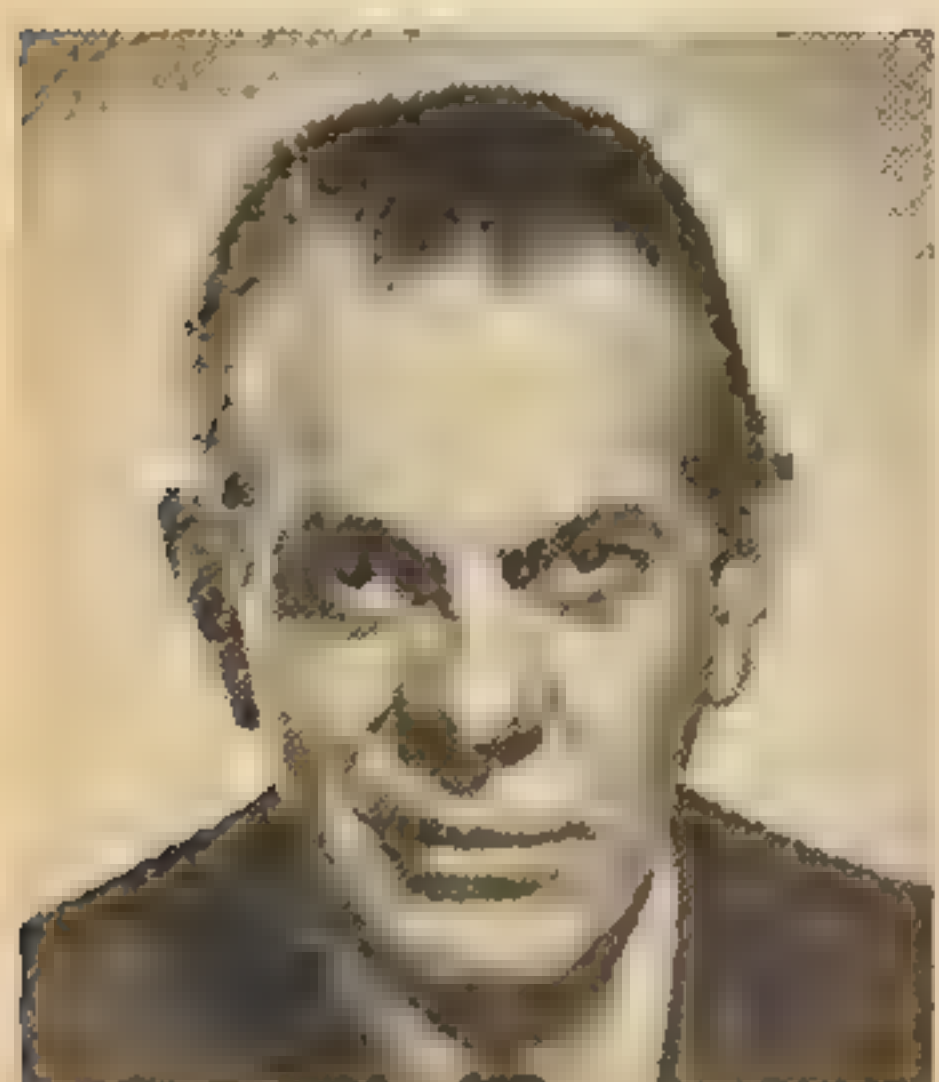
- August 2—**Gary Merrill**
- August 3—**Marilyn Maxwell**
- August 5—**David Brian**
John Saxon
Robert Taylor
Natalie Trundy
- August 6—**Lucille Ball**
Robert Mitchum
- August 8—**Richard Anderson**
Rory Calhoun
Esther Williams
- August 9—**Leo Genn**
- August 10—**Eddie Fisher**
Rhonda Flemming
Martha Hyer
- August 11—**Arlene Dahl**
- August 12—**John Derek**
Kurt Kasznar
- August 15—**Ethel Barrymore**
Lori Nelson
- August 16—**Ann Blyth**
Fess Parker
- August 17—**James Cagney**
Maureen O'Hara
- August 18—**Shelley Winters**
- August 19—**Debra Paget**
- August 23—**Gene Kelly**
Vera Miles
- August 25—**Mel Ferrer**
Van Johnson
Michael Rennie
- August 26—**Susan Harrison**
George Montgomery
- August 27—**Tommy Sands**
- August 28—**Ben Gazzara**
- August 29—**Ingrid Bergman**
Barry Sullivan
- August 30—**Shirley Booth**
Fred MacMurray
Donald O'Connor
- August 31—**Richard Basehart**
Janice Rule



Myrna Loy
August 2



Joan Blondell
August 30



Raymond Massey

24 August 30



Fredric March

August 31

new movies (Continued from page 8)



WINDJAMMER Captain Yngvar Kjelstrup
Lasse Kolstad
Harald Tusberg
Sven Erik Libaek
Kaare Terland
Norwegian school-ship

■ If you've ever had a yen to go to sea in a windjammer, come take a trip on the school-ship *Christian Radich* out of Oslo. Forty-five teen-age cadets are aboard. Filmed on a giant screen in CINEMIRACLE you'd swear you were aboard, too. South through the Atlantic to a New Year's celebration in Portugal; westward to San Juan; down to an Old Dutch festival in Curaçao. On to Port of Spain and the Calypso singers and dancers of Trinidad. Up to New York and New England for an encounter with a U.S. Navy Task Force. The boys not only get to see the world—in 238 days—but also get an education in the hardy tradition of their grandfathers. The ship looks like it comes out of a storybook, but the life on it is geared to the whims of a sometimes cruel, always majestic sea.—LOUIS DE ROCHEMONT.

ROONEY John Gregson
Muriel Pavlov
Barry Fitzgerald
June Thorburn
Marie Kean
a bachelor gives up

■ John Gregson's a garbage collector in Dublin. Business is good. What's bad is that Gregson's a bachelor and all his landladies want to be brides. His sixth change of address in eleven months puts him in the house of a snobbish widow of means (Marie Kean). She's just lost her means which is why she's taken a boarder. When her marriageable daughter (June Thorburn) discovers what Gregson does for a living, she flips. But it turns out he plays hurley—something like hockey—on week-ends and is becoming a celebrity. That she likes. Tucked away in an upstairs bedroom is Grandpa Barry Fitzgerald. He'd gladly come downstairs but the family would feel disgraced. Only Muriel Pavlov loves him, and she's treated like an unpaid servant. But one morning she mysteriously inherits money and by afternoon she looks like Cinderella at the ball. The prince is that handsome garbage collector. Not yet, though. He may be a whiz at hurley but he's awfully slow at picking up anything else. It's a funny and delightful movie.—RANK.



BADMAN'S COUNTRY George Montgomery
Buster Crabbe
Neville Brand
Gregory Walcott
Karin Booth
a western with adult action

■ Nobody much likes a sheriff out there in Abilene—they think of him as a killer with a license. So George Montgomery's given up his badge to marry Karin Booth and move to a ranch. Trouble is he's got too many enemies behind him. No sooner does he arrive in Abilene than he's forced into a gunfight with three outlaws, hurls them into jail and wires Wyatt Earp (Buster Crabbe) to come get 'em. When Earp and Gregory Walcott arrive they discover that Neville Brand and his gang are planning the biggest hold-up ever. Earp and George try talking the community into ambushing the gang, but those law-abiding men would rather close their eyes to evil—figuring if they can't see it it isn't there. Well, they learn! Better Western than you'll ever see on TV!—WARNER BROTHERS.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW SHOWING

GIGI (CinemaScope, MGM): Paris starts jumping when lovely Leslie Caron's grandma (Hermione Gingold—that fantabulous comedienne) preens her in the art of the courtesan. Their friend, playboy Louis Jourdan, was making a juicy twosome with Eva Gabor until he caught her flirting with Jacques Bergerac. That frees him to start noticing Leslie. The story will give you lots of fun, lots of laughs and great music.

TOO MUCH, TOO SOON (Warners): Success becomes too much to handle for famous actor John Barrymore (Errol Flynn), so he abandons wife (Neva Patterson) and daughter Diana (Dorothy Malone) and takes to the bottle. After a life of loneliness and several unsuccessful marriages, Diana succumbs to an easy escape through drink. Her long struggle upwards makes for a touching and tragic story.

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE (Paramount): Wartime correspondent Lana Turner falls head over heels for a British newscaster (Sean Connery) who tries to remain true to the little woman (Glynis Johns) and son he has left at home. When he is killed in an accident, Lana befriends his wife who soon discovers the truth. Lots of drama and excitement in this movie.

THIS HAPPY FEELING (CinemaScope, U-I): When a gal from Brooklyn (Debbie Reynolds) meets a guy from Connecticut (Curt Jurgens) things begin to happen! John Saxon has to battle off the green-eyed monster as well as ex-matinee-idol Jurgens to win Debbie's affections. Actress Alexis Smith does her bit to woo Jurgens. Lots of snappy dialogue and topsy-turvy situations.

Now! 4 Sal Mineo Hits *only* 50¢

with the plaid tab from "SCOTCH" Cellophane Tape!

Reg. \$1.29 value EPIC
Album "Sal Mineo Sings"
45 rpm EP.

I made this album of four of my favorite songs — "Start Movin'", "Too Young", "Baby Face" and "Little Pigeon" — just so you could have it at a very low price. But remember, you can get it *only* in this special offer — and the time is limited. Better hurry and get yours now!

Yours,

Sal

Sal Sings



MAIL COUPON NOW or look for special displays at your favorite store!

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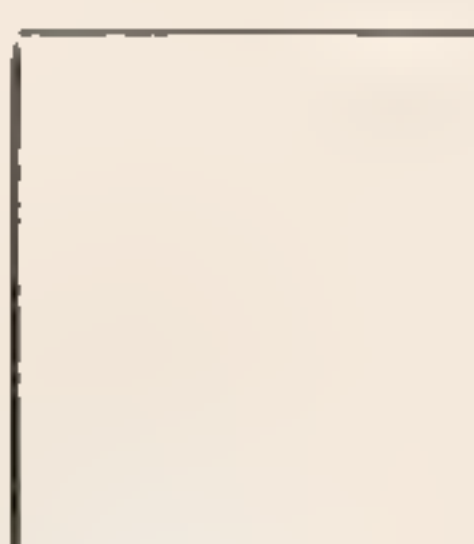
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... WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

NEW **LIQUID** **LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE !**

**Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have
lively, natural looking curls!**



New Rich,
Rich Liquid!
Lanolin-
Blessed!



ANITA EKBERG, glamorous Hollywood star, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo—and look at her beautiful, shiny curls! 4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme! Shouldn't you use it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.

Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!

An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

LUSTRE-CREME NEVER DRIES—IT BEAUTIFIES!

Lustre-Creme—the favorite of
4 out of 5 top movie stars—
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!



We wish to thank the young stars of Hollywood whose heartfelt cooperation, courage, and honesty in telling their personal stories have made this special youth issue possible.

Some of the stories they tell on the following pages astonished us and sent chills up our spines. Some brought tears to our eyes; and some just made us feel warm and good all over, and glad to be members of the human race.

The fact that these experiences happened to young people who became movie stars is incidental. Hollywood, California, or Hometown, Anywhere—being young means struggling to find out who we really are, and who we love.

Somewhere in the following pages, set in an atmosphere of riches and poverty, torment or tenderness, is your story—the story of your struggle, your success, or your failure—the story that you have never told to anyone but your heart.

David Henry

EDITOR



Ricky Nelson's Secret Engagement!

WHO SAYS WE'RE TOO YOUNG TO LOVE!



Can love be measured? Is there a yardstick for emotions? Is there a moment in your life when suddenly a light flicks on in your heart and from that moment on you are old enough to know with certainty the difference between the flights and fancies of puppy love and the depth and beauty of true and lasting love? These are the questions that confound and bewilder millions of teenagers. And the grown-ups who care for them get a little bewildered too. For they know that the tender feelings of going steady aren't going to last. They know that, and yet. . . . Take the romance of Ricky Nelson and Lorrie Collins, the most closely guarded romance in Hollywood. Seventeen-year-old Ricky and fifteen-year-old Lorrie say they're in love. And around them a battle is raging, a battle of the grown-ups—parents, agents, studios—who know best . . . or think they do.

Here, for the first time, the story of their love is told. . . .

It's an accident that this story is being written. A large corps of professional agents of all kinds surround both Ricky Nelson and Lorrie Collins. Kids caught in the fast pace of Hollywood. (Continued on page 57)

by Will James



*The story
you didn't read
in the
newspapers...*



WHY CHERYL HAD TO KILL



WHEN Lana Turner was twenty years old, married and divorced, a successful actress, sex goddess of the movies, Johnny Stompanato was a fourteen-year-old adolescent in his home town of Woodstock, Illinois, population 8,000.

That was 1940. His family and friends called him Jackie. He was a big-shouldered Italian, known for his easy laugh and his smooth tongue, and on the baseball diamond, his smooth pitching arm. He was a little larger than his companions, and they used to kid him about his size.

He winked and joked, "Just give me a little time. I've got a long time to live."

This same Johnny grew and changed into the wavy-haired, olive-complexioned, handsome gigolo-hoodlum who climbed up through Hollywood tinsel and almost married Lana.

She gave him the best any woman has. Her heart. Now her heart is broken. Johnny was her man for a short stormy season, but he was out of his league and he never got what he really wanted—a place in the sun beside the star.

Their romance ended at the point of an eight-inch butcher knife on the night of April 4, 1958. Johnny Stompanato fell that night on the floor beside the king-sized double bed in Lana's pink bedroom in her new mansion. He died with a wound in his abdomen and a look of utter astonishment on his face.

The gigolo courted the sex goddess. The gangster made love to the actress—a strange pairing that could only end in tragedy. But Johnny never dreamed that *he* would be the victim.

For years, Los Angeles police had known Stompanato as a gangster, bodyguard and henchman for gambler Mickey Cohen. They knew him as a confidence-man type who failed to pay his debts and who preyed on wealthy women. He made himself active in society, an escort of beautiful women. He'd been seen with actress Ava Gardner and had been married to and divorced from two socially prominent

women. His social-climbing career had already begun.

Lana didn't know him. She'd never heard of him until one year ago when he telephoned her. The number was unlisted, but you can always find out if you know the right people, and Johnny made a business of knowing the right people.

A few seconds after he dialed, her throaty voice was in his ear.

"Hello."

For Johnny it was a moment he had been waiting for—the high point of his career, the beginning of his biggest adventure.

A small knot of apprehension, fear of failure, formed in his chest. He took a deep breath to make his voice calm. Intimate, but casual. He knew all the tricks.

"I've intended phoning for a long time," he said, introducing himself. "I just wanted to chat with you a minute." He mentioned mutual friends.

"You're one of their favorite people. They're always talking about you." He called them by their pet nicknames. This would convince Lana that he knew them well. And it was true. Johnny Stompanato knew lots of people. He mentioned parties he'd attended with them.

You had to let these movie women know you were on their level. You had to keep your voice from getting pushy. Always stay calm and polite and you'd convince them you're a gentleman.

"I know we're both busy," he remarked, "but let's meet soon for a drink."

"Maybe we can," she said. "Thank you for calling."

He phoned every few days after that, asking to come over for a drink and a chat. He was gentle, but firmly persistent, he thought. ("He kept pestering," Lana said later.)

He had picked a good time, this student of Hollywood women.

Her divorce from fourth husband, screen Tarzan Lex Barker, was pending, (*Continued on page 53*)



I NEVER HAD A FATHER

It was after midnight.

The apartment was dim. In a corner of the living room, a shaded lamp glowed softly. A record revolved slowly on a turntable; quiet music drifted into the room. And on the sofa a boy and a girl sat close together, alone.

It was a perfect setting for romance. It was meant to be. The boy and girl were in love, had been for months. He had made this trip across the country, flying three thousand miles to be with her for just an evening, just a day. There was so little time, and it was precious to them. Now they had only a few brief hours, and they had planned them carefully.

Dinner in a quiet French restaurant on 55th Street a few doors from Tab's apartment, candle-light and wine.

A show.

Ham and eggs in the Broadway café where they had spent their first date.

And then—an hour alone. An hour to talk, to dream, to hold hands and to kiss. An hour for romance before he had to go.

Twenty years have passed since the little boy cried in the night, "I want my daddy ..." but the hurt and the fear still choke the joys of the adult Tab Hunter....



Time was so precious . . . Mrs. Gelien had so little to spend with Tab (left), five, and Walt, six.

It should have been perfect.
But it wasn't.

The boy and the girl on the couch were not holding hands, not kissing, not dreaming. The boy was sitting bent forward, his hands clasped loosely, holding a cigarette, below his knees. He was staring down at them.

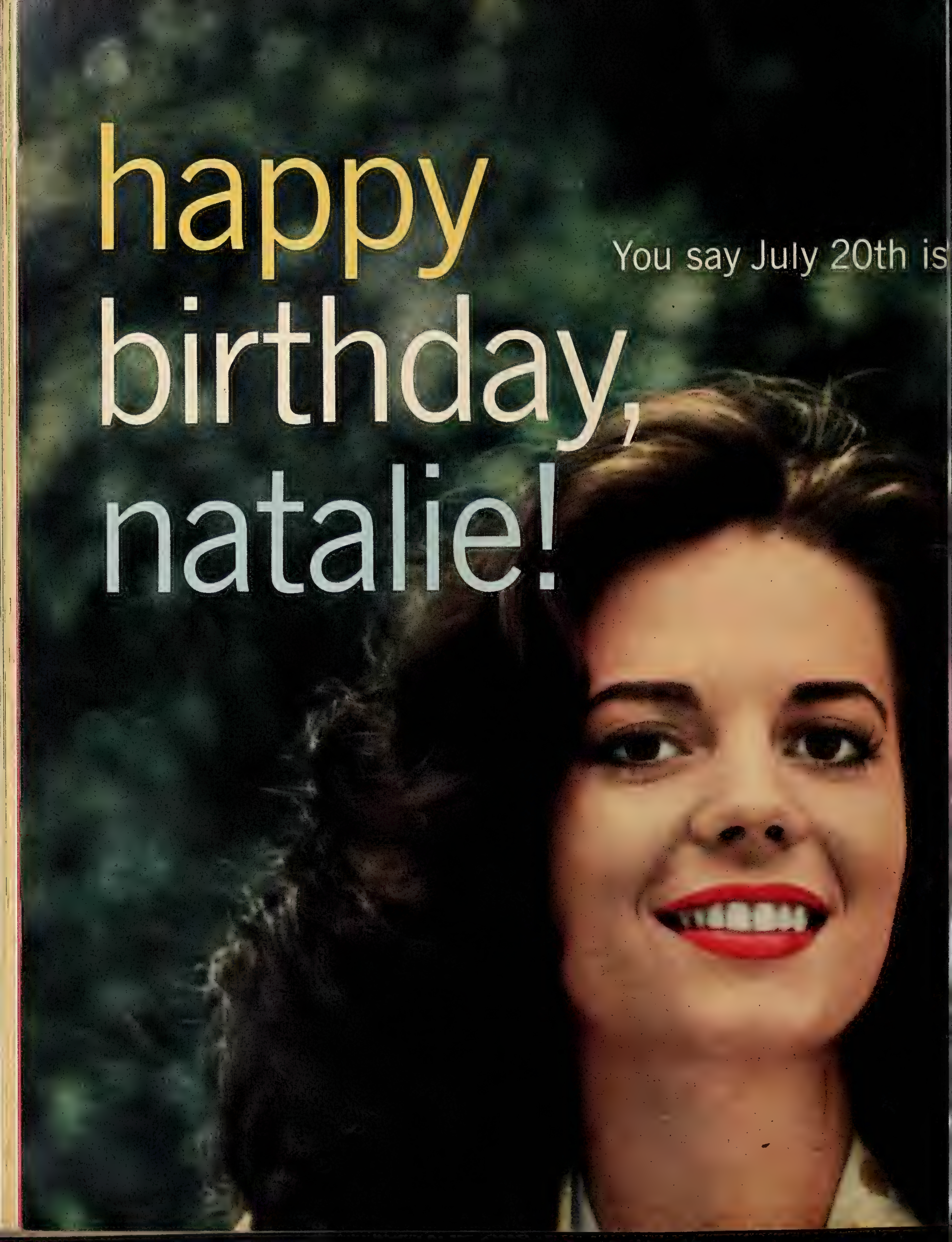
And the girl, her eyes frightened, was staring at him.


"But Tab," she said, "not all fathers are like the one in the show. They don't all get drunk. They don't all leave their wives—"

Her puzzled voice was (Continued on page 60)

happy
birthday,
natalie!

You say July 20th is





h is "just another birthday"—but, Natalie dear, it isn't....

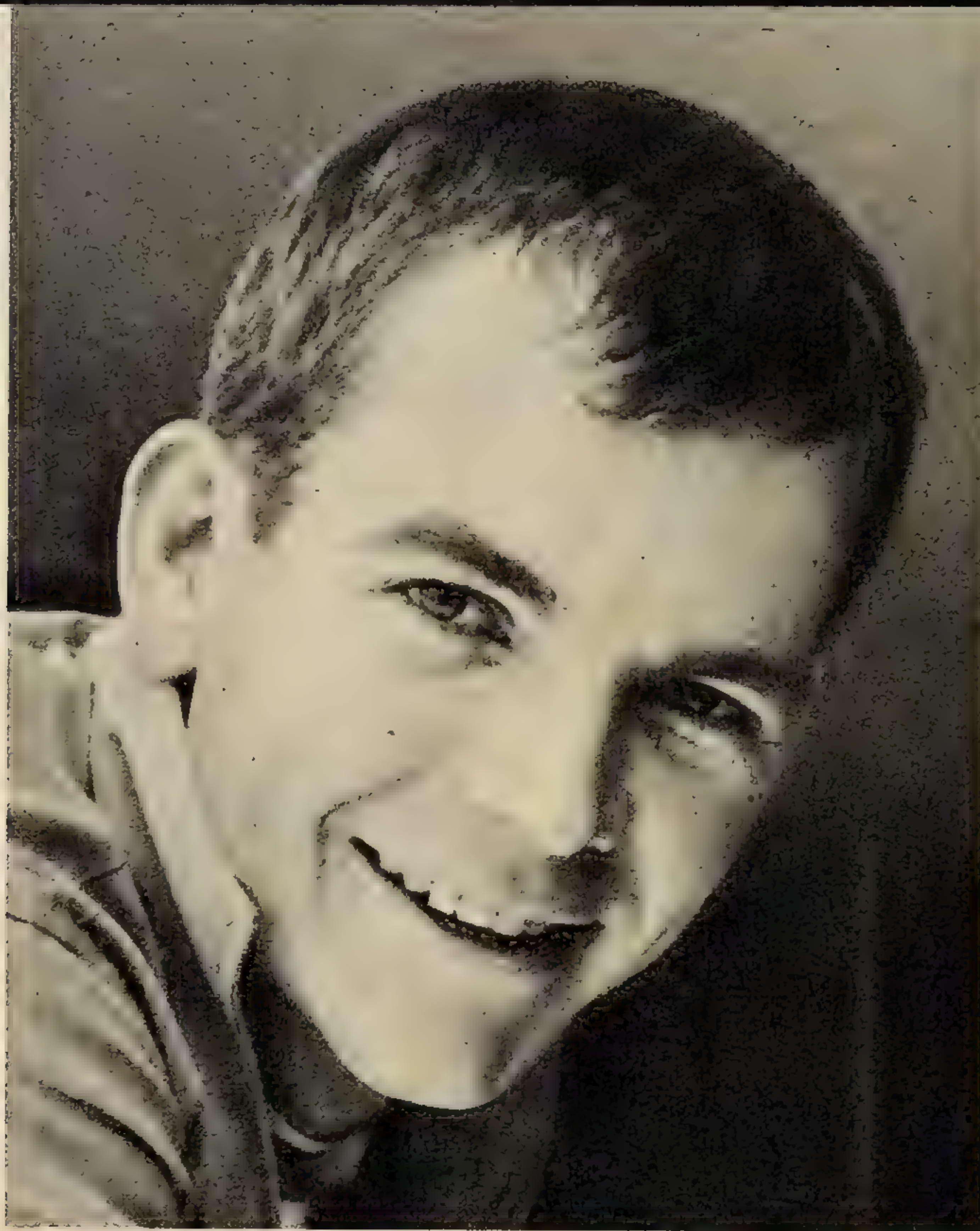
Only two more weeks," Natalie's girl friend sighed, "and you'll be twenty. Boy, don't I wish I were you! What I wouldn't give to be out of my teens, married to a gorgeous guy—" she shut her eyes blissfully, then opened them again. "So tell me," she said. "What are you going to do to celebrate? Paint the town red? Go to Hawaii?" Natalie Wood Wagner laughed and stretched luxuriously on the couch in her honeymoon apartment. "I don't have a plan in the world," she said. "RJ may be on location. All turning twenty means to me is that I'm a year older."

But suddenly the casual laughter was gone. "Except," she said seriously, "that it's my first birthday since I'm married. That's important. That's—opened up a whole new life."

She said a lot in those simple words. She said, in fact, more than she knew. For Natalie Wood's twentieth birthday, on July 20th, 1958, on which she leaves her teenage years behind forever, is more than just an ordinary day. It marks a beginning and an end. It marks a change not only in her way of life, but in Natalie (Continued on page 72)

DEAN JONES:

OUR PARENTS



**—but I'm
glad
we didn't
listen
to them!**

by Helen Weller

The tall young sailor with the broad smile and shoulders to match was singing to a large crowd at the San Diego County Fair in California. But of the thousands of people gathered in front of him he had eyes for only one person. She was tall, too, a beautiful brunette with shining brown eyes. Although she was standing way in the back, Dean Jones' eyes floated above the heads of the others in the crowd and rested on her.

"Gosh, she's lovely," he thought, and made a mental note to meet her.

So after the show he got the organist to introduce him to Mae Entwisle, the Queen of the Fair. . . .

But then three weeks went by, and Dean


Jones had done nothing. He had decided that this gentle beauty was too good for him. What sort of chance did a sailor have with a girl who was Queen of the Fair? Every man in the county was trying to date her, and Mae was so reserved that she went out with very few of her admirers.

When he finally managed to summon enough courage to call her, he was almost bowled over when she said she'd go out with him.

The setting Dean selected for their first date was perfect for a girl and boy who were ready to fall in love: La Jolla Cove. That was a dater's paradise, with leafy shrubbery and flowers and palm trees nestling by a beautiful beach. They walked (*Continued on page 81*)

SAID "NO"





France Nuyen:

"ONLY YESTERDAY I LIVED IN TERROR"

The woman was still pretty, and really still young, although the years of the war showed on her tired face. She held tight to her little daughter, a thin, pale child named France. It had taken courage to come to see the Gypsy—he was a king and very old, very wise—but Madame Nuyen needed wisdom and advice.

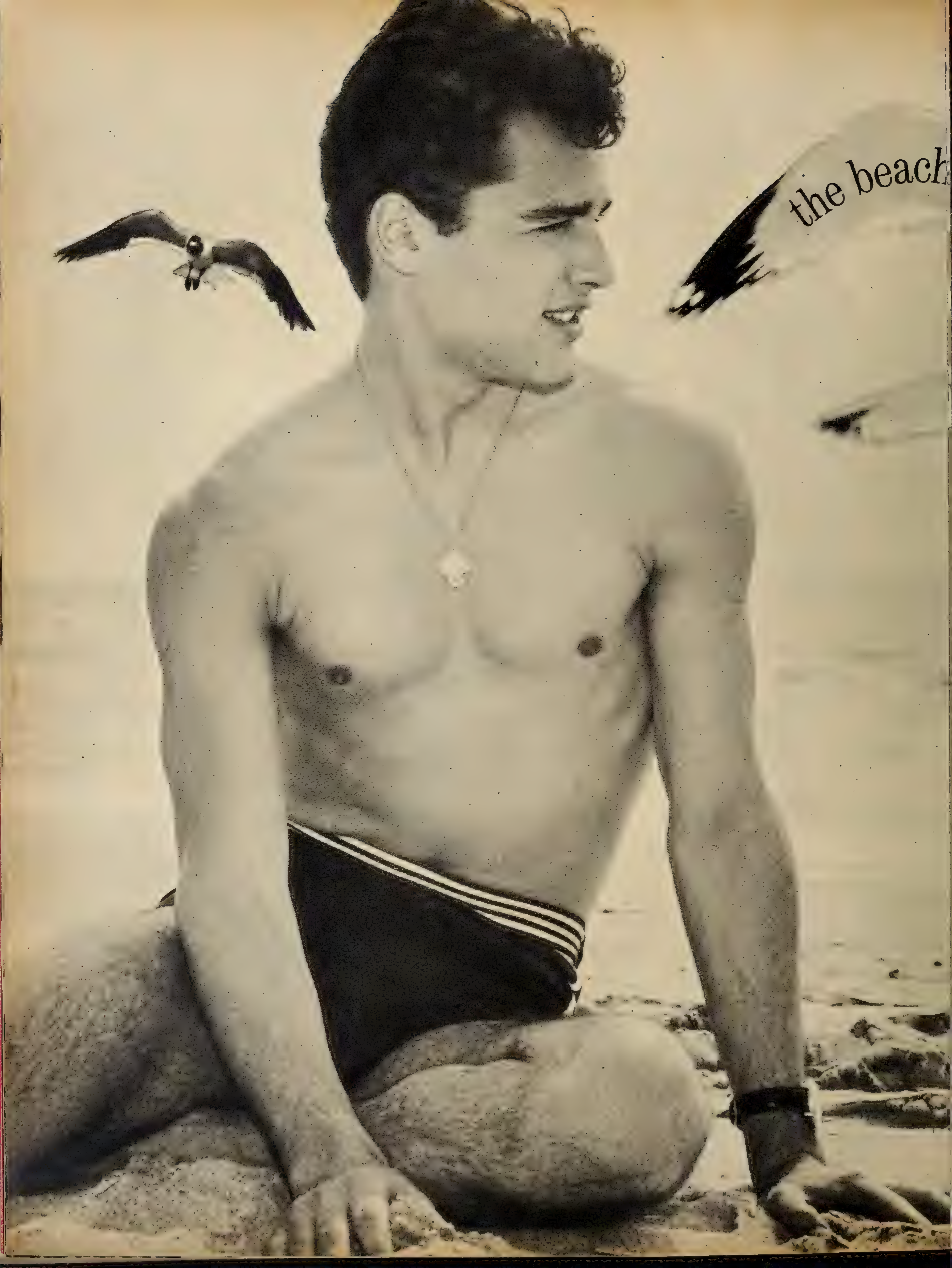
"I have come to ask about my husband, Louis Nuyen," Julie Mazaut Nuyen began hesitantly. "I have not heard since the war began. He is a marine navigator—he serves on Atlantic ships. But I do not know if he lives or. . . ." The child stirred in her arms and she looked into its funny little face. Olive skin and slanted eyes, now big with hunger . . . these from the Chinese husband she was asking about; the delicate lines, the fine bones—these features were French, like her own. She bent to kiss the child she called Fan-Fan, and then faced the gypsy king again and went on.

"Our daughter, monsieur, was born in (Continued on page 79)

by Fredda Terry



the beach



ch so lonely, Beegee

where are you now?

A Little Love Story

by
Sal Mineo

as told to George Christy

You wake up in the middle of the night, and you're gripped by the haunting ache of loneliness. A loneliness that makes a tight, twisted ball in the pit of your stomach. You can't swallow without feeling the pain of it. Night after night, for a week running, I had this attack of loneliness. Who knows how it happens! But I'll tell you what I think.

Hollywood with all its jazziness and razz-ma-tazz is one of the world's lushest paradises. Glamorous as all get-out, it has fabulous nightclubs and gourmet restaurants. But Hollywood also has a lot of selfish, conniving people who take the edge off everything once you get to know them.

I don't mean to knock Hollywood, but it's hard sometimes to feel 'with it' because of the people. They're either busy selling gleaming toothpaste grins or muscle-bound, sun-tanned bodies or burst-the-tape-measure figures. The place is loaded with beautiful girls and handsome men—all of them charm boys and girls—but, somehow or other, with (Continued on page 69)



THANK HEAVEN FOR HAPPY GIRLS!



DIANE

PEGGY

KATHY

JANET

The Lennon sisters are four-ninths of the happiest family in show business. What's their secret? Join them in a game of "Complain"—and see!

The Rules

Ask bandleader Lawrence Welk about the singin' Lennon sisters of Venice, California, and he'll tell you, "They're the happiest kids in show business. It shines out all over them. They love each other. They never seem to have fights or arguments or rivalries."

Now that's not so easy for *two* sisters, let alone four. But Diane, eighteen, Peggy, sixteen, Kathy, fourteen, and Janet, eleven—*these* sisters manage it (and to complicate matters further, they have four brothers and yet another sister).

There just happens to be a trick to it. It's a game their father invented called "Complain."

As Bill Lennon explained it to his four talented daughters one night, "I want each girl, in turn, to say what she doesn't like about the others—or anything about our family. But there are two conditions. After we say what we have to say, we forget who said it. No one is allowed to hold a grudge against anyone."

This is how the game went. . . .





That's My Dress!

PEGGY: I have the first complaint. It's about Diane.
 DIANE (*shocked*): What??
 PEGGY: Yes, about the other night when I borrowed her yellow dress. I thought it was mean of her to come into our room suddenly and tell me to take it off.
 DIANE: You didn't borrow that dress, Peggy. You just went to the closet and took it!
 PEGGY: So? You're my sister, aren't you?
 DIANE: I sure am. But even sisters should *ask* if they want to borrow something.
 DAD (*turning to Peggy*): Diane's right, Sis.
 PEGGY (*after a pause, to Diane*): May I borrow the yellow dress tomorrow night?
 DIANE (*smiling*): Now that you put it that way—Yes!
 (*Result: Peggy now does an awful lot of asking. And sometimes Diane [see picture] even helps her sister choose which dress she should borrow!*)

My Bedtime's Unfair!

LITTLE JANET: Can I tell my complaint now?
 DAD: Go ahead.
 JANET: I think it's very unfair that just because I'm eleven years old I have to go to bed at nine o'clock every night. That's just the hour for all my favorite television shows.
 DAD (*winking at the others*): Like which favorites?
 JANET: I can't remember exactly, but—
 DAD: Janet, baby. Do you remember back a couple of weeks, the night of your birthday, when the other girls came to bed with you so you could sit up all night—as you asked—and talk?
 JANET (*blushing at the recollection*): Yes, Pop.
 DAD: Do you remember how sleepy you got by nine-thirty, how you were fast asleep by five of ten?
 JANET (*blushing at the recollection*): Yes, Pop.
 DAD: Do you think you might like to try waiting till you're twelve or thirteen before we make it ten o'clock, like the others?
 (*Result: After a little more persuasion from Dad, Janet yawningly agreed. She still goes to bed at nine!*)

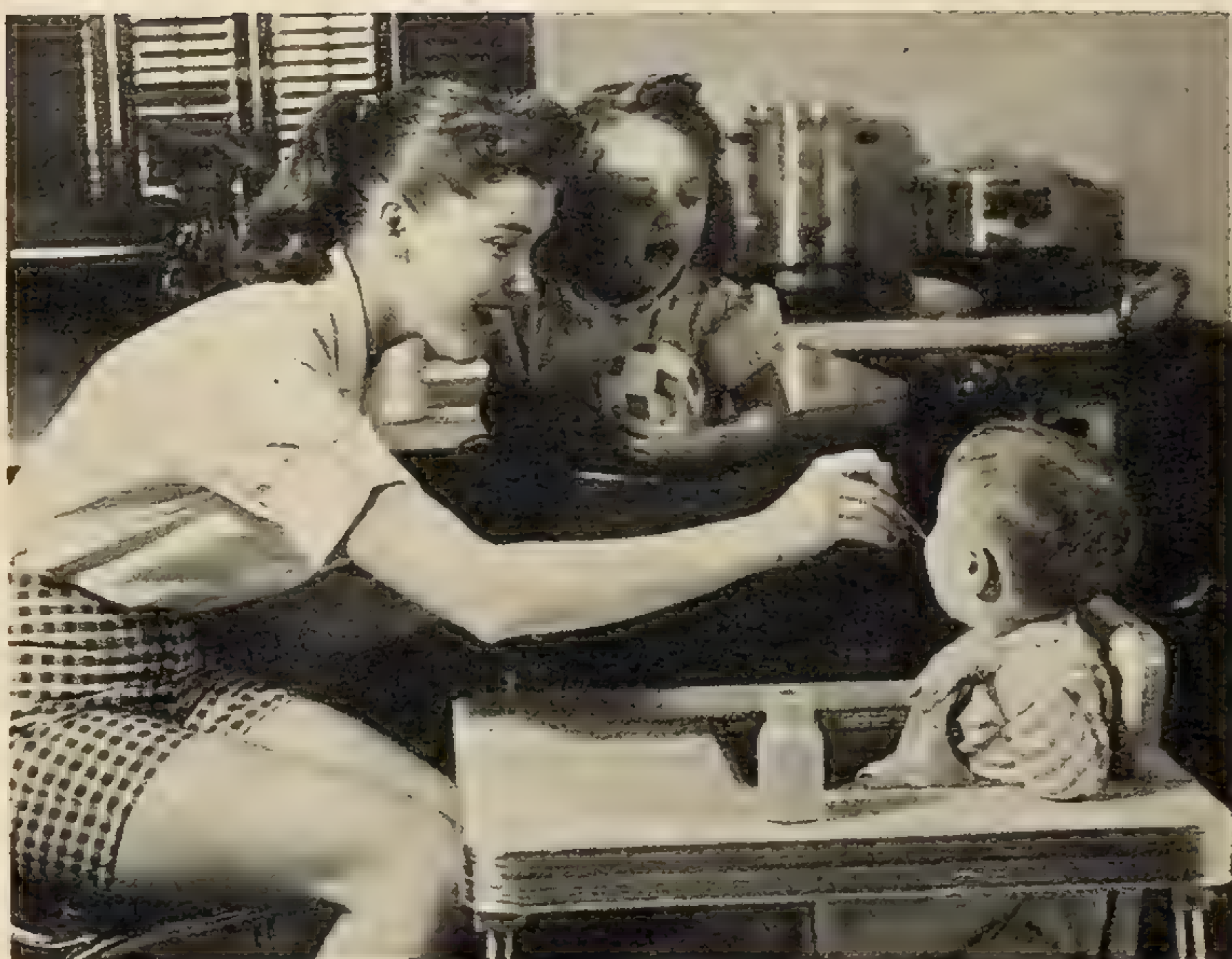


Nobody Plays Ball!

KATHY: I have a complaint.
 DAD: Shoot.
 KATHY: It's about baseball.
 DIANE, PEGGY AND JANET (*groaning in unison, know what's coming*): Oh, no!!
 KATHY: Dad, I happen to like to play baseball every once in a while. And every once in a while I ask the other girls if they'll come out in the back and play with me. And they groan, just like they did right now.
 DAD (*turning to the others*): I think Kathy has a good point.
 DIANE, PEGGY AND JANET: Dad!!
 DAD: Look, there's nothing like exercise to keep a girl healthy—and pretty. Fresh air, even half an hour a day, is good for the complexion. And when it comes to growing up and having a nice figure. . . .
 (*Dad talked a little more on this point. Result: The Lennon sisters now get together and play a couple of times a week. Diane, it turns out, is a terror at bat. Peggy has learned to pitch a mean fast-ball. As for Janet and Kathy [see picture]—Janet (Right) is turning into a great baserunner. And Kathy is the happiest second baseman in the business now.*)



LENNON SISTERS continued



He's My Boy Friend!

DIANE: Dad, I hope my complaint doesn't sound too serious, but— *(She pauses)*

DAD: What is it?

DIANE: It's about a boyfriend of mine—and Peggy's. PEGGY *(her turn to be shocked now)*: What??

DIANE: I've been out with this certain fellow a few times recently. We had always had very nice times. And then one night we were having a soda and we met Peggy and she sat down at our table, just like that!

DAD: And?

DIANE: And by the time we were through, I think my friend was more interested in my own sister than in me!

DAD: I see. *(He breathes in deeply)* Now, Diane, answer me. Are you very interested in this boy?

DIANE *(not so sure)*: Well. . . .

DAD: I mean, you're not at the stage yet where you're thinking about going steady or about engagement rings or anything like that, are you?

DIANE: No.

DAD *(turning to Peggy)*: And you, Peg?

PEGGY: Of course not, Dad.

DAD: Then let's look at it this way. This boy is a friend. If he's a friend of one, there's no reason why he can't be a friend of the other. It's possible, you know, for a young fellow to like a lot of girls—and different things about them. Even if they're sisters.

(Result: Both Peggy and Diane now see this boy from time to time. He likes them both. They both like him. In fact just a few nights ago, [see picture: Peggy, holding phone, Diane standing next to her] they made a movie date with him—for all three of them!)

Everybody's Got To Help!

DAD: I'd like to get my two cents' worth in now. It's about some bickering I overheard the other day—about some time-chart you were working out to help mother around the house, sweeping, dusting, feeding the babies. Personally, I think charts and schedules are for the birds. This is a home we live in, not an institution. There are no pay checks at the end of the week. You girls know how it works with allowances—when you need something you ask for the money and if you deserve it you get it. Right? Well, let's keep that same spirit working with things-to-do around the house. When there's something to do, let's just do it. I think you'll find it a lot more fun that way.

(Result: The girls tried the new system when the first baby cried. Diane, unasked, [see picture] raced to the kitchen. Finally they all agreed unscheduled chores were more fun.)

We Want A Picnic!

KATHY: Do we have time for one more complaint?

DAD: Sure do. It concerns—?

KATHY: It concerns the car situation in this family. We have two cars right now, and I realize we're very lucky to have 'em. But there are times, Dad—in the summer especially—when we want to go off on picnics and stuff. And with all of us—you, Mom, Diane, Peggy, Janet, Benny, me, etc., etc.—well, we just can't all fit!

DAD *(for the first time, stuck for an answer)*: I'm getting to be a little sorry I ever started this game.

KATHY: If you'd rather drop it. . . .

DAD *(still stuck)*: Noooooo . . . but let's see. . . .

(Result: A few days later, Dad Lennon traded in one of the cars for a king-sized station wagon. He drove it up to the house one morning. An hour later the entire Lennon brood—took off on the best picnic ever!) **END**

The next two stories are *not* tragedies. Not *yet*. But they're going to be . . . soon, unless the proud and stubborn Crosby clan puts aside its pride and tends quickly to its children. The Crosby clan has long been divided. Bing and Bob, though brothers, haven't been close for years. But never before have the parents been divided from their children. It's hard to know who the offenders are. . . . We cannot judge Dennis Crosby for bringing an illegitimate child into the world; but we can condemn him for rejecting that child. To understand how a rejected daughter can feel, Dennis would do well to read the letter that follows his story. . . . It's a letter, written out of heartbreak, a letter written by his cousin Cathy to her father. Here in the pages of MODERN SCREEN Cathy is taking what might be her last chance to reach her father and say, "I'm your daughter . . . why have you rejected me?" Cathy is old enough to say this for herself, to fight her own fight . . . little Denise is not. Must two Crosby fathers turn away from two Crosby daughters? Please, Bob . . . please Dennis, read *both* of these stories.

THE CROSBYS:



a house divided



THE CROSBYS/a house divided

THE TRAGEDY OF A CHILD WITHOUT A NAME

Can Dennis Crosby Be Forgiven?

Dennis Crosby and his beautiful blonde showgirl wife, Pat Sheehan, were in their modern Las Vegas apartment when the phone rang. Pat picked up the phone, expecting it to be one of the many calls congratulating them on their surprise headline marriage forty-eight hours earlier.

"Mrs. Crosby?" said a strange male voice. Pat smiled proudly and looked at Dennis. She still got a thrill out of hearing herself called by her new name.

"Yes," she said.

"Mrs. Crosby, how do you feel about the news we"—and now the man mentioned a Los Angeles

paper—"have just unearthed, that your husband is the father of a baby born to Marilyn Scott in Los Angeles last November?"

Pat turned pale and weakly hung up the phone. She went to Dennis and put her arm around him.

"Darling," she said, "the papers are coming out with a story about you—and a girl—and a baby. I just want to say that no matter what happens, I love you and always will. Nothing anyone says will change that."

The news hit the headlines only a few hours later. It was a shock to people everywhere, and the worst kind of blow to the girl who had just become Dennis' wife. (Continued on page 76)



A matter of public record: the tragedy of this baby girl, Denise Michele Scott, whose birth certificate lists Marilyn Scott as her unwed mother and Dennis Crosby as her father.

| CERTIFICATE OF LIVE BIRTH | | | | 763 47347 |
|--|----------------|-----------------------------|-------------------|-------------------------|
| NAME | SEX | DATE OF BIRTH | TIME OF BIRTH | PLACE OF BIRTH |
| DENISE MICHELE SCOTT | F | NOVEMBER 24, 1967 | 10:11 PM | LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA |
| FEDERAL OF MARRIAGE HOSPITAL | | 4433 FOURTH AVENUE, Rm. 200 | | |
| LOS ANGELES 33 | LOS ANGELES 33 | | | |
| MOTHER | FATHER | DATE OF MARRIAGE | PLACE OF MARRIAGE | DATE OF BIRTH |
| MARILYN SCOTT | DENNIS CROSBY | | | |
| LOS ANGELES 33 | LOS ANGELES 33 | | | |
| DATE OF BIRTH | DATE OF DEATH | DATE OF MARRIAGE | DATE OF DEATH | DATE OF BIRTH |
| NOV 24 1967 | | | | |
| I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original as the same appears in the records of the Department of Public Health, State of California. | | | | |
| JAMES A. HARRIS, Registrar | | | | |



Dennis' bride, Pat Sheehan, knew about his baby, but loyally stood by him.



THE CROSBYS/a house divided

THE PLEA OF A DAUGHTER WITHOUT A HOME

An Open Letter To My Father

by Cathy Crosby

Dear Dad—
I never knew a girl could be as lonely as I was—on what should have been the most exciting night of my life: my opening at the Tropicana in Las Vegas.

As I walked out on the stage, nervous and unsure, I looked around for a friendly face to give me encouragement. Not just any face, but for a member of my family. You. Mother. Any of us. . . .

No one showed up. . . .

I thought maybe when I finished and walked back into my dressing room I would find a telegram or some flowers, congratulating me, or wishing me good luck.

There was nothing.

That's when I sat down and cried. For you. For mother. For myself. . . . For all of us. . . .

But you did show up at last, Dad, on the day of my final performance, although you'd been playing at a hotel across

the street for the previous three weeks and I had sent a telegram to you, wishing you good luck. You walked into the bar, right past me—and ignored me. And when a mutual friend of ours came over to you and asked if you weren't proud of me, you sneered, "She couldn't have done it without the Crosby name." You wouldn't even give me the benefit of the doubt. . . .

What did we do wrong? Where did we fail one another? Why couldn't we who have so much, materially and in talent, be as happy as other families?

For the past year you've been telling people, and me, that we've come to a parting of the ways because of my love for Dino Castelli. You objected to the fact that he was thirteen years older than I am; (*Continued on page 52*)



Cathy loved Dino Castelli. But her dad would have nothing to do with either of them.



Where do starlets come from? Sometimes from ordinary families . . . sometimes from Hell itself! June Blair, 20th Century-Fox starlet, tells of childhood horrors unequalled since Marilyn Monroe's story.

MY MOTHER GAVE ME TO A MADWOMAN

by June Blair

I never knew my father. The State called my mother unfit to raise me and took me away from her when I was two. At fourteen I became a ward of the State and was farmed out from family to family. I was beaten and kicked, locked up in closets and thrown down the stairs. I never knew what it meant to be wanted, to be loved, to belong. . . .

I have no bitterness in my heart anymore. Now that everything is working out so well, I can look back at my first eighteen years with an almost detached attitude. Or maybe this is just a form of self-defense. . . .

My first recollection dates back to a hot summer day in a shabby San Francisco duplex when I was barely two. I can still see the car driving up in front of the house. Two policemen got out, and the landlady pointed at me, sitting on the front steps, and said something I couldn't understand.

One of the officers picked me up and took me upstairs where my mother was. I don't know where my father was at the time. I think in Canada. I never knew him. As far as I

know he had left my mother before I was born.

When the police said that they were going to take me away from her, Mother started to cry. "There must be a mistake."

The landlady—who had called the police—said harshly, "It's no mistake. Look at that child." I didn't know till later what she meant by "malnutrition."

I could still hear Mother's sobs as I was carried downstairs. "There must be a mistake. . . ."

I wasn't really sad to be taken away because I had no home. Mother was working as a waitress some place, and I was left to myself most of the time. I ate whatever I could scrounge in the kitchen or beg from neighbors, which wasn't much. In fact the ride in the police car was rather exciting. It was the first time I had ever been in a car. . . .

The orphanage to which I was taken was a huge old stone building with an elevator that took us up to the second or third floor. And I remember being led into a huge playroom, empty except for a (Continued on page 61)



an open letter to my father

(Continued from page 48) that he had been married and divorced; that he picked me up at a record shop on Sunset Boulevard; that you might have felt differently if we'd been introduced properly. . . .

Let me set the record straight first about Dino. The only thing Dino picked up at Music City was a record. Not me. We'd known one another for weeks, ever since we met at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills.

Dad—I'm not saying that Dino was right or wrong for me. I liked him, and I loved him, because he was kind and well mannered and very European. Also, let's face it—because he was older and more mature than most boys I had met before. But why did you become so upset about him? Why did you hire detectives to follow Dino around like he was a criminal? Why did you try to break up our romance so crudely—only bringing us closer together instead? Why couldn't we ever have a father-to-daughter talk, like other fathers and daughters must have had when they faced problems? Or is it that in our generation, teenagers and adults have grown so far apart that there is no longer any common ground for discussion?

You never gave Dino a fair chance although I had insisted from the very beginning that I had no intention of marrying him right away. I wanted to wait a year to make sure of my feelings, and of his. A year in which you would have a chance to influence me by guiding my actions gently and understandingly, by letting me find out for myself if we were right or wrong for one another. But no. You simply forbade me ever to see him again. You all but threw him out of the house. And me too. And you tried to make the rest of the family side against me.

Dad . . . I am not angry at you. I know now that you did it out of love for me. You wanted to protect me. But the way you went about it was wrong because you wouldn't give me credit for being grown up, for being a woman with a mind of her own. And the more dictatorial your attitude, the more I rebelled. I didn't even care that I had no choice but to leave home, now that you sold my car, that you cut off my allowance, that I was forced to get along like any girl who had no family at all—which was even harder on me because I had been spoiled. I had never learned to look after myself, and now I had no one to turn to for help. All I had were a few dollars I had managed to save, and which I ate up quickly.

What was the real reason?

But you know something? Recently I started to wonder. Was it only Dino you objected to? And if so, why didn't you come back and make up after he and I split up a few weeks ago? You must have known about it. You knew everything else about him. And the more I thought about it the more I feel there was much more to it.

Before I go any further into this open letter, let me assure you that I'm sorry I have to write it—but it's the only way I can communicate with you since you haven't talked to me in over a year.

Trying to analyze our problem as it exists today, and as it has existed for a couple of years, I feel that basically it is one of lack of understanding. You have never given me credit for having grown up, for wanting to make my own decisions—yes, even *mistakes* if they have to be made. You still see me as the little girl you bounced on your knees when I was four. Let's face it, Dad, Dino isn't the first boy who came between us.

Remember when we went to Hawaii a

couple of years ago, and I was given the choice of going with mother, a week before you could join her, and then coming back to Los Angeles with you . . . or else spending an extra seven days in Los Angeles, then flying to the island with you and staying an additional week after you left? I took the latter course because I thought we'd have fun being together by ourselves, and because I saw no need of getting back early since there was nothing for me to do till school started. You agreed.

And then I met the young football player from Oregon at the hotel and got a big crush on him. You claimed you were upset because we hadn't been introduced properly. Oh how I learned to hate that word! I think you objected to my seeing him when you realized I was growing serious about him, but you never went into details. You just tried to find things for me to do to keep me busy. And when the time came for you to leave, you insisted I come along, a week ahead of time, *because I had to rehearse and study*, you said. I cried all night before we left.

Dad, I didn't mind your concern about me any more than I do today. It's your right, your privilege, your duty as a father. But why not explain it to me? Why not give me the benefit of trying to understand you? And why does so much have to be made of so little? At sixteen, I wouldn't have gotten engaged, or eloped. It was just a harmless crush on a nice, intelligent, pleasant boy from a good family. . . .

When I was in Las Vegas for almost two months, I met a lot of men who were wealthy, good looking and had family traditions dating back several generations. Believe me, Dad, a lot of them

Sal Mineo says, "I think that if we had more pool rooms we'd have less youth problems. The pool room kept me off the street corner. I made my best friends there."

*Paul Sann
in the New York Post*

couldn't compare with Dino or a number of other fellows you objected to!

I remember one evening when I was introduced to a good looking young man from Texas, whose ancestors fought under Sam Houston—and you can't go back much further than that in our country—and who have more money than all the Crosbys combined.

He was very nice and very much the gentleman whenever I met him in the dining room or the casino or when we went for an occasional swim together in the hotel pool. But the first time he took me out he treated me . . . well, Dad . . . I better not go into details. Let's just say like a chorus girl—and not the nice ones, either. When I finally slammed the door in his face after he brought me home I could still hear his parting words: "What do you think makes you different? Being a Crosby?"

So you see, Dad, the name doesn't mean that much, although I am proud of it. But it isn't necessarily an *advantage*, which is what you told me so many times when you insisted that without it, I would never be able to make the grade. . . .

Two years ago I was doubting that I could ever achieve what I was after. Now that television and movie offers are beginning to pour into the MCA office for me, I am beginning to find out that I can. . . . What's more, even if I were not a singer but a teacher, a typist, or a salesgirl, I feel that at this stage of my life it is best to be on my own, if I ever want to learn to stand on my own feet.

But believe me, it wasn't easy when I walked out of the house a year and a half

ago. I took a cab to Westwood Boulevard and Wilshire where Dino was waiting for me. I had found a tiny apartment on Doheny Drive, and with a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket and no inkling of what the future would hold for me, set up housekeeping.

The first morning I rolled my shopping cart to the checking counter, and found that my bill exceeded twenty dollars, or one-tenth of all the money I had!

I promptly took it all back to the shelves and exchanged it for yogurt and fruit. Dad—did you ever eat yogurt for weeks? Months? With only an occasional full meal when Dino took me to Frascati's, where he worked? I lost weight all right!

Maybe you were hurt that I didn't come to you for help, that I didn't admit to being the erring daughter, the prodigal coming back to ask forgiveness. I didn't because I felt justified in what I was doing, and because I had my pride. In short, I am a typical, stubborn Crosby!

The new life

Those weeks made me grow up in a hurry. Life stopped being a game. My career was no longer a pastime squeezed in between dates. When I lived at home, I dreaded the music and dancing and singing lessons I had to take, because I thought they were only meant to please you. I was wrong, Dad. I needed them, and now that I realized it, and had to pay for them myself, I became serious about them.

I was fortunate in finding a wonderful, wonderful voice coach, Paul Thomsen. He charged fifteen dollars an hour, which was more than I could afford to pay. In fact I couldn't afford to pay anything. But he had confidence in me, the kind of confidence *you* never showed, at least openly. He gave me the lessons on credit, telling me I could pay him back once I got work. And after I first left home, I couldn't find anyone to let me sing for free, let alone pay for it! But he trusted me. I owe him a lot for what is happening to me today.

I've learned a lot of things since I left you—about people, about living, about looking after myself. I think even you might feel a little different if I tell you how I am getting along. . . .

I am more serious about my career now than I have ever been. I guess it's one of the reasons I broke off with Dino. I realized this is no time for me to get married and settle down in Italy as he wanted me to.

Something else happened that changed my mind.

I was hurt because Dino didn't come to see me in Las Vegas. I don't know why he didn't. Maybe he was too busy, or couldn't afford it, or maybe he was so sure of me he just didn't bother. But I was hurt and took it out on him by dating other fellows. Some, as I already told you, were anything but gentlemen, and I dropped them after the first time they took me out. But others were very nice and I enjoyed their company. What surprised me was that I didn't miss Dino at all. I wasn't even angry at him anymore. It was then that I asked myself, "If I can have a good time with someone else without missing him, how can I be so much in love with him that I want to marry him. . . ?"

Why didn't you put it this way, Dad, rather than say, "Don't ever bring him over to the house anymore!"? Why? Why? Why?

But I have no plans now to get married or even get serious about anyone, because at this stage I want to prove most of all that I can make a success, on my own.

I've learned a lot of practical things, too. I finally grew tired of yogurt, and started shopping for other foods. I've learned ten ways to fix hamburgers. I

can get along on a dollar a day for food—and get all the vitamins I need. I've even become tidy, but it took a little longer. It was a matter of necessity.

When I lived on Doheny Drive, my apartment always looked like a department store basement after a sale. I never could find anything. At least once this proved a serious handicap.

My first big expenditure after my second appearance on the Eddie Fisher show was a new convertible. One afternoon I was getting ready to leave for an appointment when I couldn't find my keys. I turned everything upside down till I finally located them between the pages of a book—an hour later. By then I was late for the appointment, and lost out on a job. Thereafter I made sure to keep my keys always in the same place, where I could easily find them.

But mostly I acquired neatness because I suddenly became conscious of other people. I know I used to be terribly selfish because I was always catered to. Maybe that was part of the problem with us. I got all the material things I wanted from you. In fact I got everything but love . . . and understanding. I'm sure you wanted to give that, too. You just didn't know how, because you were always so busy and away from home so much of the time.

Anyway, when I went to Las Vegas, I decided to take an apartment with Mrs. Bea Larson, who, as you may remember, was an accompanist with my dancing in-

structor. I was glad she could join me, because I never liked to live alone. Those months at Doheny were lonesome and miserable. I was glad to have someone with me again.

I knew I was sloppy at first, and while Mrs. Larson never complained, I could tell she preferred things nice and neat. And so I changed.

Now that I am back in Los Angeles, I am sharing a small, modern, and very nice pool-apartment with Edith Jamieson, who's studying to become an actress. You should see our place, Dad. It's neat as a pin! And I can take fifty per cent of the credit for it.

I've learned something else about show-people since I've been on my own. Although I've never told you, I always blamed you for being away so much of the time. I thought you might have cut out some of the out-of-town engagements and spent more time with us, or at least write more often. One reason why a real understanding could never develop between us was that you were gone so much of the time. If I had a problem, I'd go to Mom with it, because you were seldom around. And when you were, I didn't know how to approach you. I tried, several times, although you may have never been conscious of it.

Even when I appeared on your television show I would ask Mother how I looked, how I sounded, how well I was liked. Never you. I just couldn't.

But since I've been on the road, so to speak—if you can call Las Vegas as being on the road, I found out how lonesome life can be, how you can lose contact even with those closest to you. You get involved in your career. You work long hours. You stay up late at night, long after the performance, because you are too keyed up to go to sleep, and stay in bed all day because you are exhausted. You can't relax and you get tense and nervous and snap at people, even when you try to be kind. You say things and do things you don't mean, and for which you are sorry in the long run. And no one but you knows why you act that way.

We Crosbys have an additional trait which makes reconciliation difficult. Our pride. You have been hurt by what I did. I have been hurt by your attitude. All I can say is—I wish it had never happened, I wish we could start over again. . . .

Yet I can't ask for forgiveness for something I haven't done. But I do ask for one thing, and not for myself.

I have made up with Mom and everyone else but you. Don't hold it against them. We are as close if not closer than we ever were. They may not condone my actions, but they understand me, they give me the right to be myself, to make my own decisions, to live my own life. . . .

Why won't you?

Cathy

why cheryl had to kill

(Continued from page 31) and Lana was lonely. Her career had been paved with diamonds, but Lana was always lonely. "Loneliness is the thorn on the rose," she said.

So Johnny's persistence finally paid off. Three weeks after his first phone call, she accepted a date.

He arrived, all five feet, eleven inches, his 180 pounds resplendent in blue serge. He drove a white Thunderbird and he didn't look a bit like a gangster.

It might have looked to an outsider as if these two people had something to offer each other. After all, both had led fantastic lives. Johnny had been a Marine and later an apprentice in the Pacific Coast underworld and a Café-society playboy. Lana had been fifteen when she was discovered by Hollywood publisher Billy Wilkerson sipping a malt. She was five feet three, 103 pounds—and sexy. They called her *the sweater girl*. They gave her the name Lana and the word came to mean glamor.

Most of her knowledge of the world has been derived from her next twenty years in Hollywood, the thirty-seven pictures she made, the four husbands she divorced. She didn't know it then, but all her experience was going to be inadequate to cope with Stompanato.

For that first date she was all pink face and arms in a fluffy crisp dress. Johnny looked at her and felt very strong by comparison. This gorgeous woman was going to mold like clay in his hands.

The pose begins

He took her to dinner in a small Italian place with red checkered tablecloths and candles flaming in old Chianti bottles. Actually he preferred the big important restaurants where he could be seen. But he had an impression of another kind to make.

"The food is nice," he said. A grin flickered in his dark brown eyes. "Not as nice as Mom's, though. I wish you could eat her spaghetti sometime."

He explained that Mom wasn't his real mother, but his stepmother who had reared him. His own mother had died shortly after he was born, and he had two sisters, Theresa and Grace, both married, and a brother, Carmine. Carmine was a steady type who operated a barber shop and was active in church affairs. His father had died a few years ago.

Lana listened, and told him memories of her own childhood. Her father, John Virgil Madison Turner, a small-time Alabama gambler and stevedore had liked to tell stories and dance with her. Sometimes he liked to fight. She was nine when they found his body propped against a building on a San Francisco street. His left sock with his poker winnings from the night before was missing. The winnings were to have bought her a bicycle for her birthday. They never solved her dad's slaying, and she never got the poker winnings or the bicycle.

During the depression her mother had to farm Lana out with a family in Modesto, California. They treated the fatherless child like a slave and beat her until she bled. Her mother was in another town trying to make a living as a hairdresser at ten dollars a week. When she found out, she took Lana away from that place. But the scars on her heart took a long time to heal.

Johnny had heard and read this story of Lana's childhood. His account of warm Italian family life would appeal to her. He neglected to tell her he had been out of touch with his family for years, that he had visited home only three or four times in as many years, that the last time was in July, 1956. He neglected to tell about his own domestic troubles.

Some wives

He'd married Sarah Utish in China in 1946, and they were divorced in 1948. She and his twelve-year-old son live in Hammond, Indiana. Johnny Stompanato embarked on the pursuit of glamor while he was serving with the marines in the Pacific. He operated a string of nightclubs in Tienstin, China, but went bankrupt in 1947. He came to the West Coast, listing his

occupation as "ceramics manufacturer." He dealt fast, buying and losing money in an amusement park project and a jewelry project with underworld operator Mickey Cohen. Johnny sold everything from automobiles to birds.

He failed in these ventures. But with women he prospered financially. Cohen introduced him around in night clubs, and, in 1949, he married blonde screen star Helen Gilbert, ex-wife of a Hollywood restaurateur. That began his climb.

The marriage ended in divorce several months later, but in 1953 he married socialite Helene Stanley and was divorced by her in 1955. She charged he had a violent temper and a vile tongue, and had once tried to strangle her mother.

He didn't tell Lana about this. Or about the women he didn't marry.

Like the saucy little redhaired divorcée who ran a pet shop. He used to stroll in and tell her how he needed someone to chat with. Living up the role of lonely gentleman. Soon she gave him her trust and loaned him her savings, \$8,500, so he could go into the gift-shop business. When she wanted the money back, he shrugged, "I don't have it." He never repaid the money.

Police intelligence records described him thus:

"He acquaints himself with females of wealthy means. He courts them and after he is deeply involved borrows money and never repays the loan."

"When the victim's money is dissipated, he becomes interested in another woman. Usually he frequents expensive night spots to meet wealthy female types."

Police had observed him in the company of known gangsters dozens of times. He was known as Cohen's bodyguard and suspected of being the gambler's 'bank.' Once when he was picked up, he was carrying \$50,000 cash. He had been arrested on charges ranging from vagrancy to burglary, but was never convicted. One conviction for vagrancy was later reversed. The police failed to pin anything on him. So he was loose in Hollywood. He had been so intimate with Cohen that when the pudgy gangster served time for income

tax evasion, he left his wife Lavonne for Stompanato to look after. (Cohen and his wife are now estranged.)

As he sat beside Lana, Johnny glanced at himself in the restaurant mirror. He saw himself as many women saw him—tough, smart, exciting. He wasn't telling Lana about other women and their money, the aliases he had used—Johnny Holiday, Jimmy Valentine, Jay Hubbard, John Truppa.

He didn't tell her his real age, either. Lana, thirty-eight, thought he was forty-one, as his driver's license said. Not thirty-two, as his birth certificate said.

Their dates became more frequent. He lingered over a late drink at her house one night, needling her about Hollywood. *What did she want out of life?* he'd taunt her. *What did she really want?*

"You want to know something, John?" she mused. "I love Hollywood. It's a great life. But I'm really just a girl who likes flannel nightgowns and a hot water bottle in bed. I've always wanted just one good man to love me and be loved."

Lana is hooked

Stompanato moved in confidently. Lana couldn't play love. It was all or nothing. She threw herself impulsively into everything she did. She dived in, and sometimes she landed on her head. When she kissed Stompanato, it was the beginning of a volcano erupting. The hi-fi was playing *All The Way*. It became their song. She couldn't hold back. Lana Turner's love had found a man again.

The truth was, Lana Turner had always liked men, but had always been lonely. She'd kissed through five unsuccessful marriages with four husbands (Steve Crane twice) and flown through a dozen highly publicized romances with others. At nineteen, she eloped with bandleader Artie Shaw. She'd admitted she despised him before they married. "Love is a little like hate," she said. He forced her to wear low heels, no lipstick. He made her iron his shirts and he threw them back in her face. Four months and eleven days after their marriage, she locked him out of the house and checked into a hospital for a rest. Then followed marriages to restaurateur Stephen Crane—the father of Cheryl, her only child—millionaire sportsman Bob Topping, to screen star Tarzan Lex Barker. Her romances with the late Tommy Dorsey and with Fernando Lamas ended, like her marriages, unhappily.

Men bullied her, beat her, and cheated her but she always kept trying. Why? It was because she lived a Hollywood dream both on and off camera. It's a splendid, frothy dream that love explodes like sputnik, that if you ever find the one man all you need to do is shut your eyes and take off into the wild blue yonder. All you do for complete bliss is find the man, give yourself completely, and true love will be yours forever.

Lana believed this myth. She sold it in dozens of starring roles. Ironically, the myth may be truth. But it never came true for Lana.

Lana's baby

The one constant loved one in her life was her daughter, Cheryl Crane. For three months before Cheryl's birth, Lana was blind. Cheryl had hovered between life and death for days following her birth on July 25, 1943. Physicians used countless blood transfusions trying to keep the tiny anemia-racked body alive. Afterwards, Lana tried to have more children. She lost a baby in January, 1949. Because of the RH factor, another in October, 1950.

Cheryl—Lana's "Baby," "Cherie," grew into a beautiful, slender dark-haired teenager who towered over her mother. She had the best clothes and boarding schools

money could buy. But she was torn between love for her mother and her father. Now Cheryl is fourteen, only one year younger than Lana was when she was discovered. On March 30, 1957, Cheryl had just returned home from a week end in Palm Springs with her mother. Driving back to a private school with a girl friend, she exclaimed, "I hate that school. I'm not going back." She jumped out of the taxi and disappeared into Los Angeles' skid row, only to panic when three characters followed her. A passing motorist, Manuel Acosta, rescued her, and took her to the police station where she had a tearful reunion with her parents.

Lana sent her to a different school. Three months later, Cheryl suffered a broken back in a fall from a horse at a summer resort in Estes Park, Colorado. Both her parents rushed to her side in a Denver hospital, worried and frantic. But she recovered rapidly.

Stompanato decided, *Maybe I can use this kid. If other means fail, I can always get to her through this kid.*

Cheryl's father knew some of Stompanato's background. One day, he cornered the gangster in his restaurant.

"Whatever is between you and my ex-wife is your business," he said. "But if you hurt Cheryl in any way or interfere with her life, you will have to answer to me."

Johnny smiled his suave, disarming smile and shrugged. "I'm in love with her mother. You don't have to worry about Cheryl."

Friends were worried

By summer, Lana's intimate friends knew about the affair, and they didn't like it.

"He's after money. He married twice in the last few years. He associates with Mickey Cohen," they warned.

"None of us are angels," she told her

have any questions ?

such as . . .

How old is Gregory Peck?

What's Tab Hunter's real name?

Where should I send a letter for Rock Hunter?

When was James Darren born?

Has Tony Perkins ever been married?

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friends. "We all have pasts. Johnny has put his past behind him."

By September the public knew of the romance, and gossip columnists were hoping in print that it wouldn't go any further.

Lana's new independent company, Lanturn, was producing the film, *Another Time, Another Place*, and the star had to go to Europe. This was her first time away from Johnny. Her letters were more passionate than any movie script she'd ever done. They poured out her desire, her tortured loneliness without him.

In a letter postmarked Copenhagen, September 19, 1957, she wrote: *My dearest darling love . . . all I want to write and say is I love you! . . . it already seems like months since we've been apart . . . keep your arms around me so close—and kiss me as I do you a thousand times . . .*

They were filming in London. It was cold and damp. The fog was terrible. September dragged by. She caught the flu. She was growing desperate without him. They kept the trans-Atlantic phones hot with calls, but his voice only deepened her desperation. Now he was playing it cool. *They shouldn't rush things*, he remarked. *Of course he loved her, deeply*, he said. *But she might regret or be ashamed of this romance someday.*

She replied by letter: *Dearest love, whatever will I do over here without you? Yes, but nothing, nothing else. I'm not so sure now, that I can make it—even tho today, you said to me, "It's still too soon for me to really know; give it a while longer . . ." and etc., etc.—Oh! such easy, practical words for some people! Right now, I don't give you a 'sinking penny' for them. I miss you, want you, and ache for you 'ALL THE WAY'—so there!!!*

And we can either whisper, or shout or scream our love for each other, to each other—phones are great, yes, but I need to touch you—to feel your tenderness and your strength! to hold you in my arms so, so close—to cuddle you sweetly—and then to be completely smothered in your arms and kisses, oh, so many, many kisses!!! quando (when) quando? quando? quando?

Once she wrote, *I love you so much, darling angel. I read your letters over and over, and each time I ache more. It's killing me; still I adore and love you. . . . It's true . . . I adore the way you write and all the truly beautiful things you say to me. So please, please, dearest, continue. Every line warms me and makes me ache and miss you each tiny moment. . . .*

Police later found a ghost writer, a friend of Stompanato in Los Angeles who was supplying him Spanish and Italian phrases of love to use in his letters to Lana.

Johnny takes a trip

She sent him money and plane tickets so he could join her in England. Later, she finally admitted he had taken her for several thousand dollars, not counting tabs she'd picked up for him. Mickey Cohen said he also let Stompanato borrow money from him for the trip abroad. Police figured later that Cohen had loaned \$12,000 to the gigolo to be used to court and marry a wealthy woman.

John Stompanato arrived in London in October. He had big plans for the future, helping Lana build a plush home in Acapulco, Mexico. He wrote to his mother that the place there could be used for tax purposes, and that Lana would need to live there one year to establish herself as a resident of Mexico. His mother thought from his letters that he was going to marry Lana. He thought so, too. But suddenly something happened. In London she heard stories about Johnny's past that even his glib tongue couldn't ex-

plain away. This sudden resistance threw him. During a quarrel in London, his velvet-smooth control turned to fury, and he tried to choke her. Scotland Yard heard of this episode and kicked him out of the country. On arrival, he'd given some of Lana's money back to her for safekeeping. Now he wanted it back so he could convince British authorities he was a person of substance. Lana, shaken and stunned, her love crashing about her, refused and Johnny left.

But they didn't stop writing to each other. Lana wasn't free of his spell. On January 5, she wrote, *Oh, the many things I long to put on paper, yet my heart and my hand ache when I attempt to do so. . . .* She told him she'd read all his letters the notes he used to send with flowers . . . *So many precious things you told me, described to me, each beautiful and intimate detail of our love, our hopes, our dreams, our sex and longings . . . how you could write and when near me, make most of those dreams come to life and throb with the realness of you and us. . . .*

He phoned and told her time and love would heal. She wrote, *Oh, angel . . . time is supposed to be the only great healer, but I'm sure a lot of it must pass—before one can breathe a little deeper and easier—I still have the most awful constriction in my heart and tummy—I try desperately not to think too long on us . . .* She wrote of her daughter Cheryl . . . *It's been so good having her with me, and I think she's happy and grateful for this time together also. . . .*

And . . . *Last nite was wonderful talking to you—yet!—after we hung up—there it was again—all the pain, confusion, ache—oh! . . . darling, it's too much—sometimes, I think I shall stop, not write, call—think of any of it, pretend it didn't happen—any of it.*

But so far my powers are not that strong and of course, in this house, I see and hear and feel only you—it has to be better when I can leave here—find a new perspective of everything—only then, will I really know what the future holds!

So until then, dear one, take very good care of yourself—Know that you are in my thoughts and my prayers, for us both, to be able to find some happiness, or peace, sometime, some place on this earth!

The magic is fading

He felt her slipping away. He was losing her. He phoned her in London urging they see each other.

At 2:05 a.m. one morning in January, she wrote . . . *Please, after our call, I've been thinking and thinking—yes, what a shocking thrill it would be to see you on the plane, or wherever—but this is not right. You must let me be alone in my "own world" for a while, to rest, think.*

But Stompanato was desperate—and convincing. When Lana went to the Mexican playground of Acapulco for a two months' holiday in the sun he was with her. They had separate suites, but Johnny hovered over her every minute, waiting on her, rubbing suntan lotion on her back, talking talking. Lana seemed frightened now, Stauffer said. She acted as if she were trying to leave him, but didn't know how. He wouldn't let her out of his sight.

She was reserved now—close physically as they lounged on the beach—but her eyes were closed as though to shut him out of her sight. He knew she was slipping from his grasp. She had withdrawn, gone back into a world of her own, a world of light and talent that Stompanato could never enter.

The annual Motion Picture Academy Awards dinner was coming up Wednesday night, March 25. It was the biggest social affair in Hollywood, and Lana, at the peak

of her career, had been nominated for the best performance of the year for her role in *Peyton Place*. She'd played the part of a mother with a secret past, a mother estranged from her daughter. Lana's own daughter Cheryl had attended the premiere with her father and wept openly when the screen mother and daughter were reunited at the end of the story.

The movie had become a sensational box-office success all over the country. Lana was going to be a bigger star than ever now. In her personal confusion, maybe she didn't realize it. She just wanted to get back home, back to work. Stompanato realized it, and he wanted his share of the money, the limelight. He pressed harder for marriage.

And Lana was coming to the realization that no matter how much it hurt, she must cut this man out of her life. Now she could see the tiger beneath the smooth manners.

He hadn't shot anybody . . .

He was still trying. On March 19, they flew back to Los Angeles on the same plane. Cheryl and friends and photographers met them at the airport. Stompanato grabbed Lana and they posed together.

Later she said this embarrassed her, but she tried to make the best of it. "Maybe you shouldn't pose with him," one of her friends murmured. Lana smiled, conscious that her baby daughter was watching, quipped, "Why not? He hasn't shot anybody and I haven't shot anybody."

In those next hectic weeks before the final fury, Johnny Stompanato pulled out all the stops, trying to get her.

He promoted himself with Cheryl as a prospective stepfather. He took her on shopping sprees and to ice cream parlors. He bought her candy and bright-colored scarves.

"Wouldn't it be nice if we could always get along like this and be companions?" he suggested.

He took a \$12 a day apartment in a hotel, but he was Johnny on the spot, helping Lana move into her new two-story mansion. Her efforts to close him out of her life resulted in three violent arguments. The first took place when he asked her again to marry him and she turned him down. The second and much worse was about the Academy Awards Dinner. Johnny loved big events. To be part of the excitement, the perfumed, powerful beautiful women in their rich, swishing skirts. Lana's triumph would be his triumph. He would be part of it. She'd be telling the world she belonged to him. And her honors were his honors.

But she didn't take him. She refused to invite him. Instead, Cheryl and a long-time business associate accompanied her.

His anger almost choked him. "Look, what's the matter with you? Quit hiding me around corners," he exploded. "I'll tell you one thing. You'll never get rid of me. I won't let you go."

And then came the climax of the quarrels—on the Sunday and Monday before the fatal Friday, April. The veneer of love began to crack again, to turn into threats.

On Monday, the quarrel reached the screaming stage.

"I'll cut your face with a razor!" he shouted. "If a man makes a living with his hands I would destroy his hands. You make your living with your face. I will destroy your face. I'll get you where it hurts the most—your daughter and your mother!"

So he revealed himself as a naked thug. Cheryl overheard. She'd never before seen him with his guard down. Her weeping mother told Cheryl what kind of man he was, that she was afraid.

"I want to leave him, but I don't know how," Lana said.

Lana's mother phoned Beverly Hills police on Wednesday, and asked where the actress could get in touch with Chief Clinton H. Anderson. But Lana never called.

One last dodge

Stompanato knew he had lost her now. He paced his apartment, tearing his hair, trying to think of something.

He tried the old way. Letters. He started them, but he couldn't make the words flow anymore. She knew too much. She wouldn't believe.

He wrote, *My dearest Lana. I'm so filled with love for you at this moment, I wish I could write it in a hundred languages.*

You know baby, I'm so lonesome for the touch of you, I could die. I try to think of when you were here and those precious minutes I wasted when my lips were not on yours.

I can tell you right now if I ever get you in my arms again, it will take more than a team of wild horses to break it up!

He begged, *Lana, baby, let me prove that you and I belong together. Those last weeks when things were so hectic, I tried to keep my feet on the ground but you'll never know the many times I wanted to take you in my arms to some far away island . . . Time takes care of everything but my love for one Lana Turner. I love you very deeply and nothing can give me peace in this long sad loneliness . . . I wait for you and kiss you tenderly.*

He never finished the notes. His last unfinished note was strangely prophetic. *I am sure life isn't worth living without you.*

She saw less and less of him. But that Friday afternoon she gave in and said he could go with her in her station wagon to shop for articles for her new home. They returned to her place at 4:30 p.m. Two of her friends were there. They sat and chatted. Cheryl came home about 5:30. She was home for the Easter holidays. Stompanato left fifteen minutes later.

Lana's two guests stayed another hour. They asked her to dinner but she couldn't make arrangements on such short notice. Another night, she said.

Stompanato returned a little after 8:00 p.m. He was furious that the visitors had stayed with her after he left, upset that she had even considered having dinner with them unless he went along.

"You mean I cannot come along?"

"Well, surely I have the right to be able to see some people without your always being there, and there is nothing wrong—just to be able to sit and to discuss our friendship—friendships that were long ago, that you didn't even know about. Anyway, I'm not going to have dinner with them tonight. Maybe Saturday night."

"You're a coward, Mother. . . ."

She was defying him—openly. It was the last straw. Stompanato began to curse. His language was so vile she was afraid to be alone with him. She went upstairs into Cheryl's new room. Cheryl was watching television. Stompanato was right behind Lana and he was still swearing.

"I've told you I do not want to argue in front of the baby."

"Well, why not?" he snarled.

"Well, we're not going to," Lana said. She turned to her daughter and said "I am going downstairs and I'm coming right back up and I'm going to my room."

"Yes, Mother."

"You watch tv," Lana said. Then she drew her daughter aside and for a moment they talked together in the bathroom. "It looks as if we're going to have a bad night," Lana said.

Cheryl said, "Why don't you just tell him to go? You're a coward, Mother."

"You don't understand. I'm deathly afraid of him."

"Don't worry," Cheryl said. "I won't be far away. I won't leave you."

Lana smiled sadly. What good could a child do her in this mess she had gotten herself into?

When Lana went downstairs Stompanato followed her, still quarreling. She told him she'd found out too many of his lies, and the last one she'd found out today. It wasn't the worst one but it was a straw that broke the camel's back. That he was only thirty-two instead of the forty-one he'd told her. The lie that made her say to him—no matter what—"I can't go on like this. You know that I have begged. I've pleaded for you to leave me alone even with all your threats."

She started back upstairs, he followed, both talking at once. He followed her into her bedroom.

She kept saying, "There's no use discussing it any farther. I can't go on like this, and I want you to leave."

It was too much, too final. He saw his plans disappearing.

Stompanato grabbed her by the arms and shook her and cursed, "When I say hop, you'll hop. When I say jump, you'll jump. You'll do everything I tell you or I'll cut your face and cripple you. And beyond that I'll kill you and your daughter and your mother. No matter what, I'll get you where it hurts most. No matter what you do, how you try to get away!"

Lana broke away from his hold, twisted around and saw Cheryl standing wide-eyed in the door!

Horried, Lana cried out, "Please, Cheryl, don't listen to any of this. Please go to your own room."

Cheryl stared at her, too numb to speak. But her eyes asked, "Are you sure, Mother?"

Lana began to cry. "Please, child, don't listen to this. I beg you to go back to your room."

Cheryl left and closed the door. Lana turned to Stompanato. "That's just great, that my child had to hear all of that. You are horrible, and I can't go through anything more."

He made a move to strike her.

"Don't ever touch me again," Lana said. "I'm absolutely finished. This is the end and I want you to get out."

She reached the door of her bedroom. He was behind her. She opened the door and suddenly Cheryl was there!

"I swear it was so fast," Lana testified, "I truthfully thought she had hit him in the stomach. As best I can remember they came together and then parted. I still never saw the blade. . . ."

Stompanato grabbed himself in the abdomen. He lunged forward, made almost half a turn and dropped on his back.

Too late

It was 9:40 p.m. Stunned, unbelieving, Lana lifted his sweater and saw the blood. She dropped beside him and tried to stop the blood with towels. Tried to breathe life into his mouth. At 9:45, shaking with hysteria, she called her mother who phoned the doctor; he phoned the police. Cheryl called her father. Soon the house was full of people. Stompanato was dead.

Cheryl told police she had listened outside the door. "I knew mother was weak, and that she couldn't resist John. I've taken judo, and I'm pretty strong, stronger than mother is. I heard arguments and threats and screams . . . so I went down to the kitchen and got the first big knife I could find. . . . I went back to the door, intending to stay outside. But I could hear John saying, 'I'll cut you and maim you

for life . . . if I can't do it, I'll have somebody else do it.' I opened the door and went in. Neither of them said anything. I didn't say anything. I just walked between them and . . . did it . . . I screamed. . . . I only meant to scare him. I did not know what was happening at the time. I know this is a terrible thing. I feel so sorry for Mommy, but I did it to protect her. I love her more than anything."

In his billfold they found a photograph of Lana inscribed, "For Johnny, my love and my life. Lana." He also had a lock of blonde hair in a plastic container, all in an envelope on which was written, *Johnny with the love of Lana.*

Autopsy surgeon Dr. Frederick Newbarr said the wound caused a massive hemorrhage that could have brought death in a matter of minutes. The fatal knife wound, five and a half inches in length, penetrated the liver and the vital portal vein.

Lana wept, "Can't I take the blame?" Chief Anderson told her, "All we want is the truth."

Cheryl was held in juvenile custody. Gambler Cohen identified the body. He blurted "Who did it? Who did it?"

Stompanato had once told Lana if anything ever happened to him, his vengeance would follow her. She was so frightened that police put a guard around her home.

This statement of hers, and the police guard, riled Cohen. He said it made him look bad because it looked like he might call out the mob to get her.

"Pretty soon they'll be accusing me of his murder," Cohen pouted. "I can't understand how it happened. He never chased her. It was the other way around. I thought they were married. I thought everything was okay."

Mickey Cohen interferes

It made him mad, he announced, that Lana had made statements defaming Stompanato's character after his death and that she hadn't behaved decently in offering as he, Cohen, did, to pay for the funeral. So Cohen released to newspapers a package of love letters she'd written. Whether he got these letters from Stompanato's apartment after the slaying, or whether he already had them in his possession, is still a mystery. Cohen said, "Some before. Some after."

Cohen said he'd asked Stompanato's family to adopt him, and he intimated he might help them if they decided to file a million dollar civil damage suit against Lana and Cheryl.

Police planned to make ballistics test of Stompanato's gun. They thought a grand jury might be called to investigate a sex extortion ring. There was much to make the police think he might be involved.

Chief Anderson said "We all know that many women have moral weaknesses, and those weaknesses are attacked by a certain element. We have the obligation to protect these women."

This was a very late investigation of Stompanato. Some suggested little Cheryl had been forced to do a job authorities should have done years before—ridding society of this leech.

On Friday, April 11, Lana testified at the inquest. A jury of ten men and two women delivered a verdict of justifiable homicide. Cheryl was not charged. But a custody hearing for her on April 24 decided that she live with her grandmother, Lana's mother—at least for a while.

The question is did Johnny really fall in love with Lana when it was too late, or was this marriage only to be a gigantic shakedown in which he would eventually control all Lana's property?

He could never have enjoyed for long his place in the sun. If he'd known he was ill, his eyes would have bugged in almost as much surprise as when he was stabbed.

The autopsy showed he was suffering from a kidney ailment and would have died of natural causes within ten years.

Lana's hour on the inquest witness stand was personal torture. She had to tear the words out of her throat as though each word was an evil thing. But it was her greatest performance, and in many ways, her finest hour. She fought for the one she loved most, Cheryl. She fought with tears, beauty, courage, the scarred heart laid bare. When the verdict came, she closed her eyes in prayer and murmured, "Thank God."

Cheryl prays

On Friday, April 11, Lana and her mother testified at the inquest. Cheryl was excused and spent the day in Juvenile Hall talking to the other girls, reading and praying—she has been brought up to be a devout Catholic.

As a result of the inquest, Cheryl was cleared of any criminal charges. The prosecutor could have brought her to trial nonetheless, but was sure he wouldn't. "This is the clearest case of justifiable homicide I've ever seen," Chief Anderson had said, and the legal experts all seemed to agree.

But not everyone was so kind. When Cheryl walked out of juvenile hall finally, to the temporary sanctuary of her grandmother's home, there was a process server, waiting at the door. He handed her a summons. Johnny Stompanato's family, under the influence of Mickey Cohen, was suing Lana and Steve Crane for failing to exercise sufficient control over their daughter—who, they claim, was guilty of inflicting "wrongful death" on Johnny. For that trial, Cheryl will doubtless have to appear in court.

Nor is that the only trial ahead. The court which long ago awarded Cheryl's custody to Lana when she and Steve were divorced, is no longer sure that Lana qualifies as a fit mother. They may, of course, return Cheryl to her permanently, but it is more likely that she will stay with her grandmother, or maybe with her father.

Lana's mother, now making a home for her granddaughter and receiving court-allowed visits from Lana and Steve once a week, wants to keep her. Steve Crane, her father, has already petitioned the court for Cheryl's permanent custody. In support of his plea, he has his excellent income, his good reputation, and a claim that Cheryl actually wants to live with him, and even told friends at Juvenile Hall that she would say so, "But I don't want to break Mommy's heart."

And Lana—what has she got left? A once-a-week visit with her child. A frightened hope that she will get Cheryl back. A memory of a dead love—and a dead man. A ruined reputation, the knowledge that her private life, her private letters are public property now as they never have been before. It is true that from the inquest she emerged with a certain tragic dignity, that hearts that condemned her behavior nonetheless pitied her tears. But she will have to live with her memories and her loneliness and—probably—without her daughter, the one sure love in her life. No court ruling on guilt or innocence can make that better. No new love will ever be able to fully erase the memory of this great tragedy and pain.

END

Lana can be seen in 20th-Fox's PEYTON PLACE and Paramount's ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE. She has been signed to star in U-I's IMITATION OF LIFE.

The editors wish to acknowledge the cooperation of the editors, staff and special researchers of INSIDE DETECTIVE, to whom they are obligated for the true story which you have just read.

who says we're too young to love?

(Continued on page 28) professional life plus school seldom are left unguarded to tell what they really want to say about themselves for publication.

I'd spent the afternoon with Lorrie. We'd been discussing her career. The act she does with her brother in *The Collins Kids* has been sky rocketing. Records, tv shows, Las Vegas stints and—now she's breaking into movies. When you're with her it's hard to remember that this attractive, talented girl is only fifteen. She seems to be in her early twenties. Tall and slender and willowy, she is poised far beyond her age.

Although she's been in professional show business for four years none of the brittle hardness has rubbed off on her. Lorrie is what is known as a "nice girl," but very mature for her age.

It wasn't until our second meeting that Lorrie gave me this story. And she told me then why she decided to tell me the truth about the romance. It seems that right after I had left Lorrie's house, she was on the phone with Ricky. She told him about my burning question: "Are you two in love?" And Ricky sounded happy and eager when he asked, "Did you tell her that you are in love with me?" Lorrie told him that because everyone advised her not to commit herself—she really didn't say. And Ricky answered, hurt, "Why didn't you tell the truth? Don't you want people to know?"

At our second interview Lorrie mentioned his reaction. And as we talked, it seemed as though Ricky's comments had made her want to talk about how she felt toward Ricky. The jealousies, the fun times, the sad times, the humorous times, all the things that happen between a fifteen-year-old and a seventeen-year-old when they go steady. Most of all Lorrie seemed to want to tell how lightly others regard young romance.

Tex loses a bet

Like in Bakersfield. Lorrie had gone on a four day tour with Tex Ritter. They played three days in San Francisco then toured to Bakersfield on Sunday for a recording session.

Ricky asked Lorrie if he could come to Bakersfield and drive her back to Los Angeles Sunday afternoon. Lorrie said, "Yes."

In Bakersfield she told Tex she wouldn't be going home with the group. When she explained that Ricky was coming for her, Tex was so sure Ricky Nelson wouldn't drive the 150 miles over the mountains to pick up any girl—he kidded Lorrie and bet her ten cents to a dollar he wouldn't show. Like everyone else he doesn't take their romance seriously. But you should have seen his face when Rick arrived and Tex found himself owing Lorrie a dollar!

Then there's the song that Ricky wrote for Lorrie. Because both of them have to leave Los Angeles fairly often to perform, they're separated more than they'd like to be. Lonesome for Lorrie while she was away, Ricky composed a song for her with these lyrics:

DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY

I thought you said our love was true
That you loved me
And I loved you.
But now you're gone
And I am blue.
Oh, what am I going to do?

Normally, if a singer—say Frank Sinatra—composed a song for a gal, nobody would argue that he really liked her. There'd be few scoffers around. Every-

one would think it was a pretty terrific thing for him to do and they'd recognize that his feelings for the girl were more than casual. But Lorrie's become rather shy about the song. Ricky may record it. Who knows? It may become a big hit but right now Lorrie's tired of the "Aren't those youngsters cute" attitude that oldsters take if she mentions it.

Then there's Lorrie's agent, Bob Waggoner. He has her best interests at heart but he's not above teasing Lorrie that she's far too young and fickle to stay faithful to Ricky. And it bothers her. "It hurts me even to have someone say things like that," Lorrie says.

But Bob has problems.

Lorrie and her brother appeared on the Dan Dailey show at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. An engagement like that is great for Lorrie's career but it's maddening for her personal life. Facing a separation—Ricky was heading for Florida—Ricky gave Lorrie his ring. That's the ring he always wore, the one with the two drama masks on it.

Lorrie was bubbling with happiness but Bob was terribly concerned about the ring. Lorrie wanted to wear it on her third finger left hand constantly. From five feet away the ring looks exactly like a wedding band. When Lorrie is on stage, the ring gives everyone in the audience a wrong impression. After all a fifteen-year-old generally isn't married.

Her agent urged her not to wear the ring on stage, "Because you're too young." Lorrie obeyed . . . but offstage she always wears it.

How did Lorrie and Ricky become so fond of each other? One Saturday evening last June Ricky was watching tv and there was Lorrie in *Jamboree*, a program on which she is a regular. Ricky was intrigued. It was a simple reaction. He wanted to meet her.

Ricky is shy

After a bit of scouting around, he found out she went to Hollywood Professional High. He got her phone number from Molly Bee who also goes there. But Ricky is shy. He didn't want to phone her cold. After sounding out his friends he found out that *The Four Preps* knew her. He cajoled one of them into introducing him to Lorrie over the phone.

Now Lorrie admits when she heard, "Say, Ricky Nelson is here and he'd like to talk to you," she thought she was being ribbed. Then she heard his voice and knew it was for real. He asked her for a date right off.

She hated to, but she had to refuse. The night he asked for was graduation at Hollywood Professional High and she already had a date. But Ricky was not to be put off. He asked her if he could come and meet her at the ceremonies. Lorrie said, "Okay." She didn't think Ricky was serious, but how little she knew him then! He did come and afterwards they talked for about twenty minutes while Lorrie's date—an old friend who didn't really care—cooled his heels.

The next night Lorrie had another date. Lorrie and her mother have a working agreement that Lorrie gives an exact time when she'll be home from a date. If for any reason she can't make it on time, she phones home. This night she told her mother they were just going to a movie and would be home at 10 p.m. When she and her date wanted to stop for a hamburger on the way home, she phoned for permission to stay out until eleven.

"Guess who stopped out to see you," said her mother. In a burst of wistful

thinking Lorrie asked, "Ricky Nelson?" Now she admits she was really surprised when her mother said, "Yes."

"Darn, darn, darn," thought Lorrie. She'd liked Ricky immediately when she'd seen him at the graduation party. But the next day she, her parents and her brothers were going on a three months' tour. She thought she'd missed her very last chance to know him.

Late date

About quarter to eleven a car with four boys in it drove up to the Collins' home in San Fernando, a Los Angeles suburb. The doorbell rang. Lorrie's mother answered it. There stood Ricky. Timidly moving his left foot back and forth on the doorsill, Ricky shyly asked Mrs. Collins if Lorrie had come home yet. When she said no he hesitated, still moving his foot.

Hazel Collins is a woman of great understanding for young people. "Lorrie will be home in fifteen minutes. Would you like to come in and wait for her?"

Ricky and his four friends came in.

Promptly at eleven Lorrie came home. This time with a date who wasn't an old friend and who wasn't quite so pleased to share her but he had no alternatives. They came in the living room where her parents, plus Ricky and his four friends were all waiting. Embarrassing.

It was on this evening that Lorrie and Ricky first really got to talk together. But with so many people around, it certainly wasn't in a very personal vein.

The next morning the whole Collins family left Los Angeles and were gone for three months. On the trip Lorrie often thought of Ricky but she decided any hopes of knowing him better were futile. Was there a chance that a celebrity like him would remember a girl he'd only met for twenty minutes at a school function and then for an hour in her crowded living room?

Then came September. Lorrie's brother was scheduled to record with Joe Maphis right after the Collins' returned from their tour.

Lorrie didn't intend to go to their recording session but they kept phoning her to come—and to come dressed up.

When she got to the studio, she was told, "Ricky's right out there in the ante-room. Go in and tell him hello."

She just knew this was a practical joke, but Lorrie decided to go along with the gag and when they got to the empty room she started calling Ricky like one calls a pet, "Here Ricky, here Ricky, come Ricky." To add to the gag, she started lifting the cushions off the sofa pretending she'd find Ricky hidden under one of the pillows.

There she was leaning over one of the sofa pillows—and the door opened and Ricky came in with her dad carrying cokes and sandwiches!

Lorrie never explained to Ricky why she was lifting the sofa cushions. So if he didn't just guess—and how could he—the mystery will be cleared up when Ricky reads this.

Going steady

Because both of these youngsters are really very shy, few people knew when they started going steady. Ricky would come out to Lorrie's house five and six nights a week or they'd go to his parents to watch tv. On weekends they generally go to a movie and to a drive-in afterwards.

Yet hardly anyone in Hollywood was aware that they were dating at all!

They were too young to go to night-clubs where many of the Hollywood columnists hang out. Ricky and Lorrie were unintentionally incognito.

Ricky has his parents' approval to date Lorrie. They met her and liked her. His mother asked Lorrie how old she was soon after they met. When Lorrie said she was fifteen—Harriet Nelson was surprised. Her comment was that probably both Ricky and Lorrie have matured faster because of being in show business. Ricky has more poise than the normal teenager and so does Lorrie.

Lorrie's mother was not quite so casual about it. Lorrie's dating life has been of infinite concern to Hazel Collins.

Mrs. Collins, now 35, eloped with Laurence Collins when she was sixteen. They had planned to be just farmers. They had a happy life in Oklahoma on a 180-acre farm in their early married life. Sundays they'd go to church. Once in a while they'd spend an evening with friends. But most evenings they gathered around the piano Hazel's mother gave them, and sang. It's from those evenings that Lorrie and her brother Larrie gained their singing experience.

Then hard times hit. Hazel and Laurence Collins made a brave gamble and bought \$6,000 worth of cattle, hoping to establish themselves. Almost the day after they made the purchase, the bottom dropped out of cattle prices. Financially, they were ruined.

For awhile Mr. Collins worked in a grainery and his wife ran the farm. While he was gone she operated the tractors, milked the cows and did all the heavy chores a man normally does on a farm.

While the parents were both working there was no one to care for the family but their oldest daughter, Sherry.

Debts piled up. No matter how hard they worked, they could see no hope of ever repaying their debts if they stayed where they were. Friends kept telling them that jobs with good money were available in California.

So the Collins clan pulled up stakes in Oklahoma and headed for the West Coast. The main assets they brought were the will to work, three talented children and Mrs. Collins' prayer to God that the move was the right thing for her family.

Lorrie's father took two full-time jobs when they arrived in Los Angeles. He was away from his family seventeen hours a day. And until they paid off their debts, Hazel worked too.

Again, Lorrie's sister Sherry acted as the mother in Los Angeles as she had done back on the farm. The experience matured her early.

The child bride—

How mature her parents were soon to discover. When she was fifteen and a half years old she asked her parents for permission to marry! She was in love with a minister's son who had a good job with a truck towing service. And he was in love with her.

They wanted her to wait until she was older. It hurt her mother to see Sherry give up so many carefree youthful years. Sherry kept pointing out to them that they had been married when Hazel was sixteen. There was no answer for that. Reluctantly, her parents signed the papers for Sherry and her young man, Don Madden, to marry under age. As it turns out Sherry and Don have had a happy marriage. They've been married three years now and have an adorable, one-year-old baby girl named Vicki.

So Lorrie has two examples right in her own family of happy marriages where the brides were just her age on their wedding day.

This has been a tremendous worry to her mother who anxiously wants to be sure the same thing doesn't happen to

Lorrie. Her parents told Lorrie flatly that they would under no circumstances ever sign any papers for any underage marriage for Lorrie.

They've always kept close track of Lorrie's dating. She hasn't been allowed to go out with boys her parents don't approve of and they like to know Lorrie's boyfriends well.

They do know Ricky well and think a lot of him.

Night after night, Ricky drives from Beverly Hills to the Collins' modest home far out in the San Fernando Valley. The whole family, including twelve-year-old Larry, and Sherry's family (if they're around) welcome Ricky into their life.

Invariably they all head for the tile floored, beamed ceiling den-dining room. The guitars are kept near the piano. And there's always a box of chocolate-covered cherries on the table. Lorrie buys them because she knows how wild Ricky is about them. And there are hamburgers and cokes, Ricky's favorite foods, ready in the kitchen.

They can have much more fun like this than at any dances or parties. These are tremendously creative evenings. Everyone in the Collins family likes to compose music. So does Ricky.

Their song

One evening Lorrie and Ricky collaborated on a song they called *My Gal*. As with the song Ricky composed for Lorrie, they have hopes of recording it.

Ricky inevitably wears jeans when he comes out to the Collins' and he often reminds Lorrie, "Why don't we be casual and you wear capris?" even for dates when they're going to a movie.

On rare occasions they double date with Ricky's brother Dave and if he's footing the bill, they'll usually kid him along and pretend to order steaks.

This may sound like unexciting dating to some young people but it's not to Ricky and Lorrie. Lots of times, Lorrie confesses, they enjoy just being together, not talking or laughing, just quietly secure in each other's presence.

Not everything has gone smoothly for them. Like the time Lorrie was asked to join Nick Adams in presenting awards to the most promising teenagers selected at a contest run by the Covina branch of a local department store chain.

The tv station owner who'd arranged for Lorrie's appearance offered to drive her the forty miles to Covina. He was about thirty-five—and that seems very old to Lorrie. Both her mother and Lorrie thought it was just an offer to drive her out and that his wife would be along.

The man, it turned out, was a bachelor! And no one else was along.

At the awards presentation, Nick Adams, always a lad with an open eye for a cute new girl, asked Lorrie for a date.

On the way home with the older man Lorrie noticed a Plymouth that looked strangely like Ricky's following them. At first she thought it just a coincidence. As they made the various turns towards Lorrie's home and when the other car turned too, she knew it was Ricky.

Sure enough, the Plymouth stopped and shut off its lights just before the turn into the one-block dead-end street where Lorrie lives.

Lorrie had intended going right to bed when she got home. Now she didn't. Fooling around in the living room pretending to read a magazine and chatting with her parents, she waited.

In about five minutes, Ricky just stopped by. At first he denied following her. But he tripped himself up when he inadvertently mentioned the exact time she'd arrived. The green eye of jealousy became really glowing when Lorrie re-

ported that Nick Adams asked her for a date. "Doesn't that guy know I'm dating you?" he exploded. Lorrie, of course, had refused Nick's date, but she didn't admit it right at first to Ricky.

That phone call

Sometimes the shoe is on the other foot. One evening when they weren't to be together Ricky said he'd phone Lorrie. She waited all evening and when she didn't hear from him her feelings were hurt.

The next night when Ricky phoned, he surprised her by asking where she'd been the night before. "At home waiting for your call."

Apparently Ricky had dialed the wrong number. When Lorrie coolly sniffed, "That's a likely story," Ricky got both his parents on the phone to assure her that he had tried to reach her the night before.

Sometimes there's a twist of sadness with these two. One day the new record charts had just come out. These are industry reports showing how well sales of records are going. Lorrie happily congratulated Ricky. His records were doing great.

Instead of being happy Ricky seemed wistful. Finally, he admitted he was worried for fear his next record would be a flop.

"If it was, you probably wouldn't like me anymore," Ricky told Lorrie.

Wise little Lorrie, a veteran of many many public appearances, understands Ricky when he makes remarks like that. She knows that when you're as famous as he is, and thousands of people applaud and write to you, saying they like you, sometimes you worry about people liking you just for yourself alone, not because you're a popular singer.

When he worries this way, Lorrie is one of the few who can reassure him. "I wouldn't date you just because you're Ricky Nelson if I didn't like you," she tells him. When Lorrie makes this promise Ricky knows she's telling the truth because she has been a professional entertainer for four years. She's met top names in the entertainment world. She's not awed by fame, nor emotionally affected by it.

These two talk the same language. Like two good chemistry students attracted to each other because of similar knowledge and interests, teenage experiences in show business has drawn them closer than just casual dating.

How close, how permanent, only time can tell—but Lorrie does wear Ricky's ring.

One evening as he was driving with her in his Plymouth over the winding hills that rise between his home and hers, Ricky was unusually quiet. Breaking the silence, Lorrie asked him what he was thinking of.

"I want to ask you something," Ricky told her.

"What?" she asked curiously. Then Ricky hesitated. It seemed like an hour to Lorrie before he got to the point and erupted suddenly, "Will you marry me?"

At first Lorrie thought Ricky was kidding so she simply answered, "Sure."

Then Ricky assured her he was serious. Not for this month nor this year but in three or four years, he explained.

This time there was seriousness in Lorrie's low voice, too. "Yes," she beamed. "Oh yes, Ricky. I would like to marry you in three or four years."

These Kids are pretty grown up. And it looks like they're going to prove it one day to all those well-meaning people who say they're too young to love.

END

You will soon be able to see Ricky in Warner's RIO BRAVO.

TOMMY SANDS, STAR OF CAPITOL RECORDS AND 20th-CENTURY-FOX



"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern
cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich
brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today—with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans



I never had a father

(Continued from page 33) loud in the quiet room. She broke off, took a deep breath.

"Honey," she said, "tell me what's the matter. What's wrong with you? I've never seen you like this. Ever since we left the show—it's as if I don't know you."

For the first time, Tab Hunter raised his head.

"Maybe . . ." he said slowly, "maybe you don't."

The girl blinked. "But—that's nonsense. We've been going together for months. Writing every day, talking on the phone. Of course I know you. Honey, I love you, and that makes me know you."

Tab looked steadily into her eyes. "And you know I could never be, say, like that man in the show tonight—ruining his children's lives, deserting them—"

"Of course not!" she said indignantly.

"Of course not," Tab echoed. He reached out suddenly and took her hand. "Listen. We may be in love. But so were my folks when they got married. But it went wrong anyway. It went wrong and I grew up seeing my mother break her back to support me and Walt, never knowing my father, never having a man in the house. Baby, what if you and I stopped loving each other? What if we did that to our children?"

"But we wouldn't. We won't. — We know—"

"What do we know?" Tab said impatiently. "We can't see the future. No one ever knows, not ever. Honey—I—I don't even know how a father is supposed to act, what he does with his kids. If we were to get married—"

"If?" the girl cried out. "If?"

Tab stood up. His eyes were bewildered. In a low voice he said, "I don't know. Maybe a man who never had a father doesn't have any right to become one. I just—don't know."

He reached for his coat. He tried a smile that didn't quite make it.

And then he was gone.

The girl sat stunned on the couch. In the middle of her blown-up world she knew only one thing. She wasn't being jilted. But the man she loved wasn't ready to marry yet—not her or anyone else.

And Tab Hunter, walking slowly down the hall and out into the street—was remembering.

He had been two, his brother Walt three, when they moved from New York to San Francisco. That was in 1933, twenty-five years ago. But he could remember it still. The hot, dusty hours of traveling. The moment when his mother carried him into the dim little apartment where they were to live. And the sound of his own voice:

"Where's my Daddy? I want my Daddy—"

His mother had set him wearily down on the floor. "Daddy isn't here. He's gone to live somewhere else. Baby, I told you that—"

His eyes streamed tears. His baby fists beat against his mother's arm. "I want to go home. I don't like it here. I want my daddy!"

But Daddy didn't come.

Daddy never came back, and because of that, Mother had to be away also, working as a nurse, taking care of other people and leaving her own children behind.

Her earnings were small and most of them went for rent. Only one room—but in a good neighborhood. Her children would have to be left alone a good deal. She couldn't risk leaving them in a slum, to grow up into strangers, to join a gang.

So she took the one-room in a nice building.

But when the rent was paid, when the lady who looked in on Tab and Walt in the afternoon, gave them lunch and nursed them if they were sick, was paid—there was almost nothing left over.

One cold night, Mrs. Gelien got home late. It had been a bad week, little work. In the refrigerator there was a bottle of milk, and a half-empty can of vegetables. In her purse there was one dollar. And in the apartment, her babies had been waiting alone for her for hours.

She came home exhausted and took one look at their mournful faces. "Come on," she said, making a game of it, not wanting to leave them alone for another minute. "Put on your coats and I'll take you on the sled to the store."

Walt sat on the front of the sled, Tab hung on behind. With her tired arms, Mrs. Gelien pulled. With her tired mind, she tried to plan a dollar's worth of food that would feed three people. Meat was out of the question. She would get potatoes, bread, maybe three eggs, some cheese—

Suddenly the strain on her arm was lessened, the sled seemed lighter. She walked on a few steps and then realized—something had happened. Alarmed, she whirled around. Only Walt was on the sled! Staring down the dark block, she saw a little huddled figure left behind. She dropped the rope and ran.

And there in the middle of the street, up to his waist in snow sat her baby. But he wasn't crying and he wasn't yelling. He was clutching a five-dollar bill.

Mrs. Gelien was never sure whether he had fallen off the sled onto the money—

Today's best laugh: Arthur O'Connell says he sat through a long love scene at a drive-in movie before he noticed he wasn't facing the screen.

*Earl Wilson
in the New York Post*

or had seen it and gone after it. It didn't matter. Now there would be meat for her children. Laughing and crying, she dusted the snow off her son.

By the time he was five, he had known loneliness. He had stood with Walt, peering out from behind the curtains at the children in the street. Children who lived in a magic world of shouts and laughter, who ran down the street with faces shining and arms stretched out when their fathers turned the corner.

And there was plenty to cry about.

He and Walt were different from the other children in school. Brought up by women only, they were shy and quiet; the boisterous games, the pushing and shoving, the loud voices alarmed them. Raised on their mother's meager earnings, they had no money. The other children, proud of their newly-won allowances, would stop by the candy store on the way home from school. Licorice sticks and candy bars would exchange hands. Ice cream cones would be passed around for "licks."

The Gelien boys had no funds to buy their own candy, no extra pennies with which to treat. They were too human to stand around and watch goodies disappear down other boys' throats, and too proud to accept treats they couldn't return.

They went right home after school and sat together in their one-room apartment from three until night, when Mother got home. On one winter afternoon Tab looked up at the door and shook his head.

"I'm not going in," he said.

Walt stared at him. "Why not?"

"There's nothing to do inside."

"There's nothing to do outside, either. You'll freeze."

But he sat stubbornly on the stoop waiting for something to happen—anything. He stayed until his feet were numb and his hands were blue—a lost, lonely little boy with no one to come home to.

Finally he went in.

"Walt, what do other boys do, days?"

Walt shook his head. "I don't know. They—go places, I guess. To baseball games and things."

"All right," Tab said. "I'm going, too."

Tiny as he was, he ran errands that spring, made a quarter here and there, saved it. At school he listened anxiously to the chatter around him. A lot of the boys were being taken to a baseball game one Saturday afternoon. Tab counted his savings. He had enough for a ticket. Very well, he would go to the game. He would be like the other boys. Next Monday he would have something to talk to them about, he would break through his loneliness, be one of them at last.

On Saturday afternoon he trudged to the game, waited patiently on line at the boxoffice. When his turn came, he held out his handful of change proudly. "One, please."

The ticket man looked down at him. "One, eh? You all alone, sonny?"

He nodded gravely. "One. Just one."

The ticket man shook his head. "Sorry. We can't let you in alone. You go home and get your Daddy."

A dull red crept over Tab's face. "My—?"

"Yeah. You go tell your Daddy I said he should take you to the game, hear?"

He turned and fled.

He never tried again.

Time went by. Tab grew big enough to get into a ball game alone. And too big to go on being his mother's little boy. Around him, the other fellows were changing, too. They talked big, about smoking, about drinking, about girls.

"My father says a guy shouldn't mix his drinks, see?"

"My old man told me if I don't smoke till I'm twenty-one he'll give me a hundred dollars—"

He had problems of his own, questions to ask. And no one to answer them.

His mother tried to help, would have done anything in her power. But you can't go to your mother and say, "You're the wrong person to ask. You're wonderful and I love you—but you're a woman. Sometimes a fellow needs a man."

He kept his problems to himself.

They moved around a lot, then. Mrs. Gelien went wherever there was a job. Wherever she went, her sons followed. To begin again the difficult job of making friends, changing schools, being strangers. Once in their moves, they lived next door to a man who took an interest in Tab, a Mr. Valpey. In his den, Tab gradually came to feel at home, to ask questions, take his advice. He cared so much about those sessions that he had to hold himself back from being there all the time, wearing out his welcome. He felt for almost a year that he had a father.

It's hard to grow up

But at the end of the year, they moved again. And in the back of Tab's mind, his babyhood cry echoed over and over—

"I want my Daddy. I want my Daddy—"

By high school it was better—or worse. Depending on how you wanted to look at it. Skinny, tousle-haired little Art Gelien had grown into a young blond giant. Maybe it was the broad shoulders, maybe it was the handsome, even-featured face, or maybe it was the never-outgrown wistful look in his eyes. Whatever it was, it drove the girls crazy. They surrounded him wherever he went, made absolute, open, unashamed fools of themselves to beg for a lock of hair, a date for a dance,

even a smile. At first he liked it. It was a sure-cure for loneliness. He needed it. But it finished him for good with the fellows.

If they had ignored him before, now they actively disliked him.

"That Gelien guy—who does he think he is?"

"What's he trying to do, make a collection of everybody else's steadies?"

He knew how they felt. He grew to almost hate the mobs of girls trailing after him. But he couldn't get rid of them. Any more than he could walk up to one of the guys and say, "Listen, it isn't my fault. I don't want it. Listen, next Saturday I'm going horseback riding for the first time. You want to come along?"

No, he couldn't do that. He went horseback riding, and taught himself to ice skate—alone. He had had no father to teach him, as other boys had. He was used to being alone.

But it wasn't easy. It drove him, one afternoon, to do something he had sworn he would never do. To ask his mother what went wrong.

He had been afraid she would cry. She didn't. She looked at him dry-eyed and said, "I can't tell you all of it. It's too long. I'll tell you this, and maybe it will

be enough. On the day you were born, your father came into the room. I said to him, holding you in my arms, 'We have another son.' He took a candy bar out of his pocket and threw it on the bed. 'Congratulations!' he said. And he walked out."

It was enough. His mother didn't cry, but Tab, fifteen years old, felt the slow tears start behind his eyes.

Two weeks later, he told her he wanted to join the Coast Guard.

It would mean lying about his age. It would mean leaving her alone, for Walt, too, was gone. It would mean going out into the world on his own.

But Mrs. Gelien, with a mother's wisdom, thought not of her own loneliness, but that her son would be finding friends, would be among men at last, would have older men around him, officers whom he could trust and turn to. She would be alone, but he would have found a world.

She said "yes."

It was a decision to be proud of. It was the best thing that ever happened to Tab Hunter. It gave him security and self-confidence; it made him a man—a man who would eventually be ready to become an actor and a star.

But it couldn't do everything.

On a day in 1947 stationed in New York, Tab Hunter walked to the house where his father lived and knocked at the door. A woman answered.

"Does Mr. Gelien live here?"

The woman looked at him curiously. "He isn't in now. Would you like to leave a message? Or wait?"

For a long second, Tab stared at her. "No," he said finally. "Just tell him—his son stopped by."

His son stopped by. Why? Tab never knew. To see his father for himself? To spit out the years of loneliness and misery? To shout "I hate you?" To sneer, "I've done all right without you, see?" To hold out a hand and say, "Let's forget it. Let's be friends?"

Or just to quiet that baby voice: "I want my Daddy, I want my Daddy—"

He never knew. Now, eleven years later, walking away from the girl he loved, he still didn't know. But he knew he was afraid, and that it was because he had never had a father.

He knew that until the questions were answered, there was unfinished business in his life.

END

Tab can be seen in GUNMAN'S WALK for Columbia and in Warner's DAMN YANKEES.

my mother gave me to a mad woman

(Continued from page 50) rocking horse, a few games, and a lot of books and paintings done by children. Then the officers left me with a middle-aged woman who took off my lavender dress with the turtle-shaped buttons, and made me wear a plain, grey cotton dress that buttoned down the front.

I don't know how long I stayed at the orphanage. I think about two years. And I was quite happy there. I got along well with the other children. For the first time in my life I ate regularly. The people were nice to me and the only thing I felt uneasy about were the cribs. We were about forty or fifty children in one ward, all sleeping in cribs of different sizes. Somehow the slats, as the sides were pulled up, frightened me. I felt shut in.

One afternoon, about two years later, I was drawing a house in the playroom. A social worker named Mrs. Camera tapped me on my back. She told me I was going to leave the orphanage, and helped gather up my few belongings—a pencil, a few sheets of paper, a tiny rubber ball, a chewed-up doll, a change of clothes and an extra hat.

Mrs. Camera brought me to a family who lived in an old house on top of a hill overlooking the bay.

The people I stayed with—Mr. and Mrs. B—had two older children, both in high school. I'm not sure whether they took me because they wanted another little girl, or because of the forty dollars a month they would get from the state to take care of me. . . .

Whatever the reason, I felt that Mrs. B did like me. She was big and fat and motherly and very kind to me.

For the first time in my life I made my own friends, two children who lived in the same block. A little Negro boy, and a blond little girl who spoke with a heavy accent, and was called Gretchen. I don't remember the boy's name.

Roots are torn

One morning a taxi pulled up in front of the house. I thought the lady who stepped out of it looked familiar, but I couldn't place her. She told the driver to wait and walked right past me into the house. A few minutes later my foster moth-

er called me inside. She was shaking with sobs when she told me that I was to be taken away from her. It was then that I recognized the woman in the cab—Mrs. Camera, the social worker who had brought me to the house two years before.

Suddenly a thought struck me. Mrs. Camera was going to take me back to my mother! I just knew she would. . . .

I had thought of my mother now and then and missed her in a half-remembering way. And as I grew older, I realized that I wanted her most when I was unhappy, although I would all but forget her when everything was going pretty well.

Back to the orphanage

But Mrs. Camera was not taking me to my mother, but back to the orphanage instead. And again, as I was walking down the rickety stairs of the old home, I could hear Mrs. B sob just as my mother had done four years before, "I don't know why they are taking her away. I don't know. . . ."

I didn't either. I still don't.

When I got back to the orphanage I kept worrying about the tin foil I had left behind at Mrs. B's house. There had been a drive on in kindergarten to collect it for the war effort. I didn't understand the war, but I was proud to have been asked to do my share, and now the results were lying in my room, stuffed into a paper bag. I would never know if they were delivered to my class. . . .

I stayed at the orphanage just a few days—and then I was brought back to my mother after all. It would have been better for me if it hadn't happened.

Everything is very hazy about the few days I spent with her in a dark, musty room of a San Francisco hotel. My mother looked much older than I had remembered her, and unkempt, and she would cry easily and often. She talked a lot to me but somehow it never got through to me. Once in a while she would suddenly pull me close and hug me, and I could feel her warm tears. . . .

One night—it was the day after Christmas—she packed the battered old suitcase and took me to the station. We were on the train all night, heading south.

I don't know why she had chosen Los

Angeles. Maybe she had some friends or relatives there.

It was just getting dark when we arrived at the three-story frame house in one of Los Angeles' least fashionable sections. When she rang the bell I still didn't know that Mother was just going to leave me there. A huge, strapping woman opened the door. She smiled sweetly as she guided us into the living room, where I stayed while the women walked into the kitchen.

While they talked, I became interested in the toys scattered through the huge living room, some still partially wrapped in gay Christmas paper. They belonged to my new mother's kids.

I don't know why I did what I did next. Maybe because I got no toys for Christmas. Maybe because I was about to be left once again. Maybe—I just don't know. But suddenly I grabbed a piece of crayola and scratched it across the toy blackboard, ruining it completely. Then I went to work on the other toys, pulling and tearing and throwing them through the room, ruining every piece. And when my new mother stalked into the room I pretended I was sorry for what I had done. She didn't punish me for it. . . . yet.

My own mother left before supper. I was so tired I couldn't eat much, and was put to bed early while the others were still eating.

The next morning, my new mother—I'll call her Mrs. X from now on—leaned over me bright and early. She seemed so big, looming over me. But she was smiling. "Are you ready for breakfast, dear?"

"I always brush my teeth before I eat," I exclaimed defiantly.

I got dressed, and walked downstairs where I met Mrs. X's two children, a boy of six, which was my age, and another boy three years younger. I took an immediate dislike to the six-year-old.

Again I did something I can't explain. The moment we were alone in the room, I scratched him across the cheek until I drew blood. Then I rushed into the dining room and sweetly volunteered my services to set the table.

When Mrs. X saw what I did to her son, she gently pulled me aside. She really seemed to be trying to understand me. "Why did you do it?" she asked. "Aren't you happy here?"

I tried to hold back my tears, but not



Rinses twice as clean..

successfully. No, I wasn't happy. I was miserable.

Everything might have still worked out if it hadn't been for the grandparents. They resented me from the very beginning. They came over often; they adored their grandchildren; they considered me an intruder and showed it openly and pointedly. . . . Soon the effect began to tell on Mrs. X.

The nightmare begins

Other things began to influence her, too. One of the reasons she took me into her home was that she could have no more children. Since she had always wanted a daughter, I was to take her place. That's why she became more and more upset whenever I started talking about my own mother, and how I missed her. She wanted me to think of *her* as my real mother.

Mrs. X was a strong domineering woman who had to have her way, who wouldn't tolerate anything contrary to her own ideas and who wanted to know everything I did, said, thought. "If you come back from school and tell me a girl you talked to wore a red skirt and I later find out it was green, you are going

to be punished, June," she threatened me.

To make sure that she knew everything I did, she had spies everywhere—in the neighborhood, at school, in church. People would report on me because she asked them to, and they respected her, and because they thought I was a terrible girl. Mrs. X told them that.

She was a brutal woman. If I did something wrong—and 'wrong' could mean not remembering the color of a couch I sat on or the name of a girl I talked to or exactly what the teacher told me in school—I was punished severely and painfully. I was spanked with switches, knocked down-stairs, tied to chairs and locked in dark closets till I thought I would suffocate. Once she threw me into the bathtub. When I complained about a backache, she sneered that I was a sissy and refused to call a doctor. I'm still having trouble with my back as a result of it. . . .

Mostly I dreaded it when she compared me with the inmates of the insane asylum where she occasionally worked during the day as a practical nurse. This form of punishment was reserved for special occasions, like the time I ate a piece of candy without asking her permission

first. I took it from a box of chocolates given to me by a boy in school for Valentine's Day. I hadn't dared tell Mrs. X about it because she didn't tolerate letting me have any friends, boys or girls. This had been the first box of candy anyone had ever given me, and I had sneaked it into the house and hid it under my pillow. "See, this is how we treat our patients when we put them into strait-jackets," she laughed devilishly when she caught me and slapped my face over and over and over again. It was so black and blue and swollen that the school principal called me into his office the next day and wanted to know what had happened.

I was afraid to tell the truth because I knew it would only get me more beatings. And so I lied about running into a door.

No one to believe me

By this time Mrs. X didn't treat her own children much better than she did me. The oldest boy tried to win favors by kissing and hugging her. She was getting worse and worse. The younger one stood up to her, but both hated her violently. One day Mr. X simply walked out of the

house and never came back. After that, Mrs. X never did seem sane.

I was ten years old now. I was never allowed to have friends, to go to anyone else's house, even if I had time for it, which I didn't. I was too busy with chores which included taking care of five children who boarded with Mrs. X during the day. I changed them and fed them and played with them and fixed their lunches. I never got a cent for it. I didn't even have carfare and had to walk twelve blocks twice a day to get to school. Surprisingly, it took over four more years before my plight was discovered. I knew by now that Mrs. X was a mad woman. She was also a clever and cunning woman.

A welfare worker would check up on me once in a while. Mrs. X always knew in advance when to expect her and made me move my cot from beside the ice box in the kitchen, where I usually slept, to an upstairs bedroom. Welfare children were supposed to have a place of their own. She threatened me with additional punishment if I ever said a word about it to anyone.

Even our next door neighbor, a Methodist minister, didn't know what was going on at first, although eventually, when my case came up in court, he was among the people able to testify in my behalf.

Once my mother came to stay with us for two weeks. The moment I saw her walk through the front door I rushed over and threw my arms around her and begged her to take me away. I told her about the terrible treatment I was getting—but she didn't believe me.

She must have told Mrs. X about it because the next morning Mrs. X blocked my way when I tried to leave the kitchen. She had a knife in her right hand and poked the point into my forehead. "Did you ask your mother to take you away from here?" she hissed.

I could feel the perspiration form on my face, my hands, my back. "No, I didn't," I lied. "Honest, I didn't. . . ."

The knife's point dug in. "You are lying. I can always tell when you are

lying. . . ." And then came her warning: "If you tell her anything else you'll be in real trouble. . . ."

All caution to the wind

With that she turned and left.

When I saw my mother leave later in the week, I threw all caution to the wind. "Take me along," I pleaded. "Take me away from here. I'll do anything . . . anything. . . ."

Mother just shook her head sadly and left.

But I did get away—when I was fourteen.

I had made a friend in school despite Mrs. X's close watch—a boy who had graduated that year. He had occasionally taken me to the games during the afternoons, while I pretended to be doing extra work in school. Of course I never dared ask him over to the house or even mention his name.

I told him that I wanted him to take me away from Mrs. X, to my mother in Long Beach. I had known her address all along because she had told me that she would get me when I was eighteen, but not to come to her before. I couldn't wait that long.

The boy didn't want to do it. He was afraid of being called a kidnapper, of getting into all sorts of trouble with the police and his own family. But when I threatened to leave home with or without him, he promised to help. We figured out a plan and put it into action the following Saturday.

To make trailing me more difficult, I borrowed a skirt and sweater from another girl in school. I promised to send them back later. On Saturday night I locked the doors of the house as usual, or rather pretended to. Mrs. X called me from upstairs, "Did you lock all the doors?"

"Yes, I did," I hollered back. I grabbed the extra clothes that were hidden behind the icebox and ran out the back door into the alley where my friend was waiting with his car.

A few minutes later we stopped at a gas

station. I rushed into the ladies room and changed my clothes. Then I got back into the car and we headed for my mother's place in Long Beach.

But Mrs. X had already notified the police that I had run away, and two detectives were waiting for me. They agreed to give my mother a chance to talk to me first, before they took me to the station.

The detectives left. Mother accompanied me to Juvenile Hall in Santa Ana. They put me in the Julia Lathrop Detention Hall till my case came up for review by a judge.

Three days later my case was reviewed. Mrs. X presented her side of the story so cleverly that the judge made me go back.

I had expected the worst beating of my life when I entered the house I had fled less than a week before. Instead, I got a new, much more frightening type of punishment. I think Mrs. X was trying to drive me out of my mind. . . .

The real torture

She would hide things from me. When I'd ask what happened to my brown skirt, for example, she'd look at me strangely. "Why—you never had a brown skirt." She dug up the geraniums and when I asked her what had happened to them, she denied they were ever there.

She forbade me to play outside, because she insisted I was terribly ill and had to rest. She told me I had tuberculosis, and yellow jaundice, and a lot of other, much more dreadful diseases. . . . And one day she insisted she couldn't handle me any more, and made me move in with a friend of hers.

For the first time in years I felt relieved—till I found out that the friend had been so thoroughly indoctrinated by Mrs. X that she went right along with her ideas and just let me loaf and lie around the house and do nothing. I became terribly depressed.

As the days grew into weeks and the weeks into months, I slept more and more. I became weaker all the time. Later a doctor explained to me that I was really

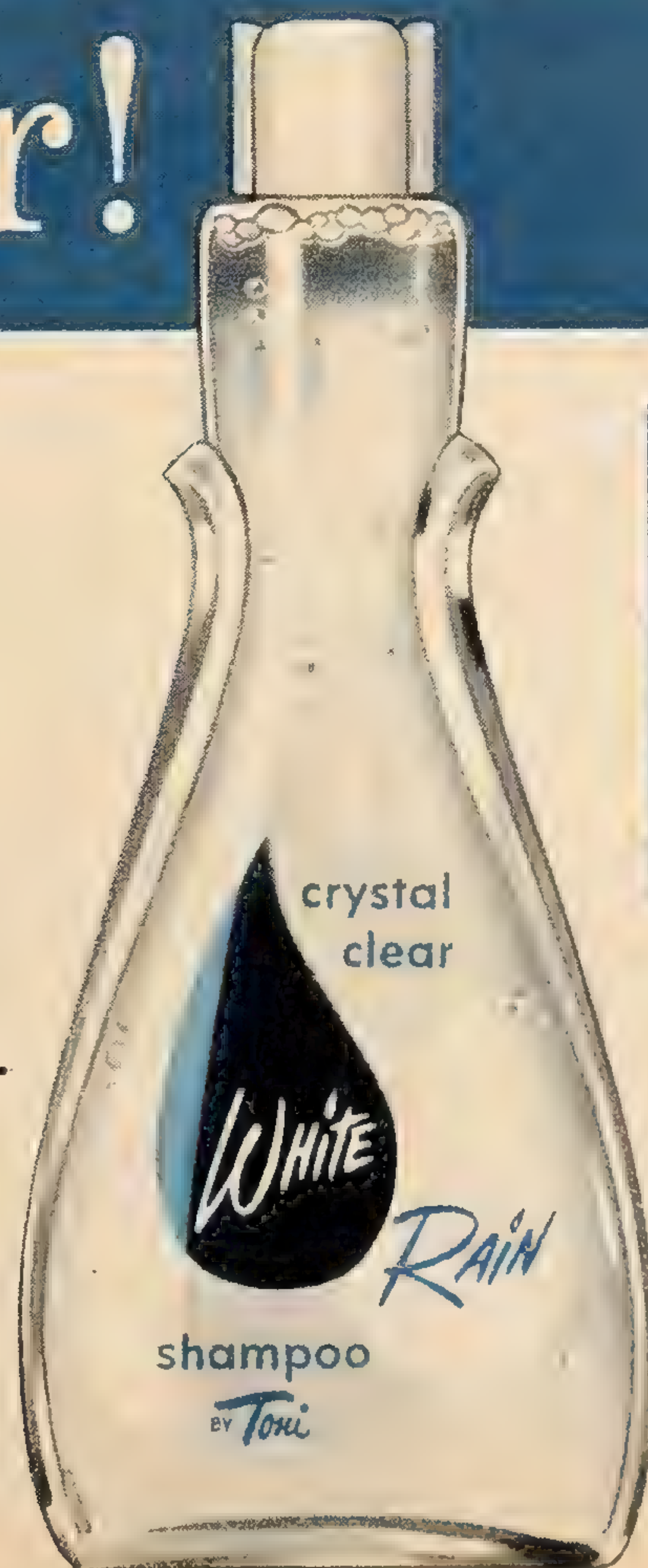
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on the verge of a nervous breakdown and used sleep as an escape. I thought I was dying and was afraid it would happen when I was awake. Actually, there was nothing wrong with me, physically. . . .

In spite of the fear, the boredom, the loneliness of the year I spent that way, at least I was happy to be away from Mrs. B. But one day I decided I wanted to get back to my mother. I packed my belongings once again and headed for the cheap hotel in Long Beach where she stayed.

There was no one in her room when I arrived. I waited till it was getting dark. Then I got scared. I looked out of her window into the parking lot below and recognized the attendant. I knew him, thank God! He drove me to the house of my girlfriend Sylvia from school.

The next day we set out to find my mother. No one knew what had happened to her, so we went to the police station. This turned out to be the wrong move. The desk sergeant was suspicious and called Sylvia's parents. There was no answer. Suddenly—too late—we realized that they had gone to Pasadena for the day. We were minors and had no identifications and no place to go. They took us to Juvenile Hall.

The following morning I found out why my mother had not been in her hotel. She was in jail, on the floor above us. . . .

The police finally got hold of Sylvia's parents and provided her with transportation home. But when I wanted to go along, my mother had a sudden fit of jealousy and told the police that I couldn't stay with Sylvia's folks. And so I spent the weekend in jail in a tiny room which I shared with two other girls—both prostitutes. . . .

Beginning of the end

At least this incident brought my case to a head. On Monday morning I was taken to Los Angeles Juvenile Hall, to appear before a woman judge.

Ordinarily, girls in my predicament are given only one court hearing before the judge decides what should be done. Fortunately for me, I got a second chance—

At the first hearing, Mrs. X made quite an impression on the judge with her accusations. She cried out that I was incorrigible, that I stayed out late at night, that I went around with all sorts of boys of questionable character, that I set a bad example for other children.

Her statements were corroborated by two friends who, I am sure, were completely taken in by her. In spite of the treatment she handed out to me and her own children, she had established a reputation as a fine, law-abiding and kind woman! However, Mrs. X went into such hysterics that the judge became suspicious about her story and had me temporarily assigned to El Retiro State School for Children until she could review my case a second time.

And then the truth came out at last. The minister who lived next door told about the beatings I got in the backyard; the high school principal testified about my black eyes and bruised face; some of the day boarders dared to speak up and so did a number of other children from my school.

I was taken away from Mrs. X's jurisdiction for good.

Since my mother was incapable of looking after me, I now became a ward of the State.

The judge gave me the choice of being boarded at a home where the state would pay forty dollars a month toward my upkeep, which would enable me to go to school full time, or to work for my living at a private home. I chose the latter. And so I moved in with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Zidervelt, an insurance salesman and his wife.



Earl Holliman is sold on the Cancer Crusade. And he hopes that his friends and fans will join him in sending contributions to CANCER—care of your local post office.

I looked after their two young children.

They were very kind and very considerate with me. I was happy with them but I had become terribly touchy about my background. These things seem so very important when you're fifteen. It showed by the stories I made up about my family.

I told the other girls in school—I attended half-session, four hours a day—that I was staying with the Zidervelts, "Because my parents live in Huntington Beach;" other times I insisted they really were my parents; and then I had them live in Canada, till one day one of the girls burst out, "You have too many parents, June. . . ."

But I just had to tell them something. All the kids at school had mothers, fathers, kid sisters and brothers . . . and what did I have? Just a big lonely ache in my heart.

Another move

When I met another girl in school, who was adopted, and who asked if I wanted to move in with her and her family, I thought this was a fine idea. I would be able to share a home with someone whose situation was similar to mine. Also, since in this case the state paid the \$40 subsistence for me, I would be able to go to school full time after all.

The court had no objections to the change, and so I moved in with my girlfriend and her 'family.'

It was not a happy choice. Although they showed none of the brutality I had experienced with Mrs. X, my girlfriend was beaten often, and I got it twice myself. I was sick of being mistreated again. The second time I threatened our 'mother.' "If you ever lay a hand on me again," she said, "I'm going to report you to the authorities. . . ."

She didn't. But our relationship didn't exactly improve either. As a result, when my girlfriend became eighteen and was permitted to move out and get a place of her own, I moved right along with her. Of course we kept it from the authorities because they wouldn't have approved—I

was only seventeen. But I was glad to get out of the house and they were as anxious to have me leave—so there was no one to give me away.

Neither my girlfriend nor I had much money when we left and although she got a job, it hardly paid for the rent of the one-room apartment in Santa Monica. I cut my school down to four hours again and took a \$15-a-week babysitting job. For months we lived from hamburgers and peanut butter sandwiches, and while we never actually starved, there were times when we could have used an extra meal. . . .

I can still remember how I envied the kids I knew who had a real home where they got plenty to eat and all the love anyone could ever want. . . . But I still kept on, no matter what.

Even before I finished high school I took a job as a typist with an insurance agency. My take-home pay was \$18.26 a week. Our rent was \$18.00. I didn't know how much twenty-six cents could mean till the evening I came home and found a note from my roommate, telling me she had left to join her boyfriend in Huntington Beach. . . .

The rent was due the same day.

I paid it, then used ten cents out of the twenty-six cents I had left to make a phone call to the family I babysat for and asked if I could spend the night with them. They took me in not only for the night but till I got a secretarial job at Technicolor, which paid me enough to be on my own.

The tide turns

From then on my life was the happier side of the Cinderella story. I registered with Central Casting. Within a short time I had worked as an extra at every major studio. I did modeling, won small roles in television shows, posed for a few commercials. Then a year ago I went to see Ben Bard, head of Twentieth Century-Fox's New Talent Department. I was offered a long-term contract by the studio. I was loaned out to Warner Brothers for the feminine lead in *Island of Lost Women* and a starring part in *Lone Texan* for Regal Productions. Then I was given an important role in *Hell-Bent Kid*, with Hugh O'Brian, and will play Tommy Sands' love interest in *Mardi Gras*.

. . . And my mother? I did see her once again—about a year and a half ago when I was rushed to the County General Hospital with an appendicitis attack. When I registered, the head nurse asked if I was related to a Patricia Blair. "She's my mother," I replied, "but I don't know where she is. . . ."

The receptionist gave me an uneasy look and went into a huddle with another woman. "She's upstairs. . . ." she said at last. "In the maternity ward. . . ."

I saw her only once after that when I brought some baby things to her.

Once, just once, I tried to find out more about my own past. Except for some vague remarks about an Irish father and a Castilian grandfather and a grandmother who was a Cherokee Indian, I never knew anything about my family. So I went to the Bureau of Vital Statistics in Los Angeles and tried to find out more about them. The woman who finally located the files went through them very carefully, then looked me in the face, sadly, seriously, "June," she said at last, "it seems you are coming out on top. Leave the door closed on what has happened. Believe me, it is best that way. . . ."

It was then that I decided to close the book on my past forever and live with the present and the future—which looks so promising.

June can be seen in *ISLAND OF LOST WOMEN* and *LONE TEXAN*, both for 20th Fox.

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☐ am not very familiar with him
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☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her

I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE DEAN JONES:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE FRANCE NUYEN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE SAL MINEO:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE THE LENNON SISTERS:

☐ more than almost any stars ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with them
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE DENNIS CROSBY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE CATHY CROSBY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE JUNE BLAIR:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**13. I READ: ☐ all of LOUELLA PARSONS
IN HOLLYWOOD ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all**

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE

(2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE

(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE NAME

ADDRESS STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

Here are the poll prize winners for August: Mrs. Louise H. Wiman, Laurel, Mississippi; Doris Armstrong, Lorain, Ohio; Darlene Ruth Hardy, Paramount, California; Mrs. Jerome Malece, Morgan, Minn.; Juana Hernandez, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary Barbara Panko, Carteret, N. J.; Deanna Salvatore, Jersey City, N. J.; Beverly Ray, Stanton, Calif.; Jan Sanderson, San Antonio, Texas; Angela Wedo, Trenton, N. J.

a little love story

(Continued from page 41) me, charm isn't enough. I have to know a person from the heart. This is the only way I can feel close to them. I'm a heart person, if there is such a classification. Maybe this comes from my deep feeling for religion. When I was young I learned to give myself to prayer so strongly that the heart and mind and spirit became the important things of life to me—not the flash and glitter of the slick outside world.

Possibly this is why Hollywood is Lonelyville to me. I always get that sick, lonesome feeling when I go there, but I never had it so sharply as one week last spring. I had been to Hollywood before so it wasn't as if I were a babe in the woods. I guess I was frightened and scared because I'd gotten to know the Hollywood where hundreds of kids are beating their brains out trying to get that one lucky break that'll give them a chance to be the stars they dream about. So they harden themselves and learn to get attention in the shrewdest and trickiest ways.

But I'm veering away from my story. I just want you to know how someone can feel so lonely out there. . . .

We'd been shooting the film, *The Young Don't Cry* late that Friday night, and I'd gone home beat. I ached from the long week's work. The studio told us we could rest over the weekend because the next week would be a rough one with shooting schedules running into the night.

When I arrived home, I just about collapsed. I forced myself to take a hot bath to ease the tension and the tiredness and fell into bed. I awoke before sun-up with this strange knot of loneliness inside me, twisting and turning. It was as if I wanted to cry desperately, but the tears wouldn't come. I couldn't go back to sleep. I tossed nervously, wondering what to do. When the pink glow of dawn flickered along the rim of the night-blue sky, I decided to get up and drive for a while.

The night ride

I had my '49 blue Mercury with me—the sister car from *Rebel Without a Cause* which I had bought from the studio. I had doctored it myself with dual carburetors and exhausts. I dressed, made some toast in the kitchen and drank a pint of milk. And I took off. To where? I didn't know.

I remember stopping once at a gas station after dawn to gas up the car, then I drove south for a while. The sun had come up all the way, and I must have been driving for a couple of hours when I decided to go back. This was silly, I said to myself. What was I running away from? Hollywood has often had peculiar effects on me, but nothing so strange as this. . . .

I decided that the beach would restore my spirits. So I drove to Malibu and picked out the most deserted section and threw myself down on the hot sand. I stretched out and let the sun pour its warm rays on me. In a few moments I was in a daze, almost as if I were in a half-real dream. I kept imagining people were staring at me, but I wouldn't open my eyes. I was lost in this dream world, and I didn't want to face the frantic beach world only a stone's throw away.

But this feeling of being stared at was overpowering. I finally sat up and looked around, and I saw this girl.

She turned and looked away as soon as I spotted her. It seemed like I'd heard a giggle so I reckoned she recognized me. In a little while I found myself flirting although I couldn't see her too well. The sun was strong and in my eyes. But for the moment, the flirting took my mind

away from the terrible loneliness inside me.

As far as I could tell, the girl was seventeen or eighteen. And she had wonderful long dark hair. I liked her sheepish manner. She was embarrassed to be flirting openly. I figured the flirting would end as soon as she got up enough gumption to come over and ask me for an autograph.

But she never asked me for my signature. She never came over. I was the one who went to her and introduced myself. I wanted to take my mind away from my loneliness.

She admitted she recognized me. But as we talked during these first few minutes I paid little, if any, attention to what she said. I was fascinated by her eyes. They were so intense and piercing.

She asked me about my next movie and wondered why I was on the beach alone, and I told her. . . .

She knew all about me

Then she did the most wonderful thing. She didn't pry at me about my low spirits. She started to tell me all about the things she'd read about me—right down to the fact that I liked to sleep with my bedroom windows wide open. When someone thinks so much of you to remember these small details, it makes you feel warm inside—and kind of special.

I asked her for her name, and she wouldn't tell it to me. I knew she was shy, so I begged her. All she would tell me were her initials. B. G.

"I can't believe it," she said. "I can't believe I'm talking to Sal Mineo." Her voice was furry and it made my spine curl. To tell the truth, she wasn't a sexy type. But her eyes and her voice and her soft manner and her long hair really got me.

"Don't talk about me anymore," I told her. "Tell me about yourself."

But she wouldn't tell me a thing. "It's not important," she said. "Is it?"

For a while we talked about the movie business, and I realized she was intrigued by it. So I asked her to come with me to visit a friend of mine who was a popular movie star. I wouldn't tell her who he was. I said it would be a surprise.

She hedged. Then refused—but I coaxed her. She agreed to come only if she could follow me with her car.

First we grabbed a bite to eat at a lunch counter. Then we drove to the Chateau Marmont, the bungalow hotel in Hollywood where many of the young stars live. I led the way with my blue Mercury, and she followed me in a battered beige Chevy with a rattling motor.

When we arrived at the hotel, I checked to see if Paul Newman was in. I was sure she'd get a kick out of meeting him. I learned Paul was out at the pool.

Big names at the pool

I took her to the pool and after I spotted Paul, I brought her over and introduced her as my friend, Beegee. Paul wasn't married then to Joanne Woodward, and I could tell Beegee was stunned, meeting him this way. I walked Beegee around the pool and introduced her to Natalie Wood, Nicky Adams and Tab Hunter.

Beegee looked uncomfortable. We sat on some beach chairs, and I tried to make conversation with her, but she was tongue-tied. I looked into her eyes and they gave her away. I realized she was scared.

"Beegee," I said, "what's bothering you?" "Nothing."

I tried to get her to tell me, but she wouldn't talk.

"I'm going to go," she said, looking around the pool at the young actors and actresses splashing each other and playing water games.

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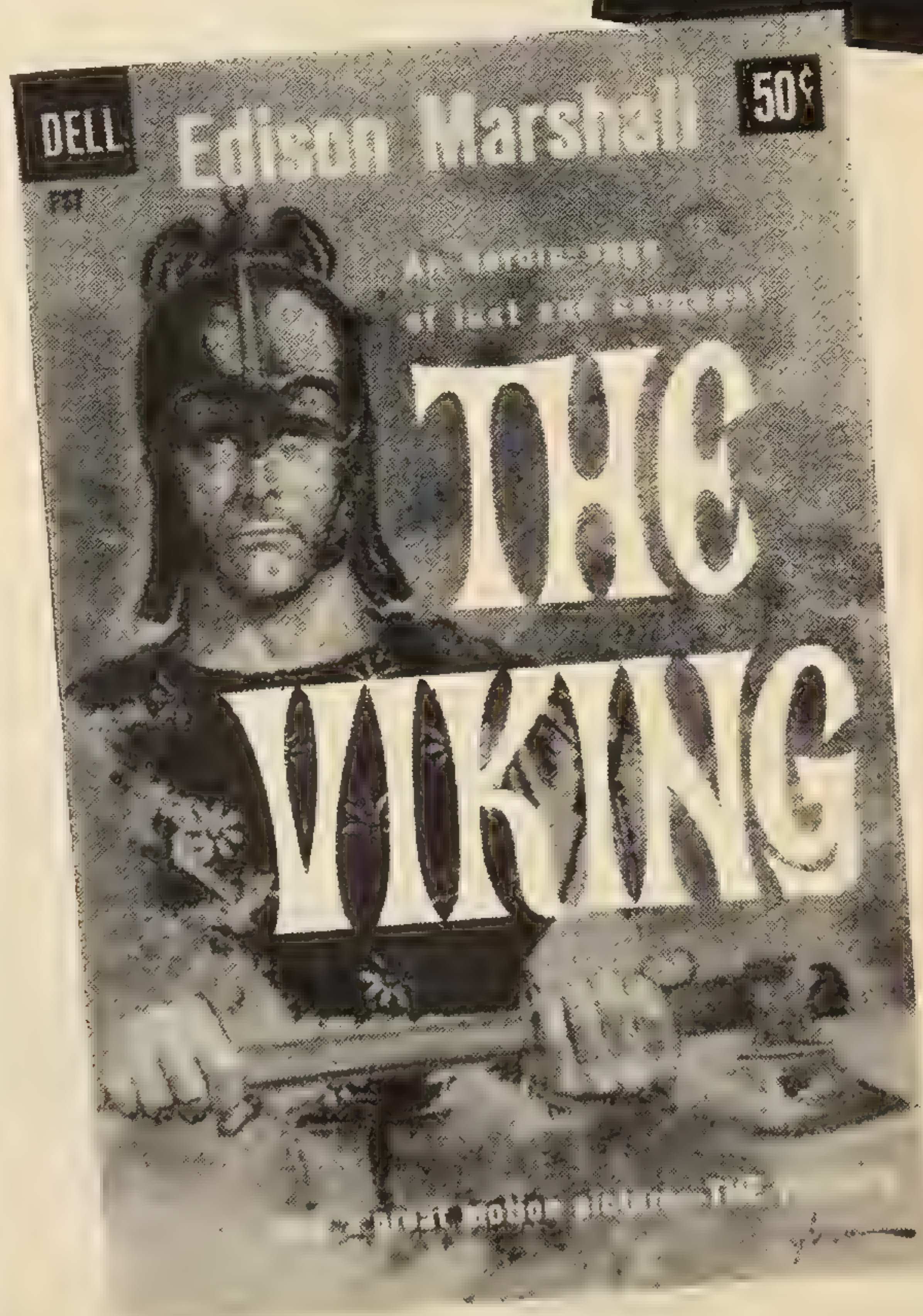
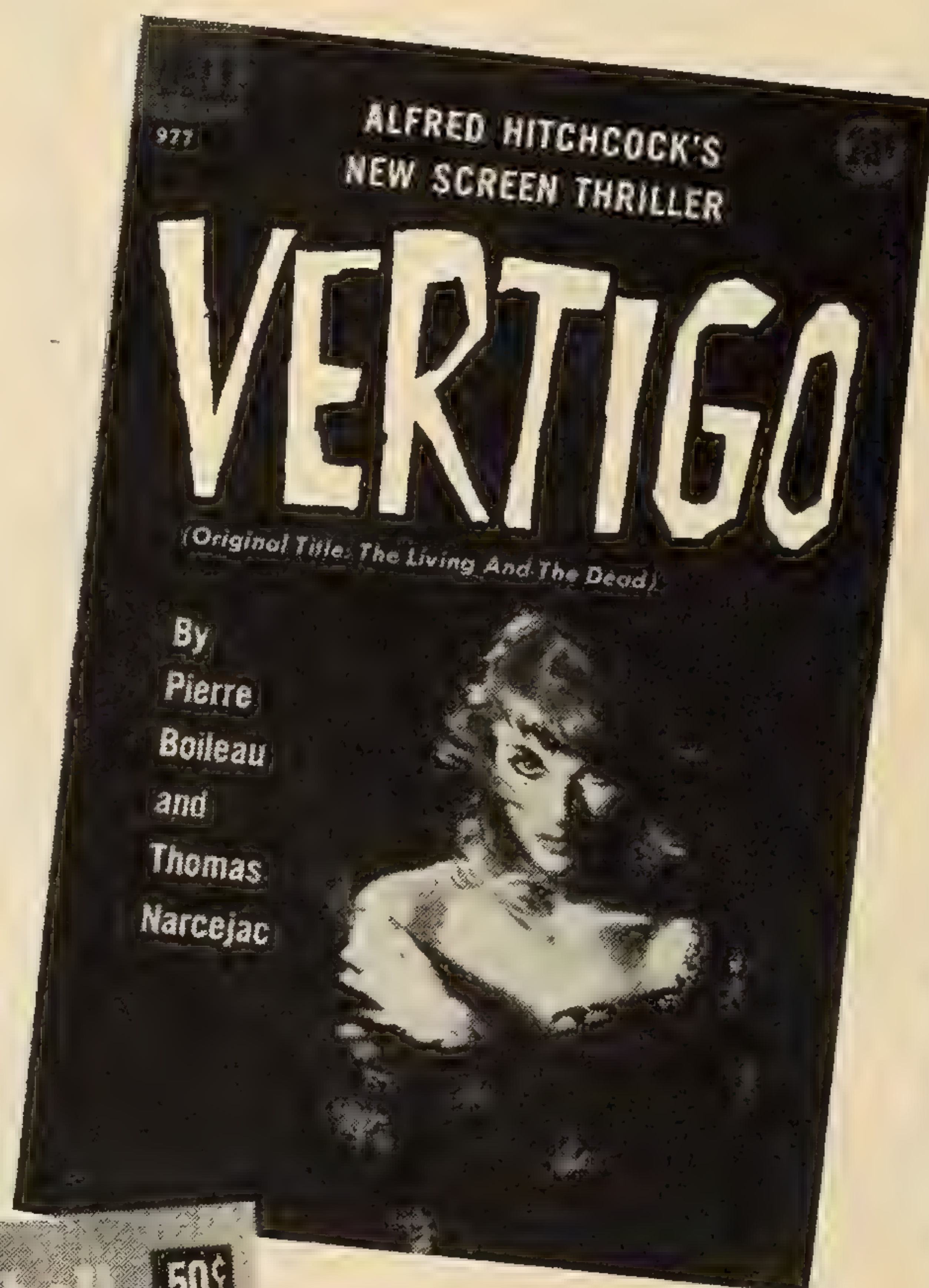
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"Goodbye," she said. She got up and started to run.

I ran after her. "Beegee," I called, but she wouldn't turn around. I caught up with her when she got to her car.

"Beegee, why are you upset?"

"I'm leaving," she said softly. "Goodbye. And thanks. It was nice meeting you." She switched on the ignition and shifted gears. The car motor wheezed and she was off.

I decided to follow her. She had a little start on me, but I hopped in my car and trailed after her—to Malibu Beach.

"Why did you run away like that, Beegee?" I asked when I caught up to her.

"I don't know," she said.

"Did I say something that upset you?"

~~~~~

**What did Albert Einstein, Robert Flaherty, Charlie Chaplin, Ben Hecht, Marlene Dietrich and Jayne Mansfield have in common? Answer: they all played the fiddle.**

*Sidney Skolsky  
in the New York Post*

~~~~~

Then she looked at me with her beautiful penetrating eyes. "Gee, Sal," she said, "you ought to be able to figure it out. I just didn't belong there. I'm not an actress, and everybody there was a part of the movie business. Sure," she said, "I'm crazy about the movies, but I just don't belong there with all those people. I'm just . . . just . . ." and she hesitated.

"What?" I said quickly.

"A . . . a schoolgirl, that's all. Nothing more. I'm only a fan. No talent, no ambition other than being a good wife to somebody someday.

"It was wonderful meeting you," she said. "You were very thoughtful to bring me there, but maybe someday when I'm older I'll appreciate it more. I . . . I felt so ashamed. They were all somebody . . . and I . . . I was nobody."

I was deeply touched. "Beegee," I said, "I'm sorry. I . . . I promise never to mention Hollywood to you again." I paused. "Listen, do you have a bathing suit in the car?" She nodded. "I do too," I told her. "Why don't we go for a dip? I'll dare you to see who gets into the water first. Last one in is a turtle!"

She laughed, and it was good to hear the sound of her fresh, sweet laughter. We raced to our cars, and I wrestled with my bathing trunks in the back seat of my car.

When I got out and ran to the beach, I found her already there in the water yelling "Turtle! Turtle!"

That peculiar sensation

We swam out for a while, not saying a word. The water was warm from the sun. After we swam back to shore, I found myself suddenly embarrassed. I guess she was, too. There we were, dripping wet from our swim, standing face to face in our bathing suits. There's something funny and strange about being in front of someone you don't know very well wearing only a bathing suit. I'm not speaking of modesty. I mean a peculiar sensation that goes through you as you stand nearly naked before someone you like but don't know too well.

Embarrassed or not, I grabbed her hand and said, "Let's run along the water's edge." And we did, running hand in hand, our feet splashing across the foam that rippled along the shore.

Now she was acting herself again. She was relaxed, and she was so animated I got great enjoyment out of watching her. She asked me about the religious medal I wear around my neck which was blessed by the Pope.

We stopped for cokes and some burgers

at a soft-drink stand. I tried to get her to tell me something about herself, but got nowhere. She would get this faraway look in her blue eyes and say, "I don't want to talk about me."

"Why, Beegee?"

"Because . . . because I'm having a lot of fun, and when I talk about myself I . . . I . . ." She never finished the sentence. She told me it was getting late and that she'd have to go home.

True, it was late in the afternoon. The sun was lowering in the west, and the people along the crowded stretch of Malibu Beach had begun to scatter.

How could I let her leave me? She had drawn me out of my loneliness, made me forget about myself, brought happiness into my day. She had accepted me as a boy, a young guy whose name is Salvatore Mineo, not Sal Mineo the movie star.

"Why don't you call your folks and tell them you have a date for dinner and that you'll be home later?" I said impulsively.

"I'm not dressed," she said.

"Look at me," I told her. "I've got a polo shirt and some seersucker pants. We could go somewhere informal."

"Okay," she said. She was game. Again

James Garner of *Maverick* says he seldom watches the *Perry Como Show*: "When I think of Perry I get sleepy and fall off my horse."

Earl Wilson
in the *New York Post*

our two cars started up, hers behind mine, and I led her to an Italian place off Hollywood Boulevard, one of my favorite eating spots. Nothing pretentious—just good spicy food. A lot of young people hang out there. And there are singing waiters who serenade the customers with Neapolitan airs.

We arrived and were ushered to a special table near a balcony covered with vines. I reached across the table and held her hand.

"Beegee," I told her. "I can't tell you what you've done for me."

She smiled. But she wasn't one for sentimentality. She began reading the menu, asking me about all the different Italian dishes.

We ordered minestrone soup and spaghetti marinara with meatballs, a combination salad for two and zabaglione for dessert. By the meal's end we were stuffed. A waiter came over and serenaded Beegee with a romantic song, "Buona Notte."

"I've got to go," she said when the song ended. I realized she hadn't telephoned her parents.

"Beegee," I said. "Why didn't you call your mother?"

"Don't worry about it," she told me. I tried to get some information from her about her parents, where they lived, but she wouldn't reveal a thing.

I paid the bill, and we went out into the darkening Hollywood night. We went to our cars, and I asked her if I could see her tomorrow on the beach. We could go for a swim, maybe take in a Sunday movie, have dinner again at Micelle's place since she liked the food so much.

"Maybe," she said in a whisper. "I can't promise."

We said good-bye again and got into our cars. In a minute she was off and gone, her motor wheezing. But I was having trouble with my car. After five minutes of fussing with it, I realized I had a flat tire.

What a way to end a beautiful day, I thought. I jacked up the car, changed the flat, got dirt and grease all over my hands and clothes. I drove home tired—but no longer lonely.

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Beegee's gone

Next morning I was up bright and early. After early Mass I drove to Malibu, waited all morning in our own special section of the beach. But no Beegee. I wandered along the beach for a while, had lunch, then returned home to study my script for Monday's shooting.

Naturally I thought about her all day. Why didn't she come to Malibu? It would have made the weekend perfect.

I chided myself with the thought that I was being greedy. I should be satisfied with the good time we had on Saturday.

On Monday I was at the studio, and I had just finished a difficult crying scene. One of the studio guides came to me and said I had a visitor.

It was Beegee, looking absolutely lovely. "Beegee," I said and I reached out for her hand.

She told me she had to get my autograph. She wanted to have it as a souvenir of our Saturday together.

I had the script girl get a Kodachrome picture I had taken for publicity purposes, and I autographed it, "To Beegee—my favorite Saturday date. Fondly, Sal."

I asked her to let me show her around the studio. She didn't have the time, she told me. She had to get back. This was her lunch hour.

She took the picture from me, and we shook hands, and I asked her to let me see her again, but she nodded her head and looked at me with those beautiful eyes. "No," she said. "I want to remember everything as it was—" She paused, then said in a low voice, "I'll remember it always, Sal. Always."

Before I knew it she had her arms around me. She gave me a big bear hug and kissed me quickly.

She let go, turned and ran faster than

I've seen any girl run. She could have won a Marathon race, she was so fast. Was she returning to school, I wondered. Why wouldn't she let me see her again?

There was nothing I could do. If this was the way she wanted it, this was the way it would be. But I'd never forget her. She helped me when I needed help; she helped me forget myself.

"Thanks, Beegee," I called out to her. "Thanks for everything."

She didn't turn around. Her skirt rustled in the breeze. Soon she vanished behind the studio traffic. I returned to the set for my next scene.

If anyone ever meets up with her—a dark-haired, sweet girl whose initials are B. G. and she recalls this episode I've told you about—please, please tell her I'm looking for her. I'd love to have another date. I think about her all the time.

Tell her she can name the time and place—and I'll be there!

END

You can soon see Sal in *TUBIE'S MONUMENT* and in *THE GENE KRUPA STORY*, both for Columbia.

You'll be able to get one of Sal Mineo's extended play albums this summer for just 50¢ and the plaid tab from a roll of "Scotch" brand cellophane tape. The 45 rpm album—entitled *SAL SINGS*—an Epic record that would normally retail at \$1.29—includes *TOO YOUNG*, *BABY FACE*, *START MOVING IN MY DIRECTION* and *LITTLE PIGEON*.

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happy birthday, natalie

(Continued from page 35) herself. For the girl who celebrated her nineteenth birthday only a year before in Hollywood could not have said those words, or dreamed of them. Three years before that, the difference was even greater—and not merely in age. For Natalie Wood, the seven birthdays of her teens have been milestones on the road to this day, pointing the way toward the girl she has become, the woman she is going to be. Not one of them could have been foreseen twelve months earlier—Natalie changes too fast, too excitingly for prophecy. But each birthday had its own special meaning in her life. Each one was, in its way, a day of wonder.

HER THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1951

It was a day of misery—and of very special triumph. And it ended a strange, hard year.

When Natalie's thirteenth birthday rolled around, she had been a movie star, curled and pigtailed, for nine years. She had played brats and darlings, bits and leads; she was cute and talented and very professional, and Twentieth Century-Fox was perfectly willing that she go on playing babies forever. There was only one trouble—little girls do get bigger. And Natalie did. She got bigger, and the studio got frantic. When they couldn't put her in rompers any more, they ordered pinafores. When the pinafores got too short, they sewed on ruffles. "You could pass for seven," they told her hopefully, watching her trudge, in her little-girl outfits, from the stage to the studio school where she learned her lessons. "You can go on forever—"

As far as Natalie was concerned, that was fine. She loved her work. But there was one change she wanted made. She was tired of the studio school, the one teacher, the few pupils, the loneliness. She wanted friends her own age, lots of them.

"I want to go to junior high," she told her mother firmly. "Robert Fulton Junior High. Just as soon as I'm done with elementary."

She got no arguments. So on a bright September morning Natalie Wood put on her prettiest pinafore and tied new ribbons at the ends of her braids—and went off to junior high—looking, indeed, as if she could pass for seven.

To a grown-up it might have been funny—the stunned little girl staring at her contemporaries in their straight dark skirts, their well-fitted sweaters, with horror in her eyes as she realized for the first time that she was an outsider, a freak.

It was a tragedy of no small proportions.

It was remedied quickly, of course. One glimpse of her daughter's heartbroken tears, one hour learning the truth—and Mrs. Gurdin, Nat's mother, was ready for action. She took Natalie downtown to the stores, and that day the pinafores were banished to the closet, replaced with sweaters and skirts. She even joined forces with Natalie to convince Daddy that a lipstick—just a very light pink one, of course—was a necessity for a girl going on thirteen. At least for special occasions. Together, they won Daddy over; the lipstick, too, was bought.

And Natalie went back to school with her head held high.

As the school year drew to a close and her birthday came near, she waited impatiently for her parents to make plans. But this year time grew shorter and shorter and still no one said a word. With a sinking heart, Natalie decided she knew what that meant: her parents knew that her new friends from school didn't really care

for her, wouldn't come to her party. It hurt something awful.

On the great day, she tried to smile, to look happy so that her folks wouldn't feel bad. She opened their presents and oohed and aahed with all her acting talent. When they suggested that they go for a drive that evening, celebrate quietly by taking in a movie, she said it was exactly what she hoped they'd do. Just what she wanted. In the movie, at least it would be dark, she wouldn't have to pretend.

So after dinner they kissed kid sister Lana goodbye and piled into the car. Then they started to drive. And drive. And drive. Everywhere they drove, there were movies, and every one Mommy wanted to see, it seemed Daddy had already been to. They drove some more and each time Daddy saw a movie advertised that he thought looked good, Mommy turned thumbs down. Finally Daddy put a stop to it. "We'd better just go home," he said. "If that's all right with you, Birthday Girl."

Natalie, miserable in her corner, nodded. So she wasn't even to have the fun of a movie on her birthday. Her first teen-age birthday—and it had to be like this. She slumped back in her seat and shut her eyes while Daddy drove home.

But she opened them when the car pulled into their drive.

For the house was ablaze with lights! It was noisy with music and laughter and voices. And a second later, the door was opening and people were pouring out, shouting "Surprise! Surprise!" They were running to the car, opening the door, pulling her out to them—and—joy of joys—they were the kids from school, dressed up, excited, laughing!

"Natalie, are you surprised?"

"Look at her face!"

"Hey—happy birthday!"

They were teasing her, laughing at her—but it was good laughter, the loving sound of friends among friends, telling her that she was one of them, that she had won her place in their hearts. The weight of the world lifted off Nat's shoulders in that moment. Laughing with them, Natalie Wood ran to her wonderful party.

On her thirteenth birthday, she put fear behind her forever.

HER FOURTEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1952

It had been a good year, a wonderful year. Secure among her friends, Natalie had learned to be a youngster as well as an actress, had reveled in the fun of ordinary good times. She had whispered with the other girls in corners about the good-looking new boy in the eleventh grade. She had gone to the beach in a crowd with her lunch in a paper bag. It mightn't sound like much for a little girl who had sat on the knee of a President, and had her head patted by the great of the world—but to Natalie it was heaven. The most glorious times of her life were the slumber parties she gave in her family's huge living room. Twenty, twenty-five girls would pile into the house and spread quilts on the floor, occupy the bathroom for hours and then sit, pajama-clad, chattering and giggling all night. Once Natalie forgot to give warning and the first her mother knew of the invasion was the sound of a quarter of a hundred girls, clamoring to be let in. It didn't throw her for even a minute—she was too happy, knowing that her daughter was growing up a normal scatter-brained kid rather than an actress, old beyond her years. She sighed, pulled on her housecoat, opened the door to the mob and headed to the kitchen to brew hot chocolate.

Yes, a good year. When it was almost over, when her birthday was only a month away, the Gurdins asked Natalie what she

would like most of all for her birthday. Natalie considered, but not for long. "There is something I would like," she said finally. Her eyes shone with hope. "I know it's awfully big and all—I guess it would cost a lot—but—could I have my bedroom done over? Sort of—sort of grown-up?"

Her parents looked at her for a moment, then at each other. A more typical teenage request couldn't even be imagined. Natalie's father cleared his throat.

"A grown-up room for a grown-up daughter," her dad said. "Sure, baby. We'll start right away."

So there was no party, no celebration on her fourteenth birthday. Natalie got up in the morning and ate breakfast and went to rehearsal as if it were any other day in the year.

But she came home to a completed new room, to a huge, four-posted canopied bed, to bright curtains and carpeted floor, to expanded closets and ruffled dressing table. A room not for a movie star, but for the happiest fourteen-year-old girl in the world.

HER FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1953

This year the studio recognized what the Gurdins and Natalie had known for ages—that they no longer had a child star, but a pretty, tiny, junior miss on their hands. To Natalie's delight, they began to find other parts for her to play; the sweaters and skirts became part of her on-stage wardrobe as well as her off. When Natalie one day put on a strapless black bathing suit and leaned against a wall with her hands behind her head for her first almost-cheesecake photo, they didn't blow their top. They looked thoughtfully at the picture—and released it to a fan magazine.

And loving it!

It was fabulous to be picked up at the studio, not by her mother but by a fellow from school in his first second-hand Ford. It was thrilling to sit in a movie, not with a bunch of giggling girls, but sedately beside a date—wondering when and if he was going to reach for your hand, and what to do about it if he did. It was the height of joy to say at rehearsal, "Excuse me—is that all for now? I have a date—"

What if she did have to be home by eleven-thirty. What if her parents did prefer double-dates to single ones, insist on looking over her beaus? Those were no worse restrictions than any other girl had to allow. If they rankled a drop more in Natalie's soul, it was only because already she was feeling that craving for freedom, for independence, for her own way, that was to mark her next three years. But it wasn't strong enough yet to make her unhappy. She could wait.

She spent her fifteenth birthday in her favorite way, doing what was now the nicest thing in the world.

She went out on a date!

HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1954

Sweet Sixteen—they call this year. But most teen-age girls and their parents don't find it so sweet. This is the year when the restrictions and the regulations really begin to irritate a girl, when parents suddenly find themselves not looked up to but scorned as old-fashioned, defied as too prudish.

It's the year of: "You don't understand me!" "I don't care!" "I'm going to do what I want!"

For Natalie Wood, it was the year she suddenly woke up to realize that she was different from other girls—and the difference might in some way be an advantage.

She earned money, other girls did not. True, she was not legally of age to control

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it, but it was there in the bank, waiting for her. . . . It was a small fortune.

She was famous, other girls weren't. True, for years now she had been less a child star than a child actress, working steadily, but not in movies built around her. Nonetheless, millions of people she had never met knew her name, wrote her letters, even sent her presents and asked for her picture.

She was in the movies, other girls weren't. For the first time it occurred to Natalie that there were men in the world as well as boys, not callow youths with their minds on history homework, but actors and writers, important men, interesting men.

On her sixteenth birthday she woke up and looked out of the window. There in the driveway, glistening in the early morning sun—was a white Thunderbird. Even before she had raced downstairs in her robe, dashed outside and torn open the birthday card tied to the handle of the door—she knew it was hers. She spent the morning reverently touching it, adoring its gleaming newness, before she even drove it.

The card that came with it, was filled with love and good wishes from her parents. The words were conventional, but below them, between them ran another message:

Natalie darling, we give you this car because we know how much you want to be grown-up, on your own. But don't go too fast, baby. Don't leave us too quickly. You're so young still, no matter what you feel. There's plenty of time, Natalie. Plenty of time. . . .

But on her sixteenth birthday, slipping in behind the wheel of her first car, Natalie wasn't yet ready to read a hidden message.

HER SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1955

This was the year the world broke wide open.

It was the year that Natalie got dressed up in high-heeled shoes and a tight black dress, covered her nose with a veiled hat—and went to read for the part of Judy in *Rebel Without A Cause*. Dressed like that, waiting for Nick Ray to hear her, she met a fresh young guy who called her "Beautiful" but claimed he didn't recognize the face. Natalie turned up a haughty nose and thought he was the most obnoxious creature she had ever met. She didn't know it, but he was to become her caretaker, bullier and teacher, and most important, her friend.

His name was Nick Adams.

But on that day, she hardly gave him a second thought. Her whole world seemed to revolve around getting to play Judy. She put her whole heart and soul into the reading, but she had to leave without a yes or a no. "We'll let you know," Nick Ray said.

She thought about it, dreamed about it, worried about it till her eyes got rings under them and school work went to pot.

Then one day Nick Ray got a phone call from a young friend of his who was also reading for one of the rolls in *Rebel*.

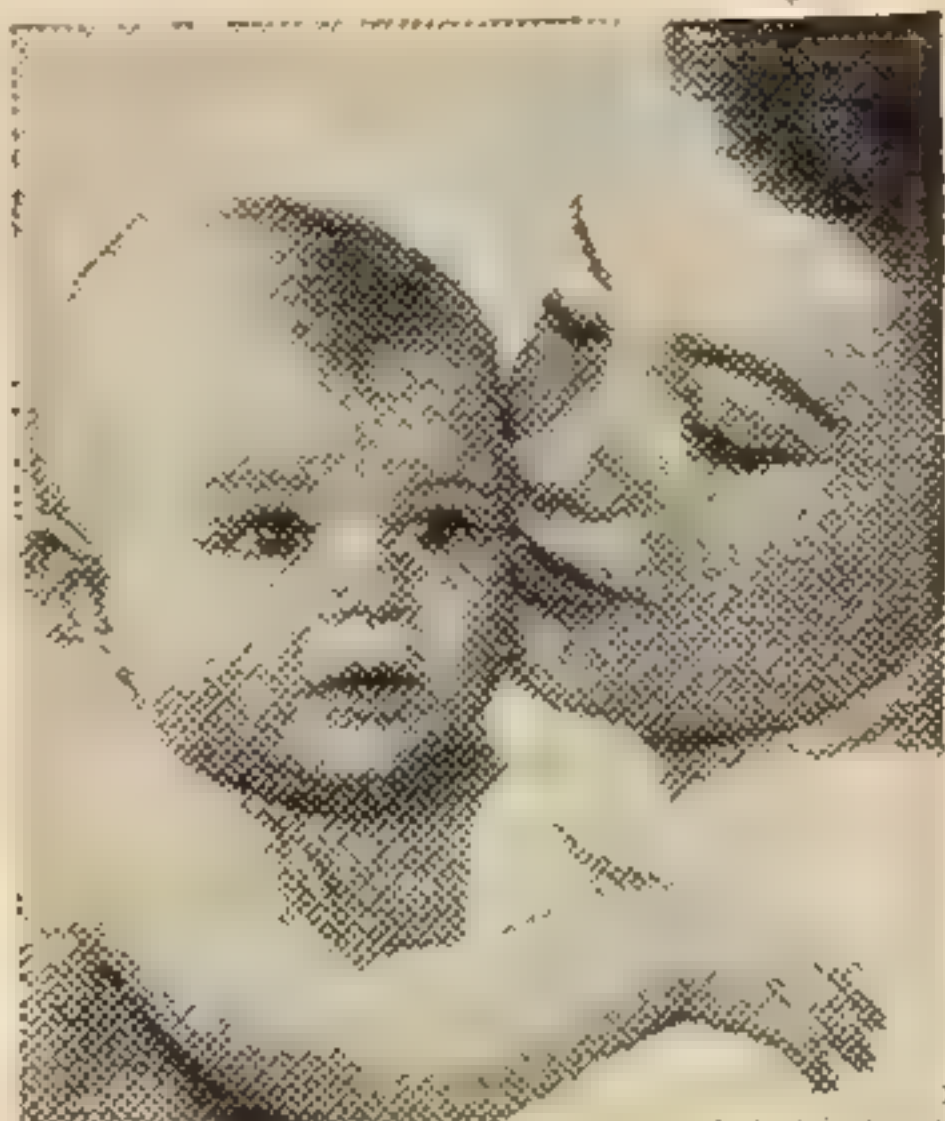
"Mr. Ray, I thought I ought to let you know—Natalie Wood and I—we were in Nat's car and we skidded, coming down Laurel Canyon. She's in Emergency Hospital, maybe she has a concussion. I've got to go call her folks—"

Nick Ray was there as fast as Nat's parents, with his own doctor in tow. He paced up and down outside Natalie's room until the doctor came out with a relieved smile.

"She has a concussion but she'll be all right."

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Nick went in. From the bed a wan face smiled up at him. But the eyes glowed. "Do you know what the intern called me?" Natalie Wood asked. "He said I was a juvenile delinquent." The smile grew broader. "Now do I get the part?"

Mr. Ray hadn't told her but she had the part all along. All of a sudden, everything was different. She was famous as few teenagers have ever been. She was suddenly no longer pretty, but beautiful. Her phone now rang day and night; Tab Hunter and Nicky Adams and Dennis Hopper—they were all hers. If it went to her head, if it seemed as if everything she had ever wanted had come to her and nothing could ever go wrong—was that entirely her fault? She glowed, she sparkled like a princess come into her own kingdom—and if that sparkle attracted men who were too old for her—Nick Ray and Raymond Burr—was she really to be blamed for refusing advice and going out with them—only to reap tons of criticism from a press that was suddenly very much interested in anything Natalie Wood did.

She was Natalie Wood, young and beautiful and famous, and the only troubles she had in the world were that her parents still insisted on behaving like parents, not

seeming to understand that she didn't need guidance any more—and the Welfare Department worker assigned to her simply wouldn't leave her alone for a minute. When he could, he even went along on her dates. It was infuriating. "When I'm eighteen," she promised herself, "everything will be different."

But in the meantime, she had to turn seventeen. She did it on location in Monument Valley, making *The Searchers*. She had planned to have a party, but three days before her birthday she came down with a case of second degree sunburn and couldn't move from her bed, even for work, much less a party. Her little sister Lana had a bit in the movie, and had to work that day. Her mother, who was staying with them, had to be on the set with Lana.

So Natalie spent her seventeenth birthday alone in her cabin, moaning miserably.

HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1956

Like her whole generation, she threw herself into living as if it were a game. She dated a lot so naturally was criticized and became fair game for the press. Nicky and she were reported on the verge of eloping half a dozen times.

GUY MADISON meets an old acquaintance

■ It had been a pretty good picture, Guy and Sheila Madison agreed, as they strolled hand in hand through the lobby of the neighborhood movie house, pausing at the exit to allow an attractive young couple with a small boy in tow to go through the exit door ahead of them.

Suddenly, to their surprise, the young mother stopped and let out an audible gasp. "Aren't you Guy Madison?" she stammered.

Guy admitted his identity in some wonderment. She didn't look like a typical auto-graph seeker.

"You don't remember me, do you?" the girl continued, while her husband grinned—a bit sheepishly, it seemed—and lifted his youngster into his arms.

Guy shook his head.

"Should I?" he parried. He looked to Sheila for help but was only rewarded with an amused grin and a twinkle of the eyes that said eloquently, *Get yourself out of this one, honey. I never saw her before in my life.*

Guy led the group away from the exit to a secluded corner of the lobby.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I don't remember. Your face is familiar, but. . ."

"Your name escapes me!" hooted Sheila. "Oh really, darling, you can do better than that."

"I don't think even the face is very familiar," the girl admitted, "because it's been a long time. It was back in 1947, to be exact. I was a contestant on the *Truth or Consequences* radio program, and when Ralph Edwards asked me why I was at the broadcast instead of getting ready for my high school junior prom, I admitted that I didn't have a date for it—and anyway, even if I had a date, I didn't have a formal and my folks couldn't afford to buy me one."

Guy was beginning to remember.

"And then," he interrupted, "Ralph asked you—if he supplied the date and the dress—if you'd like to go to the prom after all."

"And I said of course I would, and before I knew what was happening I was whisked offstage and into the most beautiful dress and when I came back, Ralph said he would now introduce me to my date . . . who would be none other than Guy Madison! I still don't know how I kept from fainting when you walked from behind the curtain."

The little group burst into delighted laughter, and Guy turned to Sheila and the girl's husband to explain. "I was just starting out in pictures," he said, "and the studio had arranged for my appearance on the program to publicize my first film. After the broadcast we went to the prom—at Glendale High, wasn't it?—and I had a marvelous time, and I'm sorry I didn't recognize you immediately."

The girl smiled.

"There's a sequel to the story, Mr. Madison." She reached quickly for her husband's free hand and gave it a squeeze. "That's the night I met Bill, and it was love at first sight, at least as far as I was concerned. So you see why I always hoped some day I'd have the opportunity of saying *thank you*, not just for taking me to the prom, but for my wonderful husband and son as well."

She turned to Bill and smiled. "Come on, darling. We mustn't keep the Madisons any longer, and we must get home ourselves." She tousled her little son's hair. "Little Guy here is awfully sleepy."

Tab and she were rumored secretly married. When she went to Memphis to meet Elvis Presley and his parents, more rumors started. Her trips to New York were as frequent as most girls' trips to the corner drugstore, her wardrobe would have made the most sophisticated older woman green with envy. She admitted that she dated almost every night of the week, that she wanted to fall in love. She was delighted to be through with school. She drove too fast. She did all the things that every other girl does—but Natalie did them with the hot light of publicity on her. She did them with a special vigor because her new life had come so fast, because her new friends were so much older in years and experience than she—and because she was Natalie Wood, who did everything with all her heart.

It was a curious thing, considering her frantic popularity, that she had no date set up for her eighteenth birthday. Maybe in the excitement of her every-day life it had crept up unnoticed.

Whatever the reason, it was a blessing in disguise.

Because a couple of days before, one Bob Wagner, actor, asked her to come to a studio party and a screening of *The Mountain* with him.

It was her first date with him, though she had adored him in the movies only a year or two back, met him for the first time a week or two before.

It was also the nicest birthday she had ever had.

Why? Because Bob was both like her—and different. A professional like herself, adored by millions of fans like herself, he seemed to have come to terms with his life in the limelight. He had never made any secret of his preference for privacy, had driven movie magazines wild by dating unknown girls whose names he would refuse to reveal, whose pictures he would never allow to be taken. Those romances he had had in public had been quiet and serious, ending with friendship. He was young and good-looking—he was full of fun—but in every sense, he was an adult.

He was perfect—except that he didn't call back.

A few days after her date with him, Natalie threw a big party. In the backyard of her home, she and her friends burned in effigy the Welfare Worker who would no longer dog her steps. But through the noise and the laughter, Natalie was quiet, remembering a quiet evening with a quiet young man. For the first time, her crowd struck her as a little noisy, a little too excitable.

She had done a lot of growing up on her eighteenth birthday.

HER NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1957

"Natalie Wood," a reporter wrote in 1957, "seems to be settling down at last. Her clothes are much more suited to her age, and she doesn't seem to go out as much. Could be she's become aware of her responsibility to set a good example for the girls who worship her. Or maybe it's all these grown-up roles she's been playing."

She was wrong. The reason was not her roles, not even her new awareness of responsibility—though those contributed. The reason was that she was in love. Oh, not instantly, not easily, of course. But gradually, after Bob called her again, two months after their first date, she began to see fewer and fewer boys. It began to be less important where she went and what she did than who she was with.

Bob was the future, and through her eighteenth year, Natalie knew it. She came to love days on his boat more than driving too fast in her car; quiet evenings talking to him, more than dancing and

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living it up with a crowd. She learned to laugh, not at professional jokes, but at little, intimate family-type secrets between him and her: the way he called her "Bug," the way her face had looked when she fell off the sailboat, the time he had called her from Japan where he was making *Stopover Tokyo* and for twelve dollars a minute they couldn't think of a thing to say.

When she read for *Marjorie Morningstar*, she waited for her answer with new patience, never complained about reading again and again and still not knowing. She learned that you have to wait sometimes. She learned to appreciate her parents, to understand their concern for her.

And on her nineteenth birthday, she had her second surprise party. Bob had taken her out for the day on his boat, telling her they were going to visit Robert Webb and his wife, spend a quiet, pleasant few hours. But when they docked at Balboa—there were her friends, her best friend Barbara Gould, her old pal Nick Adams, new friends Dick Egan and Pat Hardy to chaperone them all. They spent the entire weekend on the boat, swimming, sailing, laughing together—not wacky kids, but responsible adults, having fun.

It was a wonderful party. Her present from Bob was incredible—a Black Mist Mink stole. But her greatest gift was from Natalie to Natalie—the knowledge that she was in love.

In July she said goodbye to her remaining dates, goodbye forever to loneliness. Now when she and Bob were apart they exchanged three or four phone calls a day—a good use for the money they made no matter how much it cost. When Natalie was told she had *Marjorie Morningstar*, the biggest role of the year, she and Bob planned for him to go on location with her, chaperoned by her mother and sister. They

spent all her free time together in the New York resort where much of the picture was made—and they laughed at the signs the crews put up all over the dining rooms.

WAGNER, GO HOME! STOP WOONG WOOD!

When the location period was over, they went home on the train together, three days in which to be alone.

And when they were married, it was not in the sort of ceremony that Natalie Wood would have thought of on her sixteenth birthday, all crowds and flowers and music and cameras, but in a quiet wedding attended only by their families and closest friends—the sort of wedding where everyone could hear the bride, radiant in white lace, whisper "I do"—where they could weep with her, for joy.

HER TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1958

And now, in two weeks, she will be twenty. The teen-age years, the lonely years, the happy years, the rebel years, the dangerous years are behind her now. They were years she had to go through to become what she is today—a beautiful, gloriously happy young wife. Believing that her life as a woman comes before her life as a star.

"My birthday isn't anything special," Natalie said. But she is wrong. It is not only Bob, not only marriage that has given her her new life. It is the sum of the birthdays gone by, the life lived, the mistakes made, that have given her herself.

Happy birthday, Natalie. Happy, happy life ahead. You deserve it. **END**

Natalie is now starring in *United Artists' KINGS GO FORTH* and will appear in *Warner's SUMMER PLACE*. Bob will appear in *THE HUNTERS* for 20th Century-Fox.



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can dennis be forgiven?

(Continued from page 46) Dennis' new wife was not the only one who stuck by him. Bing Crosby, in the face of the heart-ache resulting from the nationwide scandal about his son, didn't let him down. Close friends say that although Bing remained in Elko, Nevada, where he was spending a fishing holiday on his ranch with his wife Kathy, he did so only because if he came down his very appearance would bring even more publicity to his son's plight.

"He stayed on the long-distance phone," one friend told me, "consoling Dennis, telling him he would stand by him and do all he could to help. The family is holding tight and will not let this latest scandal destroy them."

Newspapers have never lacked stories on the Crosby boys. They have been in so many scrapes over the years that Bing once said sadly to a friend, "Seems as though you get one fellow straightened out and on the beam and another one goes over the wall."

But none of the boys had ever gotten into such a mess as Dennis has.

How did Dennis manage to get himself into such shocking situations as to tarnish the Crosby name?

First he married a showgirl in a church entirely alien to the one in which he was brought up. No sooner had Bing been launched in an effort to straighten that out, than the news broke that Dennis was allegedly the father of a baby born to a girl he had never married.

Is this boy a heel—or just a boy who loves life and girls a little too passionately?

Or is there another explanation?

So many teenagers think how wonderful it would be if they could be the sons or daughters of a very wealthy, world-renowned man. They think that all their problems could be solved if their parents could give them enough money to get them everything they want—as Dennis Crosby's father could—from foreign cars to a chance to throw money around on clothes and good times.

Dennis had everything money could buy. He was reared in luxury. Nothing he seriously wanted was ever denied him.

More than that—like all the Crosby boys, he knew that if he got into difficulties he could count on his father to pitch in.

How they met

When Dennis was twenty-two—a year ago last January—he was spending an evening casually, as he often did, in a little café on the Sunset Strip. As he sat there, he noticed an attractive brunette, tall and big-boned.

Dennis has always been easygoing, jumping impulsively into situations. The girl was pretty; he was lonely; what harm was there in trying to pick her up?

None at all from his viewpoint—and when her dark brown eyes danced back at him, openly admiring him, he was glad he'd spoken up.

Whatever his motives, he was doing nothing underhanded. Some sons of a famous father would have tried to conceal their identities under such circumstances. Not Dennis! He openly boasted of the fact that he was one of Bing's four sons.

"The handsomest one, I bet," said Marilyn Scott.

She had never been exposed to so much charm, so much glamor in a single evening. A pretty girl from Kentucky, she had come to Hollywood, not to be an actress but to make her living at an ordinary job. And she'd been successful in getting a job as a receptionist with the firm of A. Mor-

gan Maree, who handled investments for Lana Turner, Ginger Rogers and other stars. She'd often seen gorgeous women, whose faces she recognized from films, and men whose faces were world famous, too, enter the office and ask for one of her bosses. But all these celebrated people had been just formally polite to her. They'd acted as if they lived in a different world from hers. Dennis was the first inhabitant of what she thought of as a mythical and wonderful world, to ask her for a date.

When he took her to dinner and paid attention to her, it went to her head. She'd never personally known such a charming boy. Bing Crosby's son!

However, this particular story didn't have a charming ending. Within a few months Marilyn discovered she was pregnant. With shaking fingers, she dialed Dennis' number. When she told him of her predicament he was stunned. Young and frightened, he didn't know what to do.

With pounding heart, Marilyn waited for him to say, "Marilyn, let's get married." But the words she longed for were never spoken. A pulse beat in her throat. A dream died in her heart.

At first, Dennis didn't know just how to react to Marilyn Scott's request for her hospital expenses and support for the baby to come. He is a millionaire in his own right, but so protected by his family that he doesn't know how to handle a crisis. When his mother, Dixie, died she left each of the boys a million dollars. Dennis hasn't even had to spend a penny of this; the income of some \$60,000 a year for this money was enough to keep him in luxury, besides the money Bing gives him. But he'd always used money to have fun with—not as money with which to meet responsibilities. When Marilyn appealed for money, he was confused and frightened. He did nothing. It was almost as if he hoped some miracle would come along to solve his problem for him.

But there was to be no miracle—except the miracle of a new-born life, the miracle of a crying baby in a hospital filled with other crying babies.

Desperate, frightened, Marilyn—discovering that Dennis himself was as frightened as she and doing nothing—went to see an attorney. The attorney immediately got in touch with the Crosby family.

Bing enters the picture

It would have been easy for Bing to upbraid his son and disown him. This was a dreadful charge, and Bing had every right to tell Dennis he was through with him. But he didn't. Whether he thought the girl's charges were true or not, he ordered all of her hospital expenses to be paid and also that the baby be supported. He could have fought a paternity suit; he could have tried to prove that the girl was wrong. But he didn't want the boy—or the family name—held up to prolonged scandal. He believed that by taking care of the girl and the baby, everything would be forgotten, and Dennis would have a chance to start again, without the burden of a

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front-page paternity lawsuit facing him.

Marilyn at home

A few days ago, I saw Marilyn with her baby girl in her arms. She was in the modest little furnished apartment in the heart of Hollywood where she lives alone with the baby. In her face were still traces of the beauty that had once captivated Dennis.

She held up the baby for me to admire—and I was stunned at the child's resemblance to Dennis. The same light complexion; the same china-blue eyes, and—by a freak—the same type of bald head. Dennis has been losing his hair prematurely. The little girl is still too young to have a full crop of hair. The similarity is striking.

"I'm sorry this news had to come out now," she said, looking with adoration at the baby. And the look in her eyes would almost have done justice to a painting of a saint. For whatever her past may be, this girl is paying the price of her mistakes now. She lifted her head proudly. "I hoped our story would never reach the newspapers. Think what it means for the future of my baby. If Dennis and I did something that wasn't right, why should she, little innocent that she is, be branded for it? I don't like it at all. If it had been up to me, this news would never have been made public. I could have pretended that I had once been married . . . that my husband had died." Then her voice softened. "I've named her Denise Michelle, after Dennis.

"The Crosbys have been fair and square with me. I never met Bing, but the family has taken care of our essential expenses."

And then she told me that what hurts her most is that Dennis shows no sign of really recognizing his child, of wanting to see her, of loving her. And as Marilyn spoke her eyes were those of a brave woman who loved, who had given away her most precious possession—and accepted as the price of her mistake the fact that she would never name the father of her child publicly.

Her intentions were simple and honest, but they were ruthlessly shattered by the turn of circumstances. When Dennis got married, someone on one of the Los Angeles papers called the Bureau of Vital Statistics to find out if Dennis' new bride had ever been married before. A search of the records disclosed the fact that Pat Sheehan had previously been married to Jean-Franz Georg von Dugloas-Ittu, of Austrian-Romanian extraction, that she was divorced and had a six-year old son by this marriage.

The scoop

A couple of days later a clerk in the Public Health Office said he had unearthed some more information and would the newspapers be interested? They were—very much so—when they learned what the new information was: there was a birth certificate for the daughter of an unmarried mother which names Dennis Crosby as the father.

And that was when an enterprising newspaperman called Pat to learn what her reaction would be. . . .

Dennis and Pat sat in their suite in Las Vegas later, facing each other grimly.

"I never dreamed our honeymoon would be like this, Pat," he said. "So much joy—and then all this. But, Pat honey, believe me, I'll settle down to the pipe-and-slippers routine. When I married you, I told you I'd sowed some wild oats before."

"It doesn't matter," replied Pat. "That is all in the past."

"But the past has caught up with the present," he said, heartache in his voice. "Pat, what's going to happen?"

"It will all clear up," she said. "Re-



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member how you stuck by me when there was talk about me—and you said you didn't care? You stuck by me then, honey."

Dennis looked at her wonderingly, and with delight. He'd never known a girl like Pat existed. What she said was true—when he'd first started going with Pat Sheehan, the beautiful, smart showgirl from the Tropicana line, she had been the target of much gossip. He hadn't expected to fall for Pat because he knew that she had been his father's girl friend at one time. But one night, a year ago, he walked into the Little Club, a small, intimate night club in Beverly Hills where many of Hollywood's younger crowd hang out. Most of the patrons know each other and sit together and chat. This particular night, Dennis was sitting near a group of people who had come in from Las Vegas. Among them was a tall, strikingly beautiful blonde girl. He recognized her as the girl his father had gone with. He didn't want to fall for her, but he couldn't help it. He talked with her and found her fascinating. After that, Dennis found many excuses to go to Las Vegas.

Dad's discard

Pat, who had once set Bing's heart on fire, soon set Dennis' heart blazing, too. By the time Dennis met Pat, Bing's romance with her was a thing of the past—and Bing was courting the girl he eventually married, Kathy Grant. But when Dennis began to date Pat frequently, he was met with jeers and jibes from newspapermen and café friends: "Since when are you going out with your father's discards?"

When Pat discovered what some of Dennis' so-called pals were saying about her, she said to him, her cheeks flaming, "Dennis, I don't think we ought to see each

other any more. I liked you too much to have you criticized just because I once dated your father."

"Let them criticize! Let them say what they want about us. I don't care. I've never known anyone like you in my life, and I won't give you up no matter what anyone says."

Still, there was a certain hesitation about getting married. It seemed almost indelicate to get married before Bing's own romantic future was settled.

When Bing decided to marry Kathy, Dennis hugged Pat. "Honey, now we can get married," he said, in the tone of voice a man might use on discovering a new mountain top. "Who would dare criticize now? My father's married—why can't we do the same thing?"

"Let's find out if it's all right with him," said Pat gently.

"What has he to do with us when you come right down to it?" Dennis argued. "My mother left me some money of my own. Come what may, we won't starve."

"But you've always admired your dad so much—I know you wouldn't be happy if you felt he didn't approve."

Of course Bing, as a man of the world, was not too astonished at the news Dennis gave him. He'd seen this coming. Although Pat, twenty-six, is older than Dennis and very sophisticated, that was not his main objection.

Bing's one condition

"Son," said Bing slowly, "you know how much our Church has meant to your mother and me. If you can get the approval of the Catholic Church and be married in the same church in which I married Kathy, or one like it, you'll have my blessing."

"Sure thing, Dad," said Dennis.

But the pastor of St. Anne's Church 77

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refused to perform the marriage because of Pat's previous marriage and divorce.

"We'll wait," they said at first.

But young hearts are apt to be hungry hearts. Dennis truly intended to wait, but one night they were dining near the Gretna Green Chapel when he suddenly burst out, "Why can't we get married here and now—get remarried later in the Catholic Church?"

The look in Pat's eyes as she turned to Dennis was answer enough.

They were married in the chapel next door, impulsively and without consulting Bing. And they didn't—so they said—realize until much later that they had been married not by a justice of the peace, but by a Protestant minister.

Bing, shocked by this disclosure, was silent when his son and Pat moved into an apartment just outside the Tropicana. Bing had always hoped that Dennis would turn to ranch life and farming. He thinks it's a wholesome life and a good, stable business. Dennis announced right after he married Pat, that he was going to pursue a singing career. He hired two arrangers and is trying out for recordings.

His father, who has a thoroughly professional view of singing, was pained by this. "I still wish," Bing said, "that son of mine would come up here and take over the management of the ranch. Singing isn't child's play. It may never lead to anything with him. But if he came up here, I'd do anything in the world to get him started as a rancher."

In the opinion of many people close to the Crosby family, Dennis is a case of the poor little rich boy. He's got a lot of money, and not much else. Dixie did her best to bring up her

boys to be staunch Catholics, but they had a mixed-up childhood. They saw their father in different moods, sometimes difficult and other times indulgent. Dixie was unhappy and sick for a long time. And to add to their confusion, they went to a Catholic military school. But no military school could give them the discipline they needed, because all along the boys knew that if they ever got into a scrape their father's money and influence would get them out of it. That doesn't build up independence or common sense thinking.

Dennis never was compelled to pay any great price for acting compulsively or impulsively. And for him to face the responsibility now of showing real tenderness for his baby daughter, real interest in her—he has never in the past had to be very responsible. Whatever foolishness he might indulge in, the family millions could make up for.

Is he to be blamed for reacting as rich men's sons so often have?

How will this story end?

Right now, amazingly enough, it looks as if it might have a happy ending.

Marilyn Scott, who never even dreamed of a movie contract, told me she has been offered one—and is considering it. No doubt it would never have been offered her if not for this notoriety. As for the stigma attached to her baby, most people are sympathetic to Marilyn. They feel as she does that whatever her sin was, her little girl was innocent. And maybe, if life be kind, the end will be... not too unhappy... for Marilyn and Denise.

As for Dennis, can he be forgiven? If his wife and his father say, "Yes," and hold true to their love for him, who are we to cast that first stone?

END

change your hair color

(Continued from page 67) With this new look your clothes will take on a new glamour, too. This mysterious change in you will create excitement for the man in your life—or, help you to attract the man you want in your life.

This method of hair coloring, because it is temporary, is fun—you simply swish it in and shampoo it out. For the results you want be sure to take a minute to read the directions carefully. These instructions will tell you how to choose the color you want—and how to use it.

Tan or fair skin can be dramatized by using a lighter or darker temporary hair coloring to color-coordinate or complement you—and your clothes, without changing your present make-up colors. Temporary hair coloring is beauty—is fashion—is easy to do—is economical. With it you will have a different look or mood for each costume and occasion.

Even if you don't want to change the color of your hair use a hair color rinse to match your natural shade—give it new life and sheen.

Color charts are available at your favorite cosmetic counter. Look them over and select a shade nearest your hair color. Remember, a temporary hair rinse can be used on all types of hair if you follow the directions exactly.

Color hair rinses do a flattering job of intensifying the natural color of any shade of hair and imparting exciting highlights. But one of their main advantages is the blending-in with color of streaks in the hair. This can be important to women of almost any age, for even teen-agers sometimes have unevenly colored hair.

Temporary hair colorings are available in rinses, sprays and shampoos. Try them all. With little effort you can promptly become as expert as a beauty operator in

their use—save money, too.

To make the most of the new you that will result from a change of hair coloring be sure to have your hair trimmed and shaped regularly—even try a brand new hair cut. The shaggy, tousled cuts are young and fun to wear with the season's loose and blouson silhouettes as well as with the whimsical and gay sports togs. A new hair coloring and a new cut will give you just the lift you need in late summer. Suddenly you'll look all new and be ready, too, to start your fall shopping plans.

Any one of the little furs modeled by Terry Moore could be a happy addition to your fall wardrobe. These expensive-looking furs are glamorous and beautiful and priced just right for your budget. The Norwegian fox tail cape is \$47.50; the natural ranch mink tail stole, \$145.00; the hip-length dyed black broadtail-processed lamb jacket, \$165.00. All of the prices include the federal tax.

High style little furs do a bang-up job of giving zest to last year's costumes by making them look spanking new again and they add a soft note of ultra femininity to you. Not only can stoles and capes be worn with date clothes but also with simple daytime frocks and little suits. Harold Rubin Salon also features a lovely white fox tail stole (not shown) for as little as \$29.50, including federal tax—this yummy stole is for wear with all-black date costumes.

We think Terry looks stunning in little furs and that the plan of using a different hair color rinse to match or complement these little furs—or any costume—is new and an idea that will appeal to you.

Be the first in your set to start the rage of a new hair color. Here are suggested temporary hair colorings: Noreen, Du Barry (Color-Glo), Marchand, Nestlé Clairol, Roux, Helena Rubinstein.

only yesterday I lived in terror

(Continued from page 38) July, and the war came in September. My husband went away, and all these years have passed, and we are almost starving here in Marseilles, and I do not know what to do. . . .

The gypsy took a heavy silver bowl in his dark claw-like hands and filled it with water. Then, mysteriously, he dropped a diamond from his mouth into the depths of the bowl. Slowly, a radiance filled the water, a glowing light changing color.

As Madame Nuyen asked again about her husband, the unearthly colors became clear and bright.

"Madame," the gypsy king said, "your husband lives. He will return. You must have patience."

Have patience? There was nothing to eat, no way to keep warm, no way to rest from the ceaseless bombing.

Finally, in desperation, Julie Nuyen sent her small daughter out of Marseilles and into the country to live with her uncle. In those days relatives living in the country were deluged by the young of their clan. No child could be turned away, but no child could be made welcome.

And while France Nuyen was there, something happened that she was to remember forever. It was a feast day and there were two kinds of bread: the everyday black bread and a fine-grained white bread, soft as silk, to mark the holiday.

Her mouth watering eagerly and her stomach quivering with desire, the four-year-old child extended her thin hand toward the snowy holiday bread.

The hand was slapped soundly and the little girl was told in harsh tones that a beggar ate crusts and spoke gratitude for them.

What peace brought

Yet the war did end eventually and Fan-Fan was returned to her mother. The Allies had marched beyond Marseilles and the bombing was over, so the country relatives said, "The Americans will feed you."

The Americans tried; they seemed to have an unending supply of candy bars, chewing gum, and C rations, but they were not magicians. They had no white bread, no way to restore at once the homes of the homeless, no medicine to give back the health to France's mother.

Yet the old Gypsy had been right: Louis Nuyen was alive. He came home . . . for a few days. He looked at the scrawny child who seemed to be nothing except taut olive skin drawn over fine bones and turned away. In Chinese families girls are not very important; he could love only a son. A daughter, particularly this skinny, odd looking girl, was a disgrace to his ancestors. Maybe it would have been different had there been other children, but Julie Nuyen had barely avoided starvation and she would never again be entirely well.

And so, at six, France Nuyen knew well the ingredients of wretchedness: fear, hunger, brutality and rejection.

But time passed, and the child France grew to be thirteen. And terror came into her life again. She was attending Lysee Longchamps when an older girl, running in a school corridor, crashed into France and sent her spinning into a radiator. One of the iron ribs struck the side of France's head knocking her unconscious.

At the time, France made light of the accident, but as weeks passed, it became evident that the memory centers of her brain had suffered damage. When it came her turn to recite, France could not recall her lessons; when others were reciting,

she could not concentrate. She could only rest her head on her crossed arms and sleep.

Doctors made an examination and suggested that France be enrolled in an art school where she could make use of the obvious talent in her fingertips, permitting the brain injury to be healed by nature. "She is young," the doctors said. "She should recover without after-effect. Meanwhile. . . ."

Meanwhile she won the painting prize during her second year, and a sculpture prize during her third.

A beauty grows

Meanwhile the taut lines of her face rounded and softened. Her eyes grew wide and dark, and she walked with an air of mysterious beauty proper to a daughter of Paris and Peiping.

During the summer she posed—at fifty cents to a dollar an hour—for artists intrigued by the richness of her coloring, and for sculptors who tried to duplicate the strange and lovely lines of her head and shoulders. Sometimes she donned the fashion creations of local designers and posed for the photographers whose work was displayed in the windows of small shops throughout France.

Now and then France would return to the quiet house on the remote street in Marseilles to ask the Gypsy seer what he saw in her future.

He would drop the diamond into the silver bowl and say what the colors told. "You must go away," he would always tell her. "Here, in this city, even in this country, you cannot find your destiny. It is far away. You must get away."

But how? France wondered how? At Cannes, at the Film Festival perhaps? She decided to make the trip just for the thrill of looking at the stars.

Philippe Halsman, who had photographed France on an earlier occasion, happened to be attending the Film Festival. And one day as France was talking with Mr. Halsman, she was spotted by a man named Mike Todd who was searching for a girl of fantastic beauty to portray the princess in *Around The World In 80 Days*.

Arrangements were made through Philippe Halsman for a screen test. The test was sensational. But when contract negotiations were begun, Mike Todd was startled to discover that France spoke not one word of English, and was not yet sixteen years old.

An ocean voyage

Once again France returned to the Gypsy and his divining stone and once again she was told to leave her native land. And suddenly Fate became cooperative: Madame Nuyen received a letter from her husband explaining that he had transferred from a French to an American steamship line and would now be living in New York between voyages. He wanted his family to join him.

New York proved to be a frightening place full of dark threats and unexpected dangers. France's father was out at sea by the time his wife and daughter arrived, so they moved, unescorted, into the two-room apartment he had been occupying. No one thought of the fact that the neighborhood was not the safest one for two women unable to speak or understand English.

One night France was walking the dog she had brought from Marseilles. A sinister-looking man paused on the deserted street and studied her, and paused and leered again and then went on. She for-

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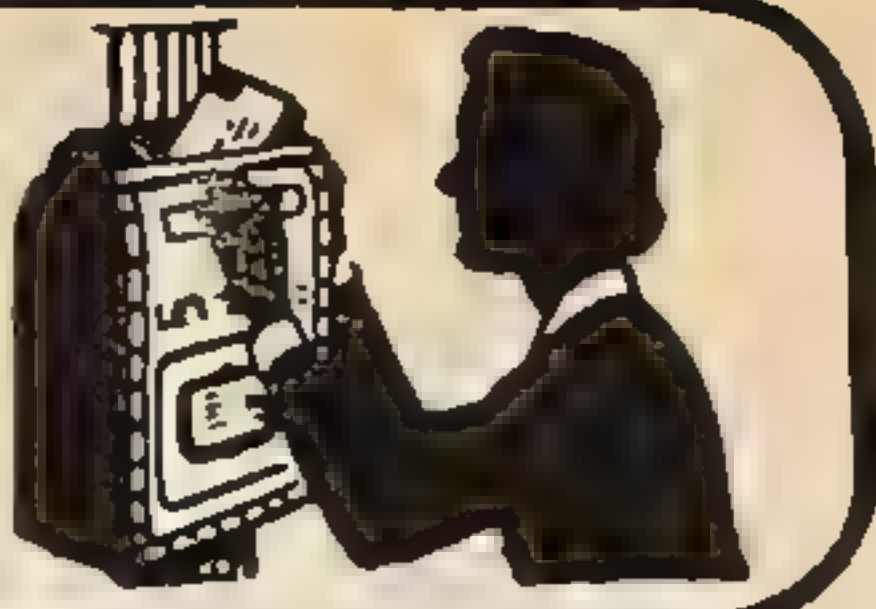
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got about it until she started up the stairs of her apartment building.

And then she saw it. She saw the shadow cast by the foyer light upon the stairs and knew that the man was lying in wait for her.

She could not go home. But where could she go? Half a block away from her home there was a post office and France remembered seeing a policeman there whenever she walked by. She breathed a quick little prayer of hope that a policeman would be there now. *Mon Dieu*, there was! France went to him and tried to explain, in French, her situation and her fear. It was quite hopeless. He knew no French. And she lacked enough English to tell the story.

But she would not go home, and she had to make him understand. So she took the rent bill from her pocket and on the back of it she drew the outline of a man, his face partially concealed by a black slouch hat, his coat collar turned up, hands sunk into pockets. She drew apartment steps and a lighted entry . . . and a menacing shadow.

"I gotcha," beamed the officer. "Sure, and I'll see you to your very door and no mistake."

And he did.

Job hunting

France was getting old enough now to start thinking about bringing some money to the two-room apartment. So each Monday morning, armed with the advertisements in Sunday's paper, she would set out to find a modeling job. How tall was she? "Five feet four inches," she would tell the agencies. "My weight is 96 pounds."

"Too small," everyone said.

Then at last she thought she had a job. The man looked her up and down and said she would do . . . but there was traveling involved in this particular modeling job. He rested a hand on her shoulder. *Would she be able to travel?*

France said, "Maman waits. I ask," and pointed toward the outside corridor. The man unlocked the door. "Be back," said France, her fingers crossed, and ran for her life.

She gave up trying to find modeling work. She decided to do anything that would be as unlike modeling as possible. She took a job as a domestic scrubbing floors, washing windows, waxing woodwork, moving heavy furniture, polishing brass and porcelain. When her time was up each day, there always seemed to be one more task to be done: a blouse to be washed, an evening gown to be pressed, a button to be sewed on, silver to be polished. The additional work—sometimes an hour's time, sometimes two—was never covered by paycheck.

One afternoon the French blood began to boil, and France told off her employer. She decided to drown her sorrows in one mad extravagance—she went to a milliner's shop.

The proprietor, it turned out, spoke French. Maybe she suspected that France really couldn't afford a hat, but what natural-born milliner could fail to take pleasure in so lovely a customer?

She kept bringing out more and more hats. "Try this . . . Yes, you have the feel of it. . . . And now this. . . . Ah—ravishing. . . . And this. . . . So chic . . . Mademoiselle, you should be a model."

France was about to burst into tears, except that tears were a luxury she could not afford. Instead, she told her story.

The milliner was spurred to action. "You are a model, you should be a model. I know a lady who takes small models." And she sent France to Candy Jones Conover.

Mrs. Conover smiled into the wide and pleading eyes of France Nuyen, and said kindly, "Yes, you are too small to be a model, but don't let that worry you. I have another idea. I can send you to school where you will learn to walk properly, with the *derrière in* instead of out; you will learn to sit and stand; you will learn to speak English."

France attended classes conscientiously, but she also took a job that satisfied a longing held over from childhood: she became a salesgirl in a cookie shop. Her pay was fifty dollars a week and all the cookies she could eat without getting caught. Getting caught meant having to pay. It is likely that Fan-Fan Nuyen became the world's champion cookie snatcher.

Then she was told to report to the New York office of 20th Century-Fox for an interview. "She is the perfect Liat for *South Pacific*" everyone said. But she should lose some weight, and she must see Mr. This or Mr. That.

She was called for a second interview, and a third. And finally, a contract was signed, English lessons were arranged, and she was ready to go to Hollywood.

When she arrived at the airport, she hailed a taxi and asked to be driven to the hotel specified in her instructions from the studio. The meter was rising alarmingly and France watched it nervously. Finally she asked to be dropped at lodgings within walking distance of the studio. And no one from the studio was around to straighten out the mix-up. The date was July 5, 1957—a Friday—and everyone who could escape had left town on a long Independence Day weekend.

France spent the time in her motel room, leaving only long enough to walk to a nearby drug store for something to eat. Monday morning she reported to the wardrobe department, where a motherly designer named Dorothy Jeakins heard France's story with horror. "That settles it," she said. "You're going to come to live with me and my family in Brentwood."

Now she had a home and happiness. Eventually the test was completed, the wardrobe fitted and the English lessons learned. France was flown to the island of Kauai to bring to life the love story of Liat and Lt. Cable (John Kerr).

Promptly she became the film company doll, and at the end of a week everyone was quoting her. Someone asked her what toy she remembers from her childhood and she said, "I never *had*. Oh, once a toy rabbit. But I enjoyed very much to press flowers and I had many in books."

She gets weekly airmail letters from Paris, and of course everyone teases her about it. France explains, twinkling, "From a boy I sometime, possibly, marry. He studies one more year to be the dentist. For one year we write every week. For next year, write two times a week. If we can write for five years, get to know about us, the love would be . . . you say 'forever'? I do not want to marry for six months, get divorce. Better to wait and see."

Most of Hollywood is hoping that she will wait long enough to meet an American, so that France Nuyen may become a permanent part of the California scenery.

And what does France hope for?

Well, life seems so good these days that she doesn't plan too long ahead. She remembers the gypsy king and the wonderful way his prophecy came true. If she ever gets back to Marseilles, she might look him up again. But for now, the present, the freedom from terror is so precious, the future can wait.

END

France is appearing in *SOUTH PACIFIC* for 20th Century.

our parents said "no"

(Continued from page 36) along the winding little paths, listening to the waves pounding . . . and they talked. Dean was only eighteen then, and May seventeen, and they didn't talk about anything serious, only the usual pleasant nothings that a boy and a girl attracted to each other say.

"Besides," Dean adds, "falling in love never entered my mind, nor Mae's. I'd told the guys in my outfit that I wouldn't marry until I was thirty-five. And then zowie!—along came Mae."

Zowie, all of a sudden came an every night date with Mae. They went wherever there was anything doing in San Diego; to movies, to club dances, little theatres, jazz concerts.

"I didn't care how I was spending my money," Dean recalls. "I used up my savings. Then I cashed in my bonds. I threw my money around and it didn't mean a thing. I just wanted to be with Mae and impress her. That was all that mattered. I'd never felt this way about any other girl I'd ever known."

Apparently Mae didn't realize that Dean expected to see only her, because one night when she knew he was calling for her, another boy happened to come by and she didn't even bother to send him away. She never suspected a jealous reaction from Dean. When Dean pulled up in front of Mae's house, he saw a smart, white Cadillac parked outside, which made his little 1940 Ford appear more broken-down than usual. He was burning.

Soon after he walked in, the other boy took off—at Mae's gentle hints. But Dean's pride had been hurt. He was furious and nothing went right that night. They began to disagree about little things and one argument led to another. Before the evening was over Mae was in tears and Dean stomped out.

And time passed. . . .

They didn't see each other for almost a year, but Dean always carried in his thoughts the picture of the tall, lovely girl with the gentle smile and the luminous eyes. When he was stationed back in San Diego again, he couldn't wait to see her. Even as he rang her doorbell, he hoped that the same Mae would come to the door, beautiful, gentle—and unattached.

She was still beautiful—this time she had been named "Miss San Diego"—still, luckily, unattached. Dean saw her every night for the rest of his leave.

Everything about Mae fascinated him—the things they had in common, even the things they didn't. Dean is full of fun; so is Mae, but she is less demonstrative. One night, when they were with a party of friends at a hotel in Delmar, a beautiful seaside resort near San Diego, Dean and several others jumped into the swimming pool with their clothes on, as the climax to a party. Mae stood by the pool's edge, laughing, but refused even to stick her toe in.

"Even if she didn't jump in with the rest of us, I thought she was wonderful," says Dean. "So reserved, such a lady. I thought, 'How could a wild hoot-owl like me measure up to her?'"

Teenage Dean and Mae still hadn't thought of marriage. His naval duties took him to Alabama, and she flew to Mexico City. That was a prize for winning a beauty contest. But the excitement of their various assignments didn't make them forget each other and Dean counted the days till he got back to San Diego again.

And when he got there, they made a date to meet at the front row of the

theater where Dean was going to sing. When Mae came in, Dean stared, long and hard. His eyes were filled with admiration and longing. "Gosh," he whispered, "you're more beautiful than ever."

Then he took her in his arms and kissed her long and tenderly. They completely forgot the audience. "Hey," yelled the crowd good-naturedly, "sit down in front." But Dean and Mae saw and heard no one.

From that night on Dean knew there was no other girl for him, and Mae knew that her life would be from then on tied up with the happy-go-lucky young naval man.

But there was Mom and Dad. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Entwisle, however, didn't look upon Dean as the answer to their dream for their daughter.

"He's in the service—he doesn't have much of a future," said her practical-headed father.

"And he's so young," protested her mother. "He can't settle down just yet. How can he?"

Mae tossed her beautiful dark head and walked out the door with Dean.

Night after night, as Mae continued to see Dean, her parents tried to convince her that she shouldn't take him seriously.

"He's a sailor, honey, and you know the kind of husbands they make. . . ."

"What does he do for a living? Sing? SING? How many refrigerators can you buy with a song? . . ." "He's not at all serious. You can see that in his face."

They encouraged Mae to see other boys, hoping this would make her forget Dean. Her mother even invited a former boy friend over for dinner. But Mae smiled and said, "Sorry, I'm busy tonight," and sailed out when Dean arrived for her.

When Dean's parents, in Decatur, Alabama, learned from their son's letters and telephone calls that he was in love, they were alarmed, too. It was not Mae they objected to, it was the idea of their only child marrying before he was ready. They felt that most young girls wouldn't be able to adapt themselves to the struggle of starting a singing career. They knew how much it meant to Dean to get started. They were afraid that concern over a young wife might cause him to turn his back on all of his dreams. Dean had turned down the opportunity to take over his father's rich farm lands and real estate developments in order to become a singer. What would happen to his sacrifices if he had to worry about supporting a wife?

Although their parents said "No," Dean's heart and Mae's said something else. One night, sitting on a rock at the cove, Mae's head on Dean's shoulder, they realized that no matter how sensible their parents' arguments appeared to be, they could no more resist thinking of marriage than they could resist the desire to live.

"You're the only girl for me," said Dean.

"Maybe they say everything's against us," said Mae with female logic, "but if we're in love I guess that's all that matters."

Mae's side of it

Dean's heart pounded as loud as the roar of the surf as he held Mae close.

"Will you marry me tomorrow?" he asked, expecting her to say "Yes," of course.

Mae looked up at him out of wide brown eyes. "Oh no," she said. "I want a big wedding."

Dean was surprised at this. He didn't want a big wedding and all the fuss. It would take too long, and marriage was a private affair if you were doing it against the wishes of parents. He tried to talk Mae into a small church wedding.

"Besides," he said, "if it's a big wedding

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we have to get everybody's consent, and we're the only two who think we *should* be married."

Mae promised to think it over. It was easy to want to become Dean's wife; it was not so easy to do so in the face of her parents' objections. To prepare themselves, however, she and Dean secretly took out a marriage license. Dean carried it with him all the time.

Soon it was New Year's Day, the day of the glorious Rose Bowl Parade, and Mae, as the most beautiful girl in San Diego, graced one of the floats. She selected Dean to be her partner in the flower-laden float which had a historic theme: he was Allesandro, the legendary Indian lover, and Mae was his sweetheart, Ramona. As they rode slowly in a misty rain, Mae waved gracefully to the huge throngs lining the streets. Suddenly she took her eyes away from the crowd and flashed a meaningful smile at Dean.

"Does that mean . . .?" whispered Dean out of the corner of his mouth.

"Yes, you idiot," replied Mae, and she turned and blew kisses to the crowd.

The Indian wedding

Dean—his face stained dark as the romantic Indian, a long, black wig flopping against his cheek, an Indian costume making him look rugged and dashing, and Mae in the ruffled gown of Ramona, giggled. When they neared a floral shop, Dean took Mae by the waist and jumped off the float with her.

"Quick—flowers—for a wedding," ordered Dean, while Mae, by his side, nodded.

"Flowers? For an Indian wedding?" asked the florist.

"No. For a wedding. Our wedding," replied Dean, beads of perspiration glistening on his stained legs.

The florist's mouth was still open as they ran out and made quick tracks to get to Dean's car. They drove off and stopped only long enough to phone some of their closest friends to meet them at the Sherman Oaks Methodist Church.

When Allesandro and Ramona arrived, their paleface friends were already there. Their friends scarcely blinked at the historic outfits, although the minister had to be persuaded that they were serious about being married. The altar of the picturesque valley church was covered with a regular forest of green plants. It was a perfect setting for the wedding of an Indian lad and his sweetheart.

Today, Dean and Mae, with their two young daughters, Carol Elizabeth, three, and baby Deanna Mae, one, still attend this church and they never look at the altar on a Sunday without a sentimental smile crossing their lips.

"Remember when we scared the day-lights out of the minister?" Dean sometimes whispers, and Mae laughs softly.

After their marriage ceremony, Mae went to the phone to break the news to her parents.

There was a pause, then Mae's mother said, "Darling, I want you to be very happy."

Their hearts were lighter when they left to see Dean's parents in Decatur. Dean could hardly wait to show off his bride to his folks, believing that if they met Mae they would realize his youthful marriage was not a mistake. He was right. Dean's mother and father were charmed by her immediately. "I guess you kids knew what you were doing, after all," said Dean's father beaming. "I'm very proud of your choice, son."

Where Dean grew up

Dean took his bride for long walks over 82 the beautiful rolling hills of his father's

farm land. Mae gasped at the beauty of the caverns and the bluff of sheer rock which ran hundreds of yards to a breathtaking drop. Dean pointed out the rabbits and the quail scurrying around. "I used to come hunting here all the time as a kid," he said, and Mae tried to picture the childhood of the young man who had so suddenly become her whole future. But Dean could hardly wait to return to California and take up his life with Mae. Besides, there was the matter of gaining the forgiveness of Mae's parents.

They rented a little one-bedroom and kitchenette apartment in the Valley and invited Mae's parents over for their first dinner at home. When Mae's parents saw how deeply in love they were and noticed that Dean, for all his youth and impetuosity, displayed such tenderness toward their daughter, they quickly forgot their original objections.

Dean got a job singing at Knott's Berry Farm, a replica of an old-time California ghost town which is a tourist attraction. It didn't pay much and it wasn't big-time, but he was singing and Mae was very proud of him.

That was four years ago, and like young

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kids all over the country who marry on their own, they were determined to be independent. They were expecting their first baby, without a cent in the bank, with their future still to be made. Carol Elizabeth was born, a replica of her mother but with her father's snub nose. Dean and Mae spent almost no money except for baby food, and Dean continued to try to get beyond the \$40 a week.

What happens when two teenagers marry against their parents' wishes and when dreams come up—and crash?

Dean and Mae had to face some mighty severe tests. Once he was seen by a tv vice-president. "Say, kid, how would you like to replace Jo Stafford this summer?"

"How would I like to breathe?" replied Dean ecstatically. He went out and bought Carol a load of toys, a couple of new dresses for Mae, and he even splurged on a pretty lace outfit, outrageously expensive, for the new baby they were expecting. That took his week's salary, but he didn't care.

"I'll be on tv soon," he crowed to Mae.

And then a few hours later he learned the dismaying news: the vice-president who had hired him had been suddenly fired. End of job. Back to \$40 a week.

Mae tried not to cry, but the tears came. "Do you suppose you can return these things?" she asked anxiously. "We can't pay for them now."

Dean thrust out his strong jaw. "Not on your life. I'll have to get a good break now to pay for these things. But they're not going back. Not if I have to do without eating."

More news

Promises came up for a Broadway show,

and were broken. Mae was very encouraging at home. Never did she let him know her disappointment, even when he'd come home, his face long, after an unsuccessful audition. "Well, I didn't make it this time, honey," he'd say.

"Nonsense," Mae would tell him brightly, and cut an extra thick slice of meat for his dinner. "It's just not your time yet. Did I tell you what the baby did today? It was the cutest thing. . . ."

She'd make Dean forget for a while, but the next time an audition would come up and vanish into nothing, Dean wondered if he'd ever get anywhere. Hopes would flare up and fizzle. Like the Broadway show that Vernon Duke, the big New York producer, wanted Dean to do.

"Do you think you'd like New York after living here all your life?" he asked Mae happily, twirling her around. "We'll be a real Broadway family."

Then came the news that the show wasn't going to be produced after all.

Any young husband feels disappointed at not being able to support his family well. With Dean, there was an extra reason to make good. Mae's parents had asked her not to marry him; his own parents advised them to wait. He had to prove that he and Mae were right in running off and marrying secretly.

Then came the break. When he first received the news to audition at MGM he didn't tell Mae about it. No sense building her up for another disappointment. He kissed her and Carol Elizabeth and said, "Maybe there'll be something to tell you tonight."

When he bounced into the house that night, he couldn't contain himself. "This is it. But really it!"

His audition at MGM was a click and he was signed as a promising young singer-actor. That was two years ago, but he has yet to hit a note. In *Torpedo Run* and *Handle With Care*, he was so natural and displayed such strength and virility, that the studio put him into more hard-hitting roles such as *Imitation General* with Glenn Ford, and bypassed his singing for the time being. He'll be singing, however, when he joins Debbie in *Boy Friend*.

His records are a blast with the teenagers, particularly *Me, Please, Me*, and when he sings at high school proms he does it for sheer kicks.

Dean's women

Dean's proud not only of his fast-rising career, but of the women in his life. Besides Carol, there is now baby Deanna, and keeping up with the Joneses means, eventually, keeping up with a growing brood.

Mae takes care of their rented house, a cute modern place in the Valley, and Dean's a mighty handy guy when it comes to doing repairs. When he's not racing his jaunty little Austin-Healey, he packs his family off for a spin to Palm Springs or to Balboa, where they go boating. Night clubs don't see them at all; the outdoors is more their dish. Dean wasn't raised on a farm for nothing, and Mae's a true California product.

There's plenty of love and plenty of laughter at the Joneses. They're two kids who get a great boot out of life—together.

"It's great to marry young," says Dean, his arm around Mae. "That is, if it's right. It was right for us. We always knew that. I'm not telling other kids to do what we did. We're crazy about our parents and we've always been devoted to them. But when they said 'No,' I'm glad that was one time we didn't listen." **END**

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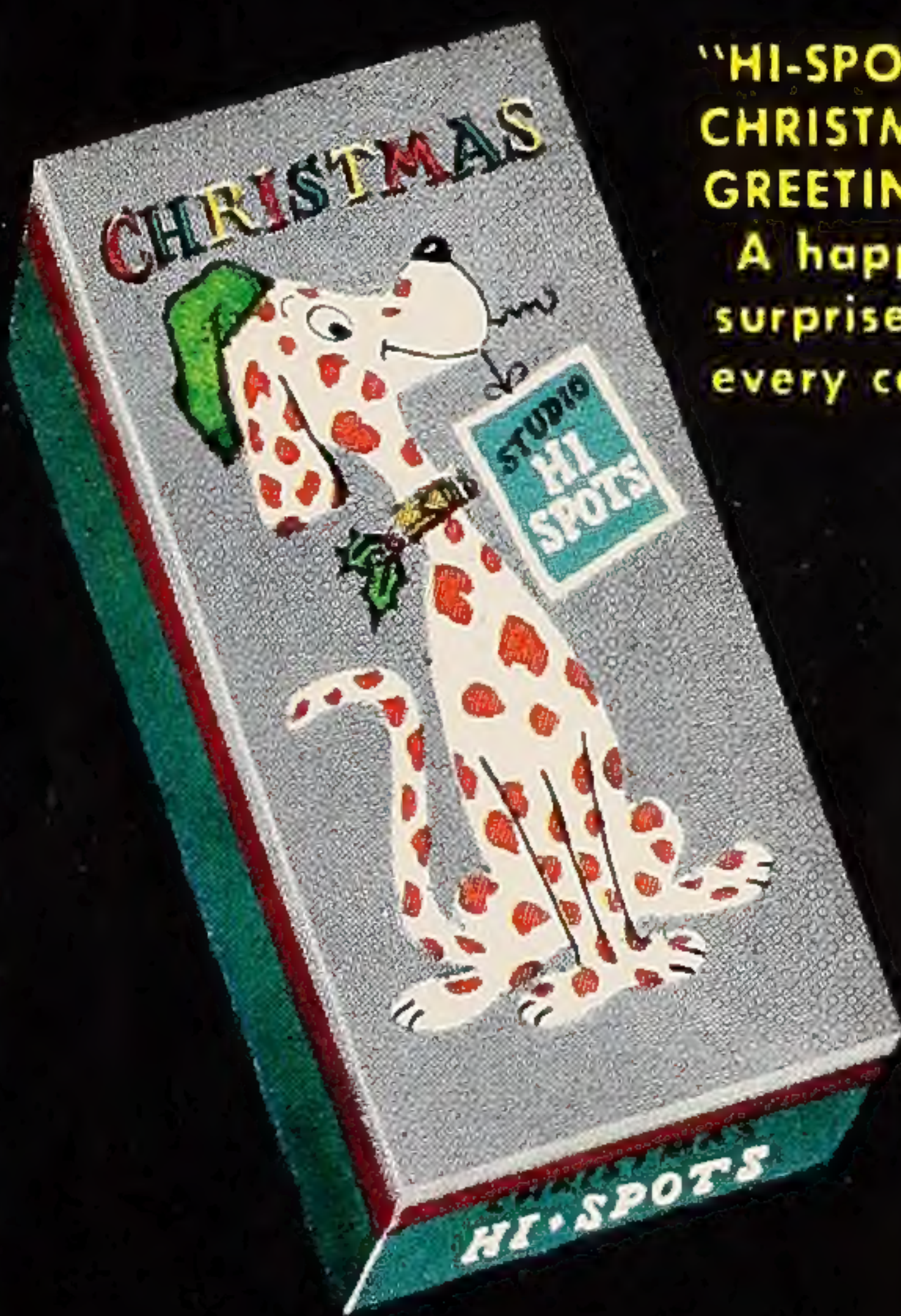
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